THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

Radio Stars

V.5 - NO.4
1935

ANUARY

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CENTS

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, IN
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30 ROCKEFE[illegible]ZA, NEW YORK, N. Y



JOE PENNER

OO HOT TO BROADCAST

A SCORCHING STORY OF THE
THOU SHALT NOTS OF RADIO

Radio Tube Racketeers FOILED..!

PAUL WHITEMAN TELLS HOW TO MAKE SURE TUBES ARE REALLY NEW





NEW RCA SEALED CARTON PROTECTS YOU AGAINST OLD RADIO TUBES SOLD AS NEW



Assures your getting genuine Micro-Sensitive RCA Radio Tubes

A METAL-LOCKED safe for every radio tube ... protection against hundreds of thousands of old radio tubes repolished and slipped into new cartons and sold to the unsuspecting public as new. To guard the marvelous new Micro-Sensitive RCA radio tube, experts have developed the new non-refillable *RCA Sealed Carton*. Strong metal sealing staples lock up the tube from factory to your set. The tube can be tested without being removed from the carton ... but the carton must be *completely destroyed* before tube can be used.

To put new life in your radio, ask your Authorized RCA Radio Tube Agent to put new Micro-Sensitive radio tubes in your set . . . the tubes with these 5 big improvements: (1) *Quicker Start.* (2) *Quieter Operation.* (3) *Uniform Volume.* (4) *Uniform Performance.* (5) *Sealed Carton Protection.*

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN in your neighborhood. It identifies a dealer selected by RCA.

RCA RADIO TUBES · AUTHORIZED AGENT · RCA

TUNE IN on Radio City Studio Party 9 to 9:30 E.S.T. every Saturday night over N.B.C. Blue Network. Hear the big stars of your favorite programs.

RCA Cunningham Radiotron RADIO TUBES

Why is one of these girls winning and the other losing this private BEAUTY CONTEST



BOTH GIRLS have smart clothes and wear them smartly. Both have attractive figures, lovely hair. Yet one is getting all of the attention and all of the compliments.

One is winning, while the other is losing one of those little beauty contests which are a part of the daily life of every woman.

You cannot avoid these contests, for everyone you meet judges your beauty, your charm, *your skin.*

The daily use of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, can change a dull, drab skin into a fresh, lovely complexion, and help *you* win *your* beauty contests.

Camay's delightfully perfumed lather is smooth and rich, made up of millions of tiny Beauty Bubbles that cleanse and refresh your skin.

WOMEN EVERYWHERE PRAISE CAMAY

Thousands of women have written recently praising the mildness of Camay. "It is as gentle as cream," says a girl from New England. "The lather is wonderfully smooth and soothing," writes a young matron from the South, "and it keeps the skin smoother and clearer than any other soap."

Try Camay yourself. Just see how much this pure, gentle, creamy-white beauty soap can do for *your* skin. See how much it can improve *your* complexion.



CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

© 1934, Procter & Gamble

WE'RE ON THE AIR NOW FOR **KENTUCKY WINNERS**.....THE MILDER CIGARETTE THAT *CAN'T* GET STALE



"One Man's Family"

America's best-loved Radio Family

Now Sponsors Kentucky Winners the milder cigarette that CAN'T get Stale

THAT grand, lovable, human drama of American life—"One Man's Family"—now sponsors Kentucky Winners—the wonderfully mild cigarette that CAN'T get stale.

Already this fascinating program has won millions of listeners. And every day it is attracting new friends as the loves, adventures, sorrows and joys of the Barbour family become of national importance.

"One Man's Family" was voted the gold medal for distinguished service to radio by the editors of Radio Stars.

And now, this thrilling inside story of America's favorite family will be brought to you every Wednesday evening 10:30 E. S. T., over N. B. C. WEAF network.

Kentucky Winners are the mildest, freshest cigarettes you ever smoked. Each individual cigarette is made with moist-proof paper. This remarkable tasteless and odorless paper SEALS IN the full flavor of the fine tobaccos. That means they can't dry out—can't become "dusty" and cause coughing. The tobacco remains moist and pliant. Made of the finest tobaccos. They can't stick to the lips or cause ugly yellow finger stains. For a fair trial—get a carton or at least three packs. And be sure to listen to "One Man's Family".

Listen in to

"ONE MAN'S FAMILY"

Every Wed. Night—10:30 to 11:00 E. S. T.

NBC — WEAF

and associated stations—Consult your local Newspaper

RADIO STARS

CURTIS MITCHELL, EDITOR

ABRIL LAMARQUE, ART EDITOR

WILSON BROWN, MANAGING EDITOR

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DAVID COPPERFIELD



ONE OF THE GREAT!

You have heard so much about it. The world's eagerness to see this beloved Charles Dickens novel on the screen will be amply repaid. The two years of waiting are at an end. Never before has any motion picture company undertaken the gigantic task of bringing an adored book to life with such thrilling realism. 65 great screen personalities are in this pageant of humanity, adapted to the screen by the famed Hugh Walpole. The original scenes, the vivid characters, the imperishable story . . . they live again!



METRO-Goldwyn-MAYER

Directed by GEORGE CUKOR
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK



"I Purchased a Perfolastic Girdle . . . wore it for 10 days on trial, and in a very short time I reduced my hips 9 inches, and my weight 20 Pounds!"

Reduce...

YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
with the
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

. . . or it will cost you nothing!

"I REDUCED from 43 inches to 34½ inches"...says Miss Brian... "Massages like magic"...writes Miss Carroll ..."The fat seems to have melted away"... says Mrs. Mc Sorley.

■ Such enthusiastic comments as these from so many Perfolastic wearers assure us that YOU, too, would be delighted with the wonderful results obtained with a Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere. Therefore, we want you to try them for 10 days *at our expense!*

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

■ Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as the gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement . . . stimulating the body once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today!

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny...try them for 10 days...at no cost!

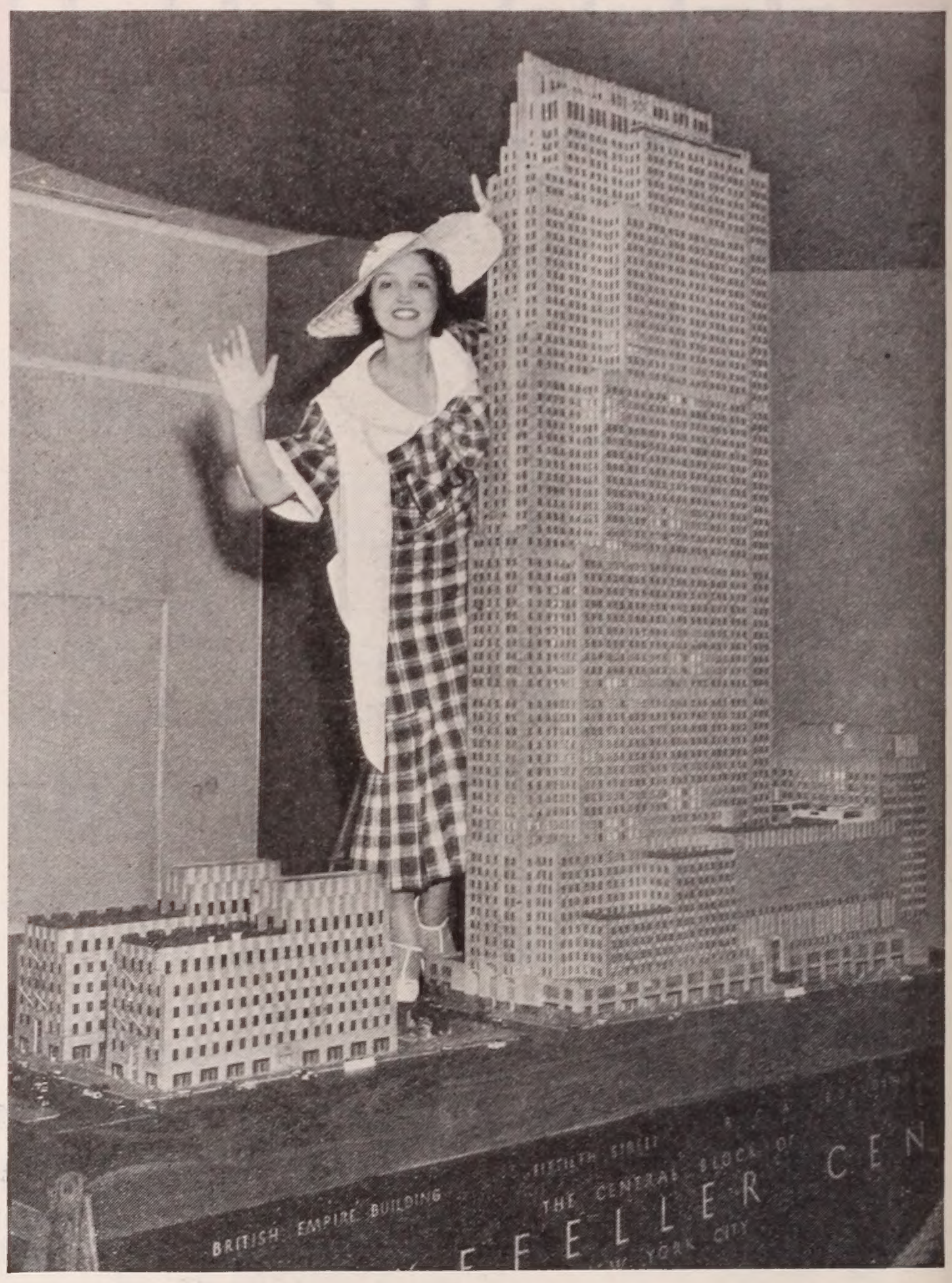
SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 531 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

WE SALUTE NBC



The World's Fair model of the home of NBC

THE VAST and starry spaces of the world are no longer empty. They are chock-a-block with those etherial wiggles called radio waves. They are jammed with the booming voices of kings and clowns and crooners.

With a wizard's collection of wires and tubes, we spin a knob and pull into our parlors such a treasury of wit or wisdom as the world has never known.

For much of this, we can thank the National Broadcasting Company.

Not to thank them (for what are the efforts of one magazine compared to the millions upon millions who hear their broadcasts), but to record their contribution to the richness of our lives, we have devoted this issue of RADIO STARS Magazine to the players and programs that are sent to us, as the ubiquitous announcer sings it, "through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company."

It is a thrilling story, this tale of radio broadcasting. From humble, stumbling beginnings, it has pulled itself up, largely by tugging at its own bootstraps, until it has become, as an article, in this same issue says, "the greatest university in the world." Its towers are the highest, its

(*Continued on page 75*)

NBC NETWORK STATIONS

Basic Red Network

City	Station	Kilocycles
New York	WEAF	660
Boston	WEEI	590
Hartford	WTIC	1060
Providence	WJAR	890
Worcester	WTAG	580
Portland, Me	WCSH	940
Philadelphia	WFI-WLIT	560
Baltimore	WFBR	1270
Washington, D. C.	WRC	950
Schenectady	WGY	790
Buffalo	WBEN	900
Pittsburgh	WCAE	1220
Cleveland	WTAM	1070
Detroit	WWJ	920
Cincinnati	WSAI	1330
Chicago	WMAQ	670
St. Louis	KSD	550
Des Moines	WHO-WOC	1000
Omaha	WOW	590
Kansas City	WDAF	610

Basic Blue Network

New York	WJZ	760
Boston	WBZ	990
Springfield	WBZA	990
Baltimore	WBAL	1060
Washington, D. C.	WMAL	630
Syracuse	WSYR	570
Rochester	WHAM	1150
Pittsburgh	KDKA	980
Cleveland	WGAR	1450
Detroit	WJR	750
Cincinnati	WCKY	1490
Chicago	WENR-WLS	870
St. Louis	KWK	1350
Cedar Rapids	KWCR	1420
Des Moines	KSO	1320
Omaha-Council Bluffs	KOIL	1260
Kansas City	WREN	1220
Alternate stations	KYW	1020
	WCFL	970

Optional Basic Service

Cincinnati	WLW	700
Indianapolis	WKBF	1400

Canadian Supplementaries

Toronto	CRCT	960
Montreal	CFCF	600

Southeastern Group

Richmond	WRVA	1110
Raleigh	WPTF	680
Asheville	WWNC	570
Columbia	WIS	1010
Jacksonville	WJAX	900
Tampa	WFLA-WSUN	620
Miami	WIOD	1300

Optional S. E. Group Service

Charlotte	WSOC	1210

Southcentral Group

Louisville	WAVE	940
Nashville	WSM	650
Memphis	WMC	780
Atlanta	WSB	740
Birmingham	WAPI	1140
Jackson	WJDX	1270
New Orleans	WSMB	1320

Southwestern Group

Tulsa	KVOO	1140
Oklahoma City	WKY	900
Dallas-Fort Worth	WFAA-WBAP	800
Houston	KPRC	920
San Antonio	WOAI	1190
Shreveport	KTBS	1450
Hot Springs	KTHS	1040

Northwestern Group

Milwaukee	WTMJ	620
Madison	WIBA	1280
Minneapolis-St. Paul	KSTP	1460
Duluth-Superior	WEBC	1290
Fargo	WDAY	940
Bismarck	KFYR	550

Mountain Group

Denver	KOA	830
Salt Lake City	KDYL	1290

Basic Pacific Coast Network

San Francisco	KGO	790
Los Angeles	KFI	640
Portland, Ore	KGW	620
Seattle	KOMO	920
Spokane	KHQ	590

Pacific Coast Supplementaries

San Diego	KFSD	600
Phoenix	KTAR	620

North Mountain Group

Butte	KGIR	1360
Billings	KGHL	950

Special Hawaiian Service

Honolulu	KGU	750

OVENSERVE dishes



make a big hit as Christmas gifts

OVENSERVE dishes are the gay, attractive TABLE dishes you can also use for oven baking! You can buy them by the piece, or in complete table services.

There are meat platters, for instance, on which you bake meat loaf or fish and pop right from oven to table. The shirred egg dishes are another suggestion. Look at the cute one-handled French casseroles, too, or the round baking dishes, bean pots and all the other pieces. Every single OvenServe dish stands full oven heat, even to the cups, saucers and plates.

Nice for the refrigerator, also. For they don't mind cold any more than they do heat.

Cost a lot? No indeed! They're economical gifts, the kind a woman can use every day of the year. And every time she does she'll call down blessings on your devoted head for giving her something that's so useful and so attractive.

MEAT LOAF BAKED ON SERVING PLATTER

1 pound round steak ground
2 tbsps. melted butter
1 egg, slightly beaten
2 tbsps. onion chopped
¼ tsp. pepper . . . 1 tsp. salt
1 cup bread crumbs moistened with water
2 slices bacon . . . water

Combine all ingredients except bacon and water. Shape into loaf. Lay slices of bacon across the top. Place on OvenServe Meat Platter. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) about 1¼ hours. Add a little water at a time and baste occasionally. Serve with well-seasoned hot tomato sauce. (A can of tomato soup, seasoned and heated, makes a fine sauce.) Makes six servings.

OVENSERVE

SOLD AT KRESGE 5 and 10¢ STORES
AND OTHER
5¢-10¢ AND $1 STORES

Guaranteed
To Withstand Changes of
Oven and Refrigerator Temperatures
OVENSERVE
"The Oven Ware for Table Service"
The Homer Laughlin China Co.
Newell, W. Va.

HOLIDAY DRESSING TABLE BROADCAST

TUNE IN ON THESE HOLIDAY BEAUTY IDEAS! YOU'LL FIND A LOT OF HINTS FOR A GLAMOROUS NEW YEAR



By Carolyn Belmont

Decoration by Ruth Wood

NOW is the time for all good cosmetics to come to the aid of the party-goers, and the perplexed Christmas shoppers as well. The right makeup can often make the right things happen, with or without the help of mistletoe.

The easiest and most satisfactory way to solve those nagging little problems of what to give the feminine members on your Christmas list is to follow out a regular beauty program; for Sally of the lovely hands, a cunning manicure kit (we know of two especially clever ones, a "five minute" set in bakelite and a "club" set in real leather); for Irene of the not-so-lovely skin, a complete kit for skin care and makeup (you'll be surprised *how* complete for the price, and individualized according to eight different types of beauty, so you'll be guided correctly in your selection for her); for Peggy, the changeable, temperamental redhead, several vials of perfume (so she can have the thrill of changing her perfume when she changes her mood . . . perfumes don't have to be expensive to be alluring); for efficient cousin Margaret, an office kit (use your originality and your nickels and dimes in making it up for her) . . . and so on. I'll be glad to send you the gift list I've prepared, with names and prices. If you're holding to a budget of "around a dollar," you'll want to know about the distinctive new powder and perfume gift box, the cover of which pictures a life-size orchid.

Now for the business of turning wallflowers into orchids, or at least into "runners-up" for popularity honors at holiday parties. Let's sit ourselves down in front of your dressing-table mirror and take sort of a pre-New Year's inventory of what your face needs to appear at its partying best these days. Of course the foundation for successful makeup is a clear, smooth skin. That isn't news to you. If I had some magic Christmas recipe to send to you at the turn of the dial that would give you a lovely skin overnight, that *would* be news. You know, however, that you prepare your skin for its attractive appearance each day by the attention you have given it during preceding weeks. The nightly cleansing of your skin is one of your most important beauty rites. We can't broadcast that too often. Don't slide into bed without removing your makeup, even if the party did last until the wee hours; it's so easy to make yourself a smooth little promise that "Tomorrow I'll make up for it." We can just as easily promise you that you probably won't. A good pure soap and an effective cleansing cream are two of the most important beauty allies you can enlist for 1935 and their faithful use will help you to face the makeup mirror with good cheer.

LET'S suppose that we're all set for the business of applying our evening makeup. It's Christmas eve, or New Year's eve . . . or any other party eve! All evening makeups, and the all-day makeups of business women, should be applied over a foundation cream for a smoother and more lasting finish. The false notion to which a few people still cling—that a foundation cream clogs the pores—should be banished with the Old Year. Did you know that actresses apply cold cream under their grease paint to *prevent* clogging the pores? You should use either a vanishing cream or a cleansing cream; the latter should be thoroughly removed with tissues, leaving only a slight moisture on the skin to which the powder can adhere. If your skin is oily, (*Continued on page 87*)

Kilocycle Quiz

(Can you answer these questions in eight minutes?)

1. From what state does the program "One Man's Family" originate?
2. Which network carries the Gulf program?
3. Who is the star of the Swift Hour broadcast over NBC Saturdays?
4. What radio comedian is sponsored by two products on the same program?
5. Who directs the orchestra on the Atwater Kent Radio Hour?
6. Who are the comedians on "The Big Show" sponsored by Ex-Lax on CBS?
7. What program uses a woman announcer to read the advertising announcements?
8. What is the name of the theme song on the Amos 'n' Andy program?
9. For what network does Ted Husing announce?
10. Who is the master of ceremonies on the program called "Hollywood Hotel" broadcast over CBS Friday nights?
11. Who is the singing star of the Pontiac program on NBC?
12. Who directs the orchestra on the program featuring Mary Pickford on NBC Wednesdays?
13. What orchestra uses the theme music of "Smoke Rings?"
14. What program uses as its theme song "Moonlight and Roses?"
15. Is James Melton married?
16. What is the only day-time dramatic show on radio?
17. Who announces the Jack Benny programs?
18. What two moving picture theatres in New York are on NBC Sundays with hour programs?
19. Who is the soloist on the Wednesday evening Chesterfield program on CBS?
20. Who is the Voice of Experience?
21. From what hotel in New York does Little Jack Little and his orchestra broadcast?
22. Who is known as "Radio's Harmful Little Armful?"
23. Who is Dick Leibert?
24. What is the only five minute program on NBC and CBS?
25. What is the shortest program on the networks?

YOU CAN FIND ALL THE ANSWERS ON PAGE 69

Very Important IN A LAXATIVE FOR WOMEN



It must be Gentle!

STRONG, powerful "dynamite" laxatives are bad for anyone. But for you women...they're unthinkable!

Your delicate feminine system was never meant to endure the shock of harsh, violent purgatives or cathartics. They weaken you. They often leave bad after-effects. *Madam, you must avoid them!*

Ex-Lax is the ideal laxative for every member of the family, but it is particularly good for women. That's because while Ex-Lax is thorough, it works in a mild and gentle way. Why, you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

And Ex-Lax checks on the other important points, too: It won't cause pain. It won't upset digestion. It won't nauseate you. It won't leave you weak. And what's very important—it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

And Ex-Lax is so easy to take. It tastes just like delicious chocolate.

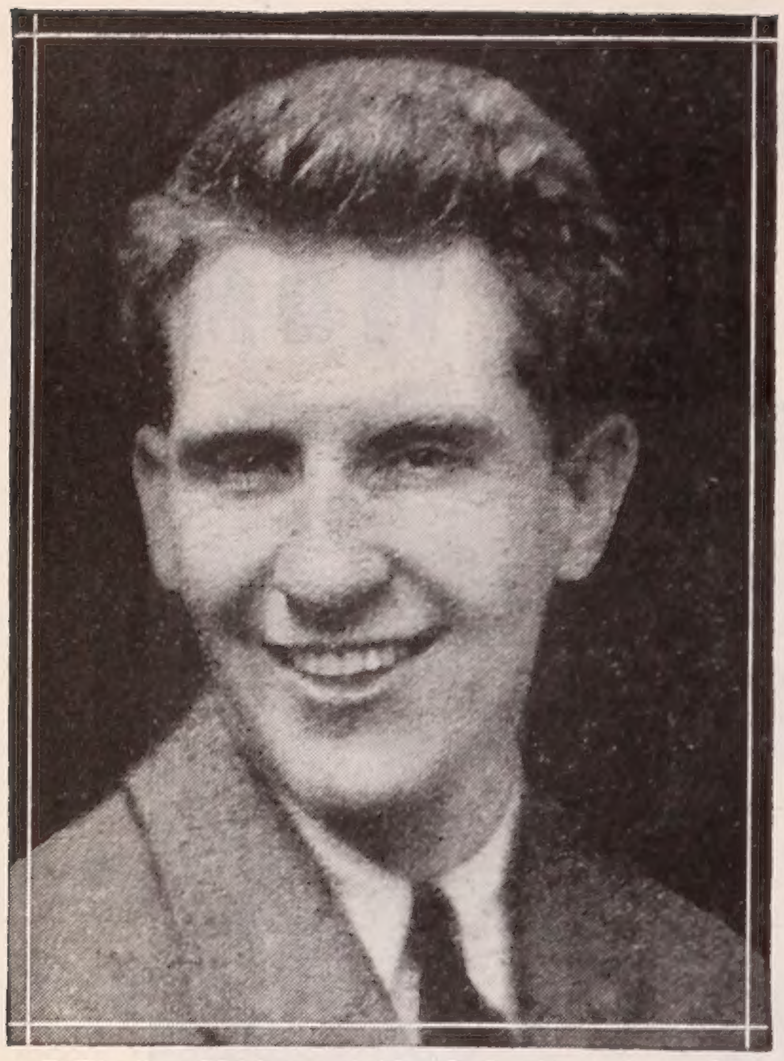
All the good points of Ex-Lax are just as important for the rest of the family as they are for women. So millions of homes have adopted Ex-Lax as the family laxative.

Keep a box of Ex-Lax in the medicine cabinet—so that it will be there when any member of the family needs it. All druggists sell Ex-Lax—in 10c and 25c boxes.

When Nature forgets--remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



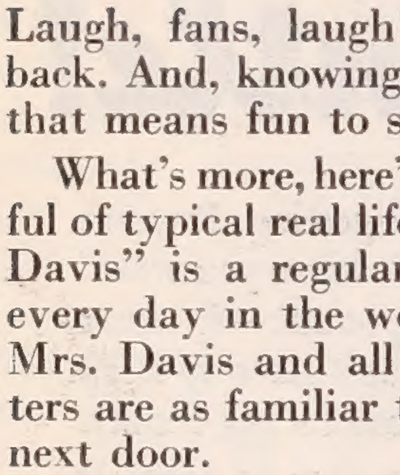
"RED DAVIS," red-blooded athletic boy whose wholesome adventures are packed with interest.

"RED DAVIS" IS BACK AGAIN

Laugh, fans, laugh! "Red Davis" is back. And, knowing "Red," you know that means fun to spare.

What's more, here's a program chockful of typical real life action. For "Red Davis" is a regular American youth every day in the week! And Mr. and Mrs. Davis and all the other characters are as familiar to you as the folks next door.

You'll be heartily amused—and moved—as you follow "Red Davis," his family and friends, in this new series of entertaining episodes. Don't miss "Red's" puppy loves . . . his growing pains . . . his wholesome adventures—they'll remind you of your own.



LINDA—lovely girl friend of Clink, Red Davis' companion-in-trouble!

NBC • WJZ NETWORK

COAST TO COAST

MON., WED. & FRI. NIGHTS

Sponsored by the Beech-Nut Packing Company, Canajoharie, New York, makers of Beech-Nut Gum, Candies, Coffee, Biscuits and other foods of finest flavor.

UNCLE ANSWER MAN ANSWERS



That's not a ball player on the left, folks, it's Joe Penner who went to the World Series to sell Dizzy Dean (right) a duck.

The place: Uncle Answer Man's Olde Curiosity Shoppe.

The time: Half-past what it was thirty minutes ago.

The O. C. Shoppe is filled with gee-gaws, knick-knacks, Uncle A. M.'s lank frame, and worn leather tomes full of information on who's who in the radio world. So let's do it as would a radio script writer. . . .

Biz: (That means business. The business of what happens around the joint.) Doorbell jangles. Door opens and closes.

You: Good morning, Uncle Answer man.

Me: Good morning. What can I do for you?

You: I am a curious person.

Me: You look all right to me.

You: That's not what I mean, silly. I want to know about some radio stars.

Me: Oh, I see. Well, you know I get so many of these calls a day that I have one rule. . . .

You: *One* rule: I've seen hundreds. "The questions asked the most number of times are the ones that'll be answered." "Two questions for a person at a time are all that can be handled." "Ask only about network stars." "Sorry you can't tell me about getting artists' photographs or addresses!" I know all about it.

Me: All right. How about a big spree? You ask all the questions you think most of the readers are interested in.

You: Thanks. Now tell me, are those real birds on the Cheerio program?

Me: Used to be. They were two canaries named Dickie and Blue Boy. But now, alas, they're just sound effect records.

"You: Are Muriel Wilson and Lois Wilson of the movies, related?

Me: Nope.

You: Are Leon Belasco and Emil

BOYS AND GIRLS, YOUR UNKIE'S GONE BROADCAST-MAD

Velasco related?

Me: Naw. The fact of the matter is that Leon's real last name is Berladsky. The name Belasco was conceived back in the days his orchestra played for Morton Downey at Delmonico's.

You: Is Eno Crime Club off the air?

Me: Eno Crime Club is. They call it Eno Crime *Clues* now. It is on the WJZ-NBC network Tuesday and Wednesday nights from 8:00 to 8:30 EST.

You: Who directs the "First Nighter" programs?

Me: Charles P. Hughes, who also writes and plays in the dramas.

You: Is he married?"

Me: Yes.

You: How long have the Sinclair Minstrels been on the air?

Me: Since March, 1928. They celebrated their 300th performance October 22nd.

You: Who is Rush on the "Vic and Sade" program?

Me: Oh, let's shoot the works. Art Van Harvey, Bernadine Flynn and Billy Idleson are respectively Vic. Sade and Rush in the NBC family sketch.

You: Oh yes, I remember now. Tell me, is Lanny Ross engaged to marry?

Me: No.

You: Is Rosaline Green Captain Henry's niece?

Me: Not really and truly.

You: Tch! Tch! What a pity. Phillips Lord is married, isn't he?

Me: Yes. His wife's name is Sophia. They were married by Phil's father. who is a minister.

You: What ever became of Phillips Carlin who used to announce NBC programs?

Me: He's Eastern Program Manager of the National Broadcasting Company now.

You: Does Lanny Ross speak for himself on every NBC program?

Me: He speaks for himself, ma'am.

You: Who plays Tim and Ali on Frank Buck's programs?

Me: Tim is played by Bill Barr and Ali by Aristede de Leoni.

You: How about some information on Roy Heatherton?

Me: Gladly. Gladly. He is a twenty-five-year-old bachelor. He pre fers to do his practicing before breakfast (maybe in the bathtub). His favorite sports are riding, swimming and tennis. He is five feet seven inches tall, weighs 137 pounds, is of light complexion and has brown hair. He dislikes long-haired musicians, professional children and efficient women. He has a weakness for striped neckties. He says he's collecting soap wrappers and expects to have enough to turn in for a baseball suit 1937. When asked for his favorite anecdote, he replied, "White of eggs and mustard." (Poisonous pun, say I.)

You: Oh, you're not so funny. Besides I'm mad at you twice. You said you were going to give the Answer Man popularity contest winners in the November issue and you didn't.

Me: Oop! Sorry. I meant in the one coming out November first.

You: That's a terrible excuse. How about your saying Kate Smith's birthday was May 5, 1908. It's May 1, 1909.

Me: Right you are. Please don't be mad, though.

You: Well, I am, and I'm going.

Me: Well don't slam the door.

Business of door being slammed. Music.

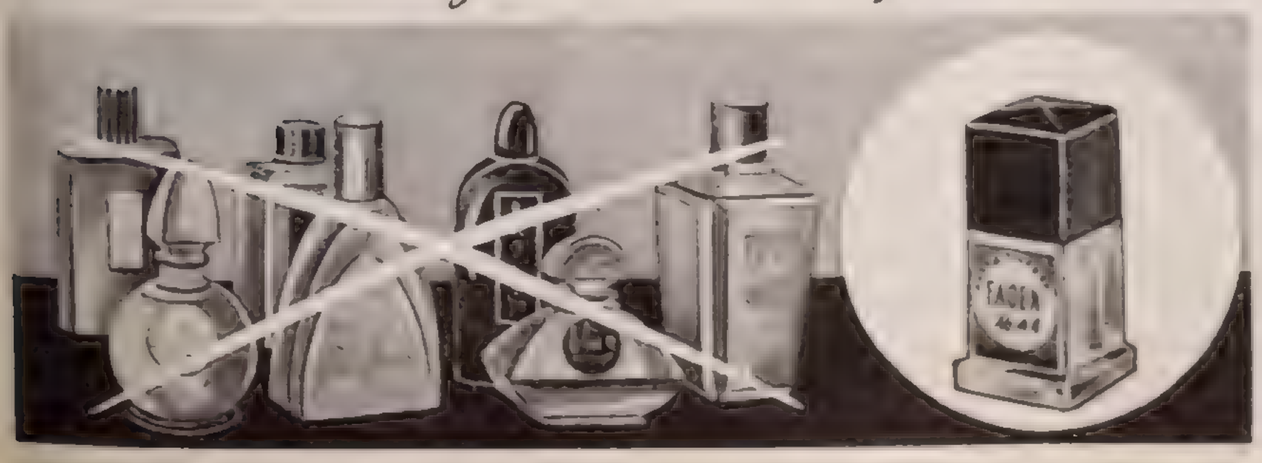


MORE than a mere perfume, FAOEN will give you a new *personality* . . a more mysterious, thrilling personality, to bring men's hearts to your feet!

As Parisian as the Café de la Paix . . as feminine as Cleopatra . . as exciting as a champagne cocktail . . FAOEN enhances your charm and discovers your hidden depths of lovely, languorous allure!

You would have to pay more, for a less effective perfume! The tuck-away size . . can be bought at your local 5 and 10 cent store.

I had tried seven perfumes before I finally discovered FAOEN



Says: MIMI RICHARDSON, Model and New York Debutante

PARK & TILFORD'S

FAOEN

(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

Face Powder, Lipstick, Cleansing Cream, Cold Cream, Rouges, Perfumes



Leah Ray with Phil Harris and his orchestra. You can see, they look, as well as sound, like they are having a good time Friday at 9 p.m. EST over NBC.

★★★★★ Excellent
★★★★ Good
★★★ Fair
★★ Poor
★ Not Recommended

★★★★★ ATWATER KENT RADIO HOUR WITH JOSEF PASTERNACK'S ORCHESTRA AND GUEST ARTISTS (CBS).

★★★★ PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE WITH GLADYS SWARTHOUT AND JOHN BARCLAY WITH NAT SHILKRET'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★★ MARCH OF TIME (CBS).

★★★★ FORD SUNDAY EVENING HOUR, SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (CBS).

★★★★ THE GIBSON FAMILY (NBC).

★★★★ GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY CONCERTS (NBC).

★★★★ ONE MAN'S FAMILY, DRAMATIC PROGRAM (NBC).

★★★★ "TOWN HALL TONIGHT" WITH FRED ALLEN AND LENNIE HAYTON'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★★ SWIFT PROGRAM WITH SIGMUND ROMBERG AND WILLIAM LYON PHELPS (NBC).

★★★★ PACKARD PROGRAM, LAWRENCE TIBBETT WITH WILFRED PELLETIER'S ORCHESTRA AND JOHN B. KENNEDY (NBC).

★★★★ JACK BENNY, COMEDIAN (NBC).

★★★★ FORD PROGRAM WITH FRED WARING AND HIS PENNSYLVANIANS (CBS).

★★★★ CHASE AND SANBORN HOUR WITH RUBINOFF AND CANTOR (NBC).

★★★★ MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND WITH RACHEL DE CARLAY, ANDY SANNELLA AND ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★★ AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC WITH FRANK MUNN, VIRGINIA REA AND GUS HAENSCHEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★★ HALL OF FAME WITH GUESTS (NBC).

★★★★ STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS WITH RICHARD HIMBER'S ORCHESTRA (NBC-CBS).

★★★★ THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE CONCERT WITH GLADYS SWARTHOUT AND WILLIAM DALY'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★★ FLEISCHMANN VARIETY HOUR WITH RUDY VALLEE AND GUESTS (NBC).

★★★★ EVERETT MARSHALL'S BROADWAY VANITIES WITH ELIZABETH LENNOX AND VICTOR ARDEN'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).

★★★★ RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL CONCERT WITH ERNO RAPEE (NBC).

★★★★ GULF HEADLINERS WITH WILL ROGERS (CBS).

★★★★ PHILIP MORRIS PROGRAM WITH LEO REISMAN'S ORCHESTRA AND PHIL DUEY (NBC).

★★★★ THE ARMOUR PROGRAM WITH PHIL BAKER (NBC).

★★★★ MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT (NBC).

★★★★ PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSIC HALL (NBC).

★★★★ ROSES AND DRUMS, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).

★★★★ EDWIN C. HILL (CBS).

★★★★ THE ROXY REVUE WITH "ROXY" AND HIS GANG (CBS).

★★★★ RCA RADIOTRON COMPANY'S RADIO CITY PARTY (NBC).

★★★★ CITIES SERVICE CONCERT WITH JESSICA DRAGONETTE (NBC).

★★★★ LUX RADIO THEATRE (NBC).

★★★★ THE PONTIAC PROGRAM WITH JANE FROMAN AND FRANK BLACK (NBC).

★★★★ KANSAS CITY PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★★ BEN BERNIE AND HIS ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★★ "MUSIC BY GERSHWIN," PIANO SOLOIST; LOUIS KATZMAN'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).

★★★★ ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, THE TOWN CRIER. ROBERT ARMBRUSTER'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).

★★★★ THE CAMEL CARAVAN WITH ANNETTE HANSHAW, WALTER O'KEEFE AND GLEN GRAY'S CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA (CBS).

★★★★ CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM—ROSA PONSELLE WITH ANDRE KOSTELANETZ ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS (CBS).

★★★★ CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM—NINO MARTINI WITH ANDRE KOSTELANETZ ORORCHESTRA AND CHORUS (CBS).

★★★★ CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM — GRETE STUECKGOLD WITH ANDRE KOSTELANETZ ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS (CBS).

★★★ SENTINELS SERENADE WITH JOSEF KOESTNER'S ORCHESTRA AND GUESTS (NBC).

★★★ LOMBARDO-LAND WITH GUY LOMBARDO'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★ LAVENDER AND OLD LACE WITH FRANK MUNN, HAZEL GLENN AND GUS HAENSHEN'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).

★★★ BOND BREAD SHOW WITH FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON (CBS).

★★★ LADY ESTHER PROGRAM WITH WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA (CBS) (NBC).

★★★ KATE SMITH AND HER SWANEE MUSIC (CBS).

★★★ ROY HELTON — LOOKING AT LIFE (CBS).

★★★ ATLAS BREWING CO., PRESENTS SINGIN' SAM (CBS).

★★★ "FATS" WALLER, ORGAN-PIANO-SONGS (CBS).

★★★ MELODIANA WITH ABE LYMAN'S ORCHESTRA, VIVIENNE SEGAL AND OLIVER SMITH (CBS).

★★★ TITO GUIZAR'S MIDDAY SERENADE (CBS).

★★★ THE BYRD EXPEDITION BROADCAST FROM LITTLE AMERICA (CBS).

★★★ VISITING WITH IDA BAILEY ALLEN (CBS).

★★★ CARSON ROBISON'S BUCKAROOS (CBS).

★★★ CALIFORNIA MELODIES WITH RAYMOND PAIGE'S ORCHESTRA AND GUEST STARS (CBS).

★★★ LITTLE MISS BAB-O'S SURPRISE PARTY WITH MARY SMALL AND GUESTS (NBC).

★★★ GENE ARNOLD AND THE COMMODORES (NBC).

★★★ HOLLYWOOD ON THE AIR, GUEST STARS (NBC).

★★★ SILKEN STRINGS WITH CHARLES PREVIN'S ORCHESTRA AND COUNTESS ALBANI (NBC).

★★★ CHEERIO, INSPIRATIONAL TALKS AND MUSIC (NBC).

★★★ GENE AND GLENN, COMEDY SKETCH (NBC).

★★★ THE DIXIE DANDIES MINSTREL (NBC).

★★★ A. & P. GYPSIES WITH HARRY HORLICK'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★ COLGATE HOUSE PARTY WITH JOE COOK, DONALD NOVIS, DON VOORHEES' ORCHESTRA AND FRANCES LANGFORD (NBC).

★★★ LANNY ROSS AND HIS LOG CABIN INN; HARRY SALTER'S ORCHESTRA AND GUESTS (NBC).

★★★ SALLY OF THE TALKIES (NBC).

★★★ CONTENTED PROGRAM WITH GENE ARNOLD, THE LULLABY LADY, MORGAN EASTMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★ THE BREAKFAST CLUB, DANCE ORCHESTRA AND THE MERRY MACS (NBC).

★★★ TODAY'S CHILDREN, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).

★★★ NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR (NBC).

★★★ BETTY AND BOB, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).

★★★ LOWELL THOMAS, COMMENTATOR (NBC).

★★★ PEPSODENT COMPANY PRESENTS FRANK BUCK, DRAMATIZED JUNGLE ADVENTURES (NBC).

★★★ YEAST FOAMERS WITH JAN GARBER'S SUPPER CLUB AND DOROTHY PAGE (NBC).

★★★ SINCLAIR GREAT MINSTRELS (NBC).

★★★ PRINCESS PAT PLAYERS, DRAMA WITH DOUGLASS HOPE, ALICE HILL, PEGGY DAVIS AND ARTHUR JACOBSON (NBC).

★★★ OXYDOL'S OWN MA PERKINS, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).

★★★ THE SINGING STRANGER, WADE BOOTH AND DRAMA (NBC).

★★★ HOUSEHOLD MUSICAL MEMORIES WITH EDGAR A. GUEST, ALICE MOCK, CHARLES SEARS AND JOSEF KOESTNER'S BAND (NBC).

PROGRAMS ARE JUDGED BY THE MOST OUTSTANDING RADIO EDITORS

THE LEADERS

1. ★★★★★Atwater Kent Radio Hour with Josef Pasternack and guest (CBS).
2. ★★★★The Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre with Gladys Swarthout, John Barclay and Nat Shilkret's orchestra (NBC).
3. ★★★★The March of Time, news dramatizations (CBS).
4. ★★★★The Ford Sunday Evening Hour, symphony music (CBS).
5. ★★★★The Gibson Family, original musical comedy (NBC).

Fractional averages place the above programs at the head of the list in the order named.

★★★ WOMAN'S RADIO REVIEW WITH CLAUDINE MacDONALD (NBC).
★★★ ROYAL GELATIN PROGRAM WITH MARY PICKFORD (NBC).
★★★ VIC AND SADE, COMEDY SKETCH (NBC).
★★★ IRENE RICH FOR WELCH, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).
★★★ CONOCO PRESENTS HARRY RICHMAN, JACK DENNY AND HIS ORCHESTRA WITH JOHN B. KENNEDY (NBC).
★★★ FRANCES LEE BARTON, COOKING (NBC).
★★★ DEATH VALLEY DAYS, DRAMATIC PROGRAM (NBC).
★★★ LET'S LISTEN TO HARRIS— PHIL HARRIS' ORCHESTRA (NBC).
★★★ "HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD" WITH TONY WONS (NBC).
★★★ THE JERGENS PROGRAM WITH WALTER WINCHELL (NBC).
★★★ LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT WELL KNOWN PEOPLE WITH DALE CARNEGIE (NBC).
★★★ CLARA, LU 'N' EM (NBC).
★★★ THE SINGING LADY (NBC).
★★★ SMILING ED McCONNELL (CBS).
★★★ VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (CBS).
★★★ BOAKE CARTER (CBS).
★★★ EX-LAX PROGRAM WITH LUD GLUSKIN AND BLOCK AND SULLY (CBS).
★★★ FORTY-FIVE MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD WITH MARK WARNOW'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
★★★ BILLY BATCHELOR (NBC).
★★★ ENO CRIME CLUES (NBC).
★★★ CLIMALENE CARNIVAL (NBC).
★★★ ONE NIGHT STAND WITH PICK AND PAT (NBC).
★★★ GRAND HOTEL WITH ANNE SEYMOUR AND DON AMECHE (NBC).
★★★ TERHUNE DOG DRAMA WITH ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE (NBC).
★★★ PEGGY'S DOCTOR, DENNIS KING AND ROSALINE GREENE (NBC).
★★★ ED WYNN, THE FIRE CHIEF (NBC).
★★★ WARDEN LEWIS E. LAWES IN 20,000 YEARS IN SING SING (NBC).
★★★ PLANTATION ECHOES WITH MILDRED BAILEY AND WILLARD ROBINSON'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
★★★ NATIONAL BARN DANCE (NBC).
★★★ FLOYD GIBBONS; ORCHESTRA (NBC).
★★★ SONGS YOU LOVE WITH ROSE BAMPTON AND NAT SHILKRET'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
★★★ LITTLE JACK LITTLE (CBS).
★★★ PAT KENNEDY WITH ART KASSEL AND HIS KASSELS IN THE AIR ORCHESTRA (CBS).
★★★ LAZY DAN, THE MINSTREL MAN (CBS).
★★★ OPEN HOUSE WITH FREDDY MARTIN'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
★★★ DOCTORS, DOLLARS AND DISEASE (CBS.)
★★★ MYRT AND MARGE, DRAMATIC SKETCH (CBS).
★★★ CHEVROLET PROGRAM WITH ISHAM JONES AND HIS ORCHESTRA WITH GUEST STARS AND MIXED CHORUS (CBS).
★★★ GEORGE GIVOT, GREEK AMBASSADOR OF GOOD WILL (CBS).
★★★ HOLLYWOOD HOTEL (CBS).
★★★ FREDERIC WILLIAM WILE—THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN WASHINGTON TONIGHT (CBS).
★★★ BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, DRAMATIC SKETCH (CBS).
★★ THE FITCH PROGRAM WITH WENDELL HALL (NBC).
★★ LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE (NBC).



Jack Benny receives RADIO STARS Award for Distinguished Service to Radio. From left to right: Don Bestor, Frank Parker, Mary Livingstone, Jack Benny, Editor Curtis Mitchell, Don Wilson, and Harry Conn, writer.

NOTES FROM OUR MEMO PAD

Probably you remember in the October issue of RADIO STARS, in which we told the exciting story mentioning Madame Sylvia, Hollywood's dynamic beauty expert. One of our anecdotes related the suit filed by Ginger Rogers as a result of one of Madame Sylvia's broadcasts.

Metropolitan newspapers carried the story and we were complacent in our opinion that here was a bit of news in which admirers of Madame Sylvia would be interested.

Now comes the following letter from Madame Sylvia that explodes the firecracker beneath us and leaves us wondering who was kidding who:

"Upon my return from Hollywood recently, it was called to my attention that RADIO STARS Magazine stated in an article, 'I'll Be Suing You,' published in the October issue, that Miss Ginger Rogers had filed a libel suit against me for impersonating her on one of my radio programs. That statement is untrue.

"After a thorough investigation by the lawyers of the National Broadcasting Company, both here and on the Coast, no such suit has been found filed, and as far as I am concerned I know nothing whatsoever about such a suit. I have been served with no papers, nor have I been notified of any such action.

"Further I wish to state that there would have been no grounds for such action, since every star's name which is used in my broadcasts is released to the National Broadcasting Company and to me by the motion picture company which employs said stars.

Miss Ginger Rogers' name was released by R. K. O. Studios to the National Broadcasting Company and to me August 31, 1933. You are at liberty at any time to see this release.

"I have never, either on the air or personally, had any conversation with the above mentioned Miss Rogers in regard to my sponsor's product. Nor have I ever given the impression of having had such a conversation with her, as it is definitely stated on all my programs wherein I use actresses' names, that all characters, with the exception of myself, are impersonated, which in this case is in accordance with the release from R. K. O. Studios, granting me permission to use said Miss Ginger Rogers' name."

Goodnight

FOR SEVEN YEARS JOHN CHARLES THOMAS HAS BEEN BREAKING

EACH TIME John Charles Thomas has sung over the radio he has defied Congress, the Federal Radio Commission, the Department of Justice and the local police. And he will continue to commit the same crime as long as Miss Microphone will accept his attentions and people will listen.

His crime boils up into one word—*mother.* Stay right where you are. We are not going to be sentimental. This is a matter of fact story. And it's the truth's truth, s'elp me. Every time this singer signs off with "Goodnight, mother," his now famous signature, he breaks a law of the land which states that the broadcasting facilities of the land shall not be used for the delivery of personal messages.

There's a story of a great friendship in this signature and this I shall tell you presently. But before doing so, let me whisper the real reason the authorities do nothing about John Charles Thomas' terrible crime. They are afraid of a million women, all mothers. Touch one hair of this man's head, make one militant move in his direction and they'll start marching on Washington armed with crib slats, baby bunting, rattle handles, rolling pins, roller skates and *ballot boxes!*

Verily, they will smash everything that menaces him. Because they love a man who each night adds to songs, which only an angel could sing, a thought of his mother. In a sense his daring and his law defiance, have made him their son and in a sense America's son.

One night he omitted the signature and gosh all hickory, was there hello and halleluiah to pay! You see, it traced back to the fact that John Charles Thomas has a theory that there are two kinds of singing: one directly to an audience; the other to radio listeners. And so, when he is on the air, he bars all visitors from the studio. But one particular night a crowd of people tiptoed into the studio and they listened without saying boo. So quiet were they, he forgot they were there. But when his last number was sung, they could control themselves no longer and exploded in applause. The explosion so startled Thomas he forgot to say "Goodnight, mother"—for the first time in seven years! Once was enough to upset that unseen audience waiting at home for his special sign-off.

(Below, left) As you see, John Charles Thomas always looks at home. (Right) The big reason J.C.T. is such a success—Mrs. Milson Thomas, his mother—and the reason Johnny's a "lawbreaker."





John Charles Thomas is on the following NBC stations each Wednesday at 9:30 p.m. E.S.T:
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, KDKA, WGAR, KSO, WKBF, WENR, KWCR, KW

Mother . . . !

By Paul Meyer

THE LAW, YET NO AUTHORITY DARES DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT!

THAT evening the telephone started to ring. Why, why why—the listeners wanted to know—had he forgotten? The next day came telegrams, letters by special messenger, special delivery, air mail. Mothers, grandmothers, daughters wanted to know what was the trouble. All of them were ready to scold, fight, or make peace. Two days later, the telephones were still ringing, the letter carriers cursing, and porters, bearing floral bouquets, began to arrive —gifts from listeners who had decided there was only one reason the signature was omitted and that was Mr. Thomas' mother had died.

Well, that will give you a slight idea of what "Goodnight, mother" means to radio listeners; to you, for example. Also what it will mean to any law enforcement officer who attempts to give J. C. T. a ticket.

Mother in the case of John Charles Thomas is a twinkling little lady, just beyond fifty and is not a itty-bitty sentimental. She lives in a charming cottage in Towson, Maryland, has a large flower garden, a vegetable garden, a cat and a canary. This is a story about a mother, so we won't mention that staunch idealist, the singer's father, the Reverend Milson Thomas, whom some of you know.

I tell you about the house because it was a gift from her son, who, by the way, is her only son. She was the wife of a Methodist circuit rider, which is to say a preacher who changed his parish every year or two. The house, you see, is important because it is the first permanent home she ever had. "Home, home . . ." the way he sings it, takes on real importance now, doesn't it?

In the house is a radio set, the big kind that stands on four legs, and it's over this that she hears the voice of her son. She doesn't have to read the newspapers to know when and where he is going to sing. He lets her know, by mail and telegraph.

If you ask him, how he happened to say "Goodnight, mother" that first time seven years ago, he will reply that "It just happened. A happy thought." And let it go at that.

Hundreds of other loving sons have sung into the microphone before and since, but none ever had this "happy thought." He was thinking of her that night and suddenly it was as if she were (*Continued on page 85*)





(Below, left) Gino Monaco gives the baritone a lesson in Italian kitchen harmony. (Right) Thomas with Max, who hails from Paris and has crossed the Atlantic Ocean fifteen times for business engagements.

HE RODE TO GLORY

THIS IS the story of the most famous rodent in the world.

One that jumps, dances, sings, speaks French, Spanish, German and Italian. And of course his own native tongue, English. From Hollywood to Timbuctoo his presence is an every day occurrence. At breakfast the cereal is shaken out of a box over which he trips the light fantastic. His arms click around clocks and watches to remind you that time flies. The kids wear his clothes and play with him all day long. He's a doll, a kiddie car, a jumping jack an even a balloon. Broadway shops and trading posts i Africa sell over 600 products that sponsor the littl creature.

Who is this remarkable personage whom children knov better than Santa Claus? Whom kings and queens an all the great men and women in the world acclaim? Thi rodent who along with the Prince of Wales and suc fellows as Josef Vissarionovich Djugashhirli Stalin mad

By St. Clair Duncan



ON A MOUSE . . .

reat Britain's "Who's Who of the World" while Hitler dn't even get a mention.

Well, here's a clue. The Art Workers Guild of Lon-on, filled with such Royal Academicians as Bernard haw, has made him an honorary member. The Queen Italy formally requested that he be on hand for the rival of the royal heir to the throne. Can you guess ho he is yet?

You and I know him as Mickey Mouse.

But, you ask, how does it happen that a mouse, the mild-t and meekest of all tiny creatures, should receive all is glory and honor?

It's as simple as this. A certain man wanted to earn a ving. This man was the kind ho had to do a job well if he d it at all. His name was Valt Disney.

Now, you and I both know iat Walt Disney is not a radio ar. Nor indeed is Mickey louse. Yet so tremendous ive their reputations become, id their appeal so irresistible, iat the radio has reached into ieir Hollywood studio and ersuaded them to lend us their lents briefly on the night of ecember 23rd. Lehn and ink's Sunday night program illed the "Hall of Fame" will esent Walt Disney, creator id confidante of Mickey the louse. Don't miss this event.

BUT IT COST HIM MORE THAN THE PRICE OF CHEESE

This story of the world's most famous mouse is really e story of one who is very nearly the world's most odest man. It begins on that day when, at the age of ne, Walt Disney was out hustling to help pay the family ocery bill. To do his job well, he had to get up, snow, in or shine, at 3 a. m., to get his papers delivered to ansas City residents before the school bell rang. Mickey louse might never have seen the light had not his grandparents" packed Walt up and moved to Chicago. nd dumped him into an art school.

Even then, the call of wanderlust was much more ap-aling than a mouse's squeak and Walt hopped a train become a newsbutcher—selling peanuts, candy, maga-nes and roast beef sandwiches.

When the United States declared war on Germany in 917, Mickey Mouse's future creator was carrying mail r Uncle Sam. Naturally, Walt enlisted, and though he ed mightily about his age, he was turned down because was too young. Nevertheless he persisted in his deter-ination to see and learn more of life. He discovered at fellows too young to fight could go to war as ambu-nce drivers. Within two weeks he was wearing a Red ross on his arm and driving a Ford in France.

From one end of the battlefield to the other, there was ever an ambulance like Walt Disney's. It became the ouvre of Alsace-Lorraine. Or, perhaps we should say, four-wheeled funny sheet. From stem to stem it was decorated with the silliest cartoons of Europe. Those cartoons did a lot to convince the French that Americans were crazy.

Now here's an amusing thing. Mice and rats were among the constant companions of the American soldiers of France. Most of the doughboys chased and killed them, but Walt built himself a cage and collected himself a baker's dozen of the oddest pets out of Paris. Gray mice, black mice, spotted mice—they were all in Walt's dizzy zoo. He has never admitted it, but I suspect that many of the Mickey Mouse's future adventures were recorded in his mind during dull evenings in France when he watched the antics of his pets.

At the end of the war, hundreds of veterans were hunting jobs, and Walt was one of them. What should he do? Well, what would you do if you were a young man with a talent for doing funny things on paper with charcoal? With an insatiable hunger for experience in life?

Before he did anything else Walt took stock of himself: 1. He could draw cartoons. 2. He could do imitations of Charlie Chaplin. 3. He could eat three square meals a day, and that was about all.

A want ad seeking a farm journal cartoonist drew a letter from him into which he packed all his hopes and dreams. That letter has been lost, but Walt will never forget it. For it got him the job that was to become the first rung in the ladder leading to success.

Of course it wasn't much of a job. All day long he perched on a high stool drawing—not mice, but happy farmers regarding wild-eyed hens who had accomplished stupendous results as a result of being fed a certain marvelous mash. In his expert hands dejected cows who happened to sample a certain salt block became positively ecstatic. He might have accomplished even greater miracles with other barnyard beasts had not some imp of remembrance made him embellish his commercial sketches with impudent cartoons of a carefree mouse.

That, ladies and gentlemen, was the official birth of the world's No. 1 Entertainer.

Fame first crept close to Mickey when Walt joined a company to do animated cartoons. That was his real start in the animated cartoon business. Soon he was on his own. Caricaturing local Kansas City incidents and throwing them on the screens of three theatres. A few months later he was producing modernized fairy tales taking pictures with a second hand camera that he had repaired and using his garage as a studio.

Strangely enough not one of these cartoons was of Mickey Mouse. Even when his animated version of Little Red Riding Hood threw his company into bankruptcy, it never occurred to him (*Continued on page 83*)



Three big guns of radio meet in Hollywood—Dick Powell, Rudy Vallee and A
Jolson. You'll soon be seeing them this way on the screen for Rudy went t
the Coast to make "Sweet Music" for Warner Brothers, while Dick Powell, wh
looks so very Beau Brummelish, is working in "Gold Diggers of 1935." When A
Jolson, whose next flicker is "Casino de Paree," dropped around, the new
photographer got busy and you got this "preview."



GENTLEMEN THE Queen

Dorothy Page is the most beautiful woman in Radio.

No doubt about it. It isn't one man's opinion. She was elected by the ballots of the most distinguished group of radio editors in the world, the members of RADIO STARS' Board of Review.

Not all of them picked her for regal honors, by any means. Some leaned toward the Lane Sisters who sing with Fred Waring. But Dorothy Page, songbird on those Monday night Northwestern Yeast programs with Jan Garber's orchestra, was awarded more first places than any other. By the same process that gives four and five star ratings to the air's fine programs, she was voted Queen.

The most beautiful woman in radio is in her middle twenties. She has been singing publicly since she won a Paul Whiteman audition in Buffalo, New York, in 1932. But even before that, most of America had seen and appreciated her beauty. Philadelphia artists were the first to discover and paint it. Those paintings have been printed on millions of magazine (*Continued on page 71*)



Jackson

Elsie HITZ and *Nick* DAWSON

Are starred in "Dangerous Paradise" each Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:45 p. m. EST, over the following NBC stations: WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WOAI, KTBS, WREN, KOIL, WSM, WSB, WSMB, KVOO, WFAA, WKY, WLW, WJR.

A touch of HANDS— A change of HEART!



1 Frigid



2 Temperate

3 Melting

4 Hot!

IF you were a man, could you get a thrill out of touching a dry, chapped hand? You know you couldn't—it's the dear-little-smooth-little hand that gives *him* a romantic feeling. . . .

This winter, keep your hands thrillingly smooth! Hinds Honey and Almond Cream will help you. Hinds *soaks* the skin with rich soothing oils—quickly relieves chapping and gives velvety texture! This is because Hinds is much more than a "jelly." It is the *penetrating* liquid cream—it lubricates deeply with quick-working balms.

Use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream after you've "washed things out," also at bedtime! See how *quickly* Hinds gives you silken-smooth hands!

As fragrant . . . rich . . . as the liquid creams costing $2 at expensive beauty salons. But Hinds Honey and Almond Cream costs only 25¢ and 50¢ at your druggist, or 10¢ at the dime store.



Hinds
Honey and
Almond Cream

TOO HOT TO

By
Robert
Eichberg

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. STEELE

THERE is no censorship of radio broadcasting!"

That's what executives of both the CBS and NBC networks say.

But no less a personage than Senator Borah claimed that a talk of his was cut off in the middle of a broadcast because he said something to which the station operators objected. The cut-off was explained by station officials as being due to mechanical difficulties necessitating a temporary shutdown. But still some people who read of the incident in the newspapers wonder just what the facts of the case were.

What do *you* think?

To find out what sort of material, if any, is "too hot" to broadcast I interviewed employees of the two chains, heads of independent stations and the program director of New York's so-called "radical" station, advertising agency executives, broadcasters, and even a representative of the Federal Communications Commission itself. Nearly everywhere I went, I got a different story, and many of the people I spoke to were *afraid to talk*. Most that were willing to give information did so with the strict proviso that their names be omitted.

But what did they have to say?

Well, I went up to a man seated at a desk in the outer office of the Commission, in the Federal Building on Washington Street, New York,

and said, "I want to find out what sort of material *can not* be broadcast. Will you tell me?"

He answered, "Why, there's no censorship whatever. You can broadcast anything."

So I said, "Suppose I wanted to give readings from the unexpurgated version of 'Lady Chatterly's Lover' or 'Fanny Hill.' Could I do it?"

"Oh, no," he answered in somewhat shocked tones, "but nobody'd want to do that."

"Well, what if I wanted to sell sweepstakes tickets or dope? Would that be allowed?"

"Of course not— I think you'd better go into the office and talk to the Supervisor."

The Supervisor paused in his work of giving some aspirant radio operators their test and dug out his copy of the Communications Act of 1934, which repeals and replaces the Radio Act of 1927. It is a document which is a trifle self-contradictory in spots.

For instance, in Section 315 it says that if a station permits a candidate for office of one political party to speak without charge for time, it must offer the same privilege to representatives of opposing parties, and that the station *may not censor* such talks.

However, in Section 326 it says that no person shall broadcast "any obscene, indecent or profane language," and mentions as the penalty for violation $10,000 fine, or two years imprisonment or both".

What would a station do if a candidate for office wished to call his opponent a damned fool? Toss a coin for it, no doubt.

Nor is that the only prohibition. Section 316 forbids any advertising of, or information relative to "lotteries, gift enterprises or similar schemes offering prizes dependent in whole or part upon luck or chance, or any list of such prizes." The operators of a station violating this section may be fined (*Continued on page 76*)

THESE WORDS ARE TOO HOT . . . YOU'LL NEVER HEAR THEM ON THE AIR

Belly	Expectant mothers	Gooey	Cracked toes
Diarrhea	Pregnancy	Phlegm	Colon
Pimples	Belching	Liverbile	Vomit
Infected areas	Gagging	Blood	Scabies
		Pus	Eruptions



BROADCAST !

SINCE you bought your last Spring bonnet, Ozzie Nelson, that baton waver for the Joe Penner broadcasts, has probably come in contact with girls of more varied classes and types, than any young band leader before the microphone. The past summer he's seen them at play in their own home towns, entertained them, talked with them—and drawn some very definite and enlightening conclusions concerning young Miss America.

Would you like to know what they are? Well, if you think you can take it when the finger points your way, read on. It was only with considerable pleading, conniving and questioning, Ozzie reluctantly consented to set down his observations, provided you'd receive them in the spirit of a good old Truth Meeting, where everybody tells everybody else exactly what they think and there aren't any hard feelings.

Be it known here and now, girls, that he's still raving about the charm and beauty of all of you whom he's seen. You were hospitable and grand and appreciative, with only a few minor reservations that might be made to start off like this:

If I were a girl I wouldn't indulge in sensational dancing. You know the type. At nearly every hop there's usually the blonde in the low-cut, red beaded dress who insists upon doing a Yazoo-Shakedown right up in front of the orchestra. Hotcha. Suggestive. Showoffish. The life of the party girl.

Ask any musician in anybody's band what he thinks of such a display and he'll tell you. Next to nothing, frankly. He'll also be willing to wager that the gal's poor escort slinks outside for a smoke until the dust settles again under the lovely lady's rhinestone heels. It's only in the other fellow's girl that men like sensationalism, Ozzie believes, and even then they can't stand a steady diet of it.

She's a much smarter person who dances gracefully and tastefully and let's the same two attributes run over into every phase of her life. For any exhibition on a girl's part, from a Lindy Hop all the way down to a small breach of etiquette, throws a man into a glaring limelight of embarrassment which he very naturally resents. And plenty of men are enduring that limelight according to a young bandmaster, who ought to know after some 150 recent dance bookings throughout the eastern part of the country from north to south.

Sling your happy little feet as much as you like. But be artful about it, not vulgar. That's a tip from Ozzie



(Above) An informa snap of Ozzie Nelso as his friends see him



(Below, left) Mixing football and rhythm in those good old days at Rutgers when he was an All-Eastern quarter-back. (Right) Discussing new football rules via the airlanes.

OKING ORK LEADER? PEP UP THE PARTY? OZZIE NELSON ADVISES YOU GALS HOW!

By Mary Watkins Reeves

Ozzie Nelson is on the air each Sunday at 7:30 P.M., E.S.T., over the following NBC stations: WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WLS, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WRVA, WPTF, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, KVOO, WKY, WFAA, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KTAR.

Nelson, who believes he's right when he asserts that men, loathe as they may be to admit it, do really admire and demand propriety on a dance floor.

If I were a girl I wouldn't make a public display of emotion. Ozzie had grounds and then some for making that statement. For, as you probably know, he and Rudy Vallee just about hold the record for having had strange feminine fans suddenly drape themselves around them in a public embrace. And if you think celebrities like strange clinging vines just watch one's reaction sometime.

THE particular incident which so completely chagrined Ozzie occurred in one of the southern states. A fair young damsel walked up to the bandmaster, grinned, pahdoned huh Suthun accint, and asked him to lean down for a moment so she could whisper in his ear. Unsuspecting as you please, Ozzie leaned—and the gal got a death clinch around his shoulders that was unbreakable for about five minutes. It didn't take a split second for the "Look!" news to spread over the whole floor, for all the dancers to stop and stare and for Ozzie's face to make the common garden variety of tomato look positively anemic.

"I was terribly sorry and upset about the whole affair," he stated seriously. "Naturally, for the rest of the evening I was totally miserable. You see, I knew the gesture was made not because I was *me*, not for myself alone and the qualities I'd want a woman to admire, but just because I happened to be an orchestra leader, if that's an excuse. The incident did neither myself nor the young lady any good. I am sincerely sorry it happened."

Dance band members have a name for it. They call it an "M. C."—a Musician's (*Continued on page 89*)

RAH RAH RADIO!



THIS IS RADIO'S ZERO HOUR

We listeners are the soldiers of broadcasting.

Whether you know it or not, we've got a war on our hands.

Radio broadcasting as we know and love it is threatened. By whom and by what? Roughly, it can be said thus: various groups of so-called "educators" wish to secure for themselves the dictatorship of certain phases of broadcasting.

For example, they wish to make broadcasting more "educational." When we who work by day come home at night, they wish to "entertain" us with lecturing college professors. Like Hitler and Goebbels who give their German listeners exactly what Hitler thinks is good for them, they seek to give us, not what we need to help us forget the day's battles and perplexities, but what they think is good for us. We listeners, they say, will be much better off listening to lectures than to Captain Henry's Show Boat, Jack Benny, Fred Waring, and Lowell Thomas.

Already, Congress has ordered the Federal Radio Commission to get the facts. Even now, the invaders are whining their complaints through the halls of Congress.

This is the attack we soldiers of broadcasting must beat back. The way is not easy. Unorganized, we can only write letters, but we can write a great many of them. We can ask our friends to write them and we can see that the members of the Federal Communication Commission know truly how the listeners of radio feel about radio broadcasting.

We will be the first to suffer if the structure of broadcasting changes. Let us not be the last to testify in behalf of that which we hold dear. Write your letter immediately, address it to Hampson Gary, Chairman, Broadcast Division, Federal Radio Commission, Washington, D. C.

This is Radio's Zero Hour. It is our zero hour, too.

The Editor —



ARE YOU GETTING ALL YOU CAN FROM YOUR RADIO? IT'S THE GREATEST, FRIENDLIEST, MOST COMFORTABLE AND ANXIOUS-TO-PLEASE UNIVERSITY IN THE WORLD

By George Kent

ILLUSTRATED BY JIM KELLY





RAH, RAH, Radio has more teachers, more professors, more doctors, more lecturers than any other school, college or university in the world—but they don't watch the students. They don't pick on them. No sir. You can cut classes, play hookey, be late and make funny faces and they won't say a word. Not a mumbling word.

Over 40,000,000 people went to this school in 1934 and there was no crowding. Any other college that had even 50,000 would explode or all the dear boys and girls get trampled to death. Columbia University in New York is about the largest in the country and that has only about 35,000.

The class rooms in dear old Radio are comfortable, maybe too comfortable. You can go to school as you comb your hair, as you do the ironing, as you drive, as you lie in bed. Wherever there's a radio set, there's school. And if you don't like the teacher—*click!*

I don't care what it is you want to learn—from winning a horse race to winning a husband—it's taught over these bewitching waves. And it's taught with an artful and dramatic twist and twirl that makes even the hardest subject seem easy. The variety of subject matter is almost incredible. There's music that helps one-year-old babies jump up and down in their cribs; nursery rhymes for four-year-olds; John Martin for eight-year-olds; Uncle Don for ten-year-olds; and so on up the scale to the Battle of Bull Run which is a story told for the special benefit of grandpaw.

Had you been a careful person last year and gone to school instead of squandering your radio hours on such charming wastrels as Eddie Cantor, Fred Allen and all, you could have been quite a bit further along than you are today. And this is serious! You could have gotten started on any of twenty careers. By whirling the dial you could have heard lectures on law, medicine, journalism, advertising, (*Continued on page 78*)

HERE'S THE PRIVATE DOPE ON PUBLIC FOLK



NBC Announcer James Wallington poses with his new wife, Anita Fuhrmann, New York dancer.



Here's Walter Paterson, the Captain Nicky of "One Man's Family" who, on the air, is engaged to Claudia.



(Top) The Honeymooners, Grace and Eddie Albert of NBC. (Bottom) The Vass Trio, harmonizers.

● The blase announcers at Columbia studios in Chicago have offered to take the unsophisticated engineers of the net to a few night spots in order to inoculate them with a little nudity. The offer came in the wake of Sally Rand's broadcast from the World's Fair to the Byrd expedition. One of the younger broadcast technicians was assigned to Sally's boudoir to cut in the fan dancer at the proper second in a six-point pickup from the Fair. Sally breezed into her dressing room without the usual fan or balloon. It was too much for the engineer. He got his wires crossed, plugged in the wrong spot and burned out his amplifier. There was just time enough to make a replacement.

● Virginia Rae, NBC soprano, surprised her friends and fans by taking time out between programs to marry Edgar H. Sittig, New York cellist. He draws the bow for several NBC orchestras.

● Pat Kennedy was held up, stripped of his clothes and beaten senseless the week before he was to premiere on his new Columbia show with Art Kassel's orchestra. When he came to, he flagged a cab and slipped into his hotel in BVDs. Pat had been at the Chez Paree to see Helen Morgan, appearing there with Henry Busse's Orchestra. The Unmasked Tenor lives just a couple of blocks away at the Medinah Athletic Club. Feeling the need of a little fresh air he decided to walk home. As he passed an alley a couple of thugs darted out and overpowered him. Three days later he was to have a dress rehearsal for his new commercial show, but his voice was in no shape to do any singing. One holdup man had almost choked him to death and did serious injury to his vocal chords. For several days physicians doubted that he would be able to open his own show. Sponsor told him to take it easy and when the big moment arrived Pat was again fit as a fiddle.

● Abe Lyman's sister recently became the mother of a baby girl. When she returned from the hospital, a nurse was employed to care for her and the child. But when

By Wilson

STRICTLY

INTIMATE ITEMS HOT OFF THE GOSSIP LIPS



(Top) Judy and Jane are on NBC. (Bottom) Reed Brown, Helen Claire, John Griggs in "Roses and Drums."



Irene Beasley was recently crowned popularity queen of the National Radio Exposition in New York's Madison Square Garden.



Dennis King is heard both as an actor and a soloist on the National networks.

the nurse learned the family was Jewish, she walked out.

● Did you know that sisters of Ben Bernie and Phil Baker operate a milk farm and sanitarium together at Harrison, New York? That's the second team of Baker and Bernie.

● One Man's Family has been increased. Bernice Berwin, who plays the part of Hazel, has a brand new baby son. He was born in October, weighed six and a half pounds and was named Berwin Brooks Berlin. Bernice, in private life, is Mrs. A. Brooks Berlin, wife of a San Francisco attorney.

● A budding romance is that of Elizabeth Love, the leading lady in Roses and Drums on NBC, and James Glover, who writes the script for that program.

● If his doctor will guarantee to take out Bing Crosby's appendix around midnight on a Tuesday and have him on his feet again for his broadcast the following Tuesday, Bing is going to indulge in the operation as soon as he finishes his next picture, "Here Is My Heart."

● Though divorced from Captain Eldon Burn, Alice Joy and her two children recently passed a vacation with Burn's parents in Canada. Burn is now employed at the swank Blackstone Hotel in Chicago. He never fails to keep Chicago newspapers informed when there is anything noteworthy in the divided family.

● Conrad Thibault has just signed a contract with the producers of Show Boat which assures him of remaining on that program until September, 1935.

● Two Chicago radio beauties have headed for glamorous movieland this fall. First to leave was Dolores Gillen who played with NBC's Princess Pat Players and took the part of the baby in Today's Children. At Columbia she appeared in The Romance of Helen Trent and was to have taken the lead in the show, Fish Tales, when she got the call from Hollywood. Dolores Gillen in many pictures bears a striking resemblance to Janet Gaynor. Second beauty to leave Chicago airlines for pictures was Dorothy (Dolly Face) Lamour, featured songstress with Herbie Kay's orchestra. Miss Lamour comes from way

Brown

CONFIDENTIAL





(Above) The famous Mormon Tabernacle Choir of Salt Lake City heard every Sunday over CBS. (Left) The King's Guards, discovered by Paul Whiteman in California. (Bottom) Fred Huffsmith, tenor, is heard on the Firestone series on NBC.

down south in New Orleans.

● David Ross, ace CBS announcer and poetry reader, was politely kicked out of NBC the other day. The Studebaker people were so pleased with the way Ross announced their CBS shows that they hired him to announce their NBC programs. Ross showed up at Radio City ready for work. But NBC had Announcer John S. Young on the job. Richard Himber, Studebaker orchestra leader, broke the news to Ross that NBC had turned thumbs down and wouldn't permit the CBS man on its network. Ross left in a hurry. The odd part of it all is that singers and orchestra leaders appear on both networks. But not announcers.

● Baby Lily Segust lay dying at Cook County hospital in a charity ward. Her mother was also dangerously ill. Joseph Segust, her penniless father, was frantic because the baby needed a transfusion but no donor could be found whose blood matched the infant's. A friend had an idea. She called Dr. Herman Bundesen at WLS. The Chicago health commissioner was on the air at the time. A studio attendant interrupted him with the plea that he ask for volunteers so that the baby might have a transfusion. Dr. Bundesen called for donors. Within fifteen minutes, three men appeared at the hospital to give their blood. The first one was found to have the right type and the baby's life was saved, thanks to radio and the donor.

● It's no use offering John Barclay, star of the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre a cigarette or a cocktail. He's off both for the sake of his voice.

● Elaine Melchior, the Ardala of the Buck Rogers series, underwent a mastoid operation recently.

● The Betty Borden who had the honor of being the first unknown guest presented on the program, "Lanny's Log Cabin Inn," by Lanny Ross and RADIO STARS Magazine had never sung before over a microphone. Yet many who heard her said she wasn't as nervous as a lot of the network stars. The surprise of the program came when the real identity of Betty was discovered. She's the great-great-granddaughter of the founder of Borden's Condensed Milk Company.

● Though it's been on the air two years, John Royal, NBC program chief, has just discovered Irma Glen's program of "Lovable Music." The program is sponsored by a woman who does not want her name known, so it has been presented just as if it were a sustaining feature. Mr. Royal objected to this on the ground that the broadcasters' code

(Right) Tony Wons, master of ceremonies, for "The House by the Side of the Road" on NBC Sundays. (Bottom) Anne Seymour appears in the Grand Hotel dramas. She's the seventh consecutive generation of her family to be an actress.





lid not permit such an unorthodox arrangement. So Irma has become the sponsor, but the dope is that the mysterious lady is still paying for the program.

● Joe Penner stopped off in Detroit recently to visit his parents. He wanted them to give up their little home there in an unfashionable section of the city and let him install them in a comfortable little place in Southern California. But they wouldn't yield to his entreaty.

A year or so ago, Joe's father was laid off from his job in an automobile factory. He heard that there was work to be had at PWA headquarters so went around to ask for a job. Joe felt awfully badly about that. He knows that lots of folks would criticize him for such an occurrence in his family. To Joe's father it was just a way of getting a new job. He doesn't need work, but can't feel comfortable without it. His mother is the same way. She won't even let Joe hire a maid for her.

● Jessica Dragonette journeyed to Chicago in October to help the sponsors of the Sentinels Serenade celebrate their seventh anniversary on the air. There was a bit of sentiment behind this trip for this sponsor first presented her on the air seven years ago. Incidentally she got about seven times the fee for this single broadcast as she did for her first week with this show.

● When Gertrude Niesen travels she takes her father with her. Recently she made an appearance in Chicago, her first in the midwest. Daddy was along. Now her father is a youngish looking man, so when they were presented as Miss Niesen and Mr. Niesen, Papa Niesen regularly added, "I'm her father," lest he be mistaken, possibly, as husband of the exotic Columbia singer.

● It costs to be popular. Conrad Thibault had so many guests dropping in at his four room apartment that he had to move to a seven room place.

● Helen King, who is Em of Clara, Lu 'n' Em, spent a month's vacation in Mexico. With her husband she was the guest of Diego Rivera, the painter, whose murals in Rockefeller Center were refused on the grounds that they extolled communism.

● Jerry Cooper, the CBS baritone, had a very unusual experience. While enacting the role of a fireman on a radio program, the New York fire department was actually putting out a fire in his hotel room.

● A recent story on Dick Leibert, Radio City organist, published in RADIO STARS, mentioned the fact that Dick had suffered from (*Continued on page 97*)





THE SAGA

(Left) Here is Radio City, a broadcastin
dream come true. In the tower is located th
home of the National Broadcasting Compan
of New York City. (Above) Helen Hah
WEAF's first woman announcer, is picture
in the old type studio, now a thing of the pas

By Georg

IN THE YEAR 1926 Radio was ready to mount its litt
kilocycle and ride away into the night. The excitemer
the novelty was over. And there was nothing to tal
its place. Nothing—zero! Radio was through!

People were still buying a few radios. But folks w
had owned them a month or more were clipping t
aerials. Set owners from coast to coast were totii
them up to the attic, leaving them there between the lot
game and grandpa's mustache waxer. Radio was ot
ward bound, going the way of mah jong, pogo stic
diabolo and jigsaw puzzles.

Then—*flash!* Out of nowhere Radio crashed throu
the waves in the most dramatic episode of its care
Its greatest moment. On November 15th of that ye
the National Broadcasting Company came on the
for the first time—and yanked Radio back from oblivi

It's only eight years ago and many of you may reme
ber the program. Graham McNamee was the announc
He spoke into a WEAF mike, hung, if you please,
the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria. Everybo
in Who's Who was there! Radio had come a long d
tance from the day when studios were squeezed i
cloakrooms or at the junk ends of factory buildings.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen . . ." said G
ham when the white light flashed. Historic wor
Thirty-six hundred miles of telephone wire carried

THE ADVENTURE OF THE MAN WH



bove) NBC brings its listeners many events special importance. Here is George Hicks, nouncer, broadcasting the Lake Placid lympics of 1932. (Right) Merlin H. Ayles- rth, president of NBC. Mr. Aylesworth's imb to fame has been in step with radio's.

fent

reeting to nineteen stations extending as far west as Kansas City, thence out over the air to 10,000,000 lis- eners. If you were one of them you must remember our excitement when he introduced Mary Garden, sing- ng from *Chicago;* and then Will Rogers, doing a mon- logue from *Independence, Kansas.* These great swoops f radio, commonplace today, were brand new in 1926. This, you and the rest of us decided, was romance, ad- enture, a new world. And on that day broadcasting ave the coffin a kick and came to life.

The muscle behind the kick was a man, a minister's on named Merlin Hall Aylesworth. When he was made resident of NBC he didn't know a dial from a file. When he spoke into the mike he got the jitters. He queaked and blasted, made an awful impression. He does ots better now.

That night at the Waldorf, Aylesworth, who operates n nine or ten cylinders more than most human beings, vas in the pantry with Weber and Fields. These fa- nous comedians were so scared they could barely talk. Aylesworth was there telling them funny stories, scratch- ng their heads, doing backflips—trying to make them augh so that they could go on the air and make mil- ions of radio listeners laugh. He succeeded, they clicked. It's an old Aylesworth custom.

Radio was on its way! But there was a big job to do. Radio was a menagerie of stations clawing the air for as much time, wave length and air possible. A free for all! The loud speakers were full of spaghetti. First job of Merlin, the magician: Iron out the air. Line up the stations. Clear the tracks. Give the listener a break. He walked, he rode, he drove, he flew. He had nine- teen stations basted together that night of November 15th. A year later he had forty-eight sewed up.

The station question fixed for the moment, he gave his attention to programs. Aylesworth puts on his hat, calls on theatrical producers, bites his nails like a school- boy. What makes people laugh? What makes them cry? He pleads for advice. What makes listeners listen? But nobody seems to have the answer. Take a chance, they suggest. Try everything. Experiment. It comes home to Aylesworth that he is operating in virgin territory. It's up to him to do the pioneering.

January, 1927. NBC is not yet two months old. But Aylesworth has crossed the Rockies. A microphone is in the California sun. An announcer in shirtsleeves re- ports the Rose Bowl game between Leland Stanford and Alabama. Shivering occupants of New England and North Dakota farmhouses hear for the first time a coast to coast report of a football game.

Thousands of letters pour in. Approval from his people. This is what they like. All right, we'll give



(Above) When the Lindbergh baby was kidnapped, NBC was on the air from the scene. (Upper right) Special equipment was set up in South Dakota by NBC so that Major Kepner and Captain Stevens might be in communication with the world during their stratosphere flight.

them more just like it. Radio stunts don't happen, they have to be planned far in advance. All through January and most of February they plan for President Coolidge's Washington Birthday broadcast. Where shall we place the mikes, who will be the announcers, how many stations . . .? Countless questions find countless answers. And the President reaches 20,000,000 over a forty-three station hookup.

The carbon mike—in use in those days—is a bad actor. Spoils good broadcasting. Memos to the engineering department: Work on the mike. Hire experts. Improve it. Make it more reliable. Today, there are mikes for every purpose.

Aylesworth calls on Otto Kahn, lord of the Metropolitan House. The minister's son wants grand opera for his millions. He argues and loses. Back to his office, but not black with discouragement. There are other opera companies almost as good. When does the next plane leave for Chicago? He grabs it and a day later he arranges the first broadcast of grand opera. In late January, the arias of Faust flow into sheet-iron shacks and under leaking roofs from coast to coast for the first time—broadcast from the stage of the Civic Auditorium in Chicago.

Radio has to stand on its own feet, must pay for itself. No British system for America under which every set owner is taxed so much each year. How about advertising? He sends a salesman to an advertising agency. *Pooh,* says the agent. *Pooh* yourself, says the salesman. The upshot: The Queensborough Corporation goes on the air for fifteen minutes. The first advertiser in radio! Hundreds of letters reach the corporation. Proof that the air is worth money. Radio advertising has arrived.

The Goodrich Tire people follow with the Silvertone Band and their masked tenor. Aylesworth has another idea. He charges out of the office into the street. Up he goes to a building, hurdles clerks, office boys and secretaries and at last stands before the power behind Pepsodent. No, says the power. Yes, says Aylesworth. And yes it is. Yes to Amos and Andy. And this pair begin their march into the hearts of the radio public.

Another day he bags General Motors. Not without sleepless nights and long planning. He spins a web for Lucky Strike and la year's Metropolitan Opera broa casts were paid for with cigaret money.

What to do next? It is 1927. Rad must advance along three fronts. must go ahead technically. It mu pay for itself. Most important of a it must maintain a high entertai ment standard. Millions are hom less because of the floods in t Mississippi Valley. Money, cloth and food are needed. It is an oppo tunity for Radio to perform a re public service. Secretary of Co merce Hoover comes to the mike a broadcasts an appeal. An appe heard by the greatest audience history. The response is overwhel ing.

Lindbergh flies the Atlantic. I turns homeward. A reception hug than anything hitherto imagined planned for him. Radio must there. Aylesworth and his enginee conspire. Six mikes are scatter along the line of march, at t White House, at the Cupola, at t station on Pennsylvania Aven other places. Set owners in Wyo ing applaud with the onlooke Three days later the same thing repeated in New York City.



(Above) The largest studio in the world—78 by 132 feet by 3 stories.

The Peace Bridge over Niagara is dedicated in August and the NBC mikes catch and share with the nation the voices of the Prince of Wales, Prince George, Premier Baldwin, Vice-President Dawes and Al Smith. Dempsey and Tunney go into the ring at Soldiers' Field in Chicago. Graham McNamee sits by the ringside, mike to his face. He sends the blows out on the air as fast as they are delivered.

The year comes to a close. Aylesworth examines the result. Money earned through advertising: $3,760,000. Still in the red, but not bad for a beginning.

Politics crashed through in 1928. The air is yours, says Aylesworth to all political parties. Democratic and Republican conventions go on the air. The listeners hear Franklin D. Roosevelt at Houston, Texas, put Al Smith's name in nomination. They hear him described as "the happy warrior," a name he will always bear.

A Democrat complains that NBC shut him off the air in the midst of a speech denouncing the Republicans. Aylesworth laughs and investigates. It's true the wire was cut—but not by NBC. Three boys hunting a length of wire tor a chicken coop did the clipping.

Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for Governor comes to the NBC president. He lays his speech on the table to be censored. Aylesworth throws it back at him. "You can tear up the speech, so far as I am concerned. Go on and speak whenever you are ready."

Son of a Protestant minister, Aylesworth sweats with his staff working out a solution to the religious problem. All denominations are welcomed. With two provisos. They must not try to make converts. They must not abuse another religion. Aylesworth himself overcomes the reluctance of the Catholics and brings Cardinal Hayes to the mike.

His father twinkles as he tells you: "I never dreamt that a son of mine would introduce the country's greatest Catholic to the radio public."

That year the Farm and Home hour and Walter Damrosch came to the mike. The number of stations has grown to fifty-six, a powerful, harmonious network connected by 14,000 miles of wire. Aylesworth groans as he looks at the telephone bill: (*Continued on page 91*)

THE GIRL BEHIND THE MEN



Vida Ravenscroft Sutton

VIDA RAVENSCROFT SUTTON will be remembered when all the radio announcers of all the radio stations have retired to dude ranches and double-entry bookkeeping. For Vida is the silent, sharp-eared lady who changed the radio announcer from a pain in the neck to a joy forever.

Her job is conducting the Magic of Speech program for NBC, but her work is school marm and official spanker for the company's announcers. She has made announcing sweet, clear, sincere and painless. She has stuck pins in their swell heads and boxed their ears when they tried to talk "clawssy, doncher know, pip-pip."

There are about 3,000 radio announcers in America and, except for a few honky-tonk talkers, all of them are men. Behind them all—behind the high level of their lingo and elan—stands this gray-eyed lady, barely five feet tall. Girls, let that at least be a comfort to you.

Early in 1929 Vida Sutton came to NBC. It was shortly after the American Academy of Arts and Letters announced that it was going to award an annual prize fo diction in radio. She came for the express purpose o making first class announcers out of just fair announcers So Vida set up school in the studios, rang the bell, rappe on the desk and started embroidering dunce caps.

All of the radio announcers in the network's New Yor stations went to her school. A hard boiled lot, a con ceited gang, flawful and inaccurate, stilted, stiff an scared, contemptuous of instruction. They came to scof they stayed to learn. One of them, Milton Cross, a radi pioneer, carried off the diction prize for 1929. Hi sympathetic delivery won for him.

The next year, another of Vida's school boys won agai —Alwyn Bach, a head-of-the-classer. In 1931, a thir member of the class, John Wesley Holbrook wa crowned diction king for a year. All of which wer feathers and feathers in the smart Paris bonnet of th little school mistress.

When the year 1932 rolled around she looked over he

VIDA RAVENSCROFT SUTTON IS THE LITTLE "SCHOOL MARM" OF NB

BEHIND THE MIKE



(Above) James Wallington
(Below) Milton J. Cross



(Above) David Ross
(Below) Alwyn Bach



(Above) John Holbrook
(Below) Franklin D. Roosevelt







announcers and gave a long deep thought to David Ross, of CBS. She was too devoted a lover of good speech, too honest an individual not to recognize his great merit. And she herself suggested him for the 1932 award. And so it was.

Last year Jimmy Wallington, impetuous charmer, her fourth winner, carried off the diction prize. Did I say she was honest? She is too honest, too conscientious for her own best interests. When Jimmy won she declared she had contributed very little to his success.

"His diction," she went on to say, "is far from perfect. But he has a dramatic style. A great enthusiasm. He brings to his reading a gusto and a sincerity which outweigh the technical defects in his speech."

As you see, she takes more than only correct pronunciation into consideration before passing judgment.

By Bland Mulholland

Some day when you are alone with Massa James, just ask him and he will tell you what a profound help Vida Sutton has been to him in his crawl up the ladder.

The lessons she taught, the methods she used, have travelled the breadth of the land. Announcers in dinky 500 watt stations have learned by imitating her pupils. They have learned by listening to the Magic of Speech program. They have learned from letters she took the trouble to write them. The result is: Credit to Vida Sutton for raising the standard of radio speech, especially radio announcing, twenty notches above what it was when she pricked up her ears and started telling radio folk what's wrong with their talk.

Her methods are simple. The principle behind them—A-B-C, she says, and you who have a yen for going into radio had better listen. Ah, that's the point, Listen! Listen, listen, listen and listen! (*Continued on page 68*)

WHO HAS SHAKEN UP THE BEST ANNOUNCERS ON THE KILOCYCLES



WOULD YOU RISK YOUR LIFE FOR A CAREER? ACTUALLY STARVE AND GO WITHOUT SHOES? JACK AND LORETTA CLEMENS DID!

By Helen Hover

(Above) Jack and Loretta Clemens, who are Bobby Gibson and Dot Myers, his wisecracking girl friend, of "The Gibson Family." Anne Elster (left) is one of the actresses of the same program.

Loretta and Jack Clemens are on the following NBC stations each Saturday at 9:30 P.M., EST: WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI. WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WIBA, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KSTP.

WHEN you hear Jack and Loretta Clemens basking in the golden spotlight as the juvenile leads of "The Gibson Family" every Saturday night over NBC, don't envy their luck. They're on top now, yes, but each step on the way up was such a heartbreaking, torturous one that I sometimes wonder if any career is worth it.

It seems incredible that so many tough breaks could have been crowded into their short lives. They walked the streets of New York looking for work until their soles were worn completely through. They didn't know where their next meal was coming from, in fact once for two whole days they had nothing at all to eat. They lived in a damp basement that all but ruined their health. And this isn't the half of it, either.

Believe you me, they deserve every bit of success they're enjoying. I don't think there are many who would have gone through their bitter experiences without throwing up the sponge.

Jack and Loretta are brother and sister and they hail from Cleveland. Ohio. They got their taste of trouble at an early date for their father died leaving the family almost destitute.

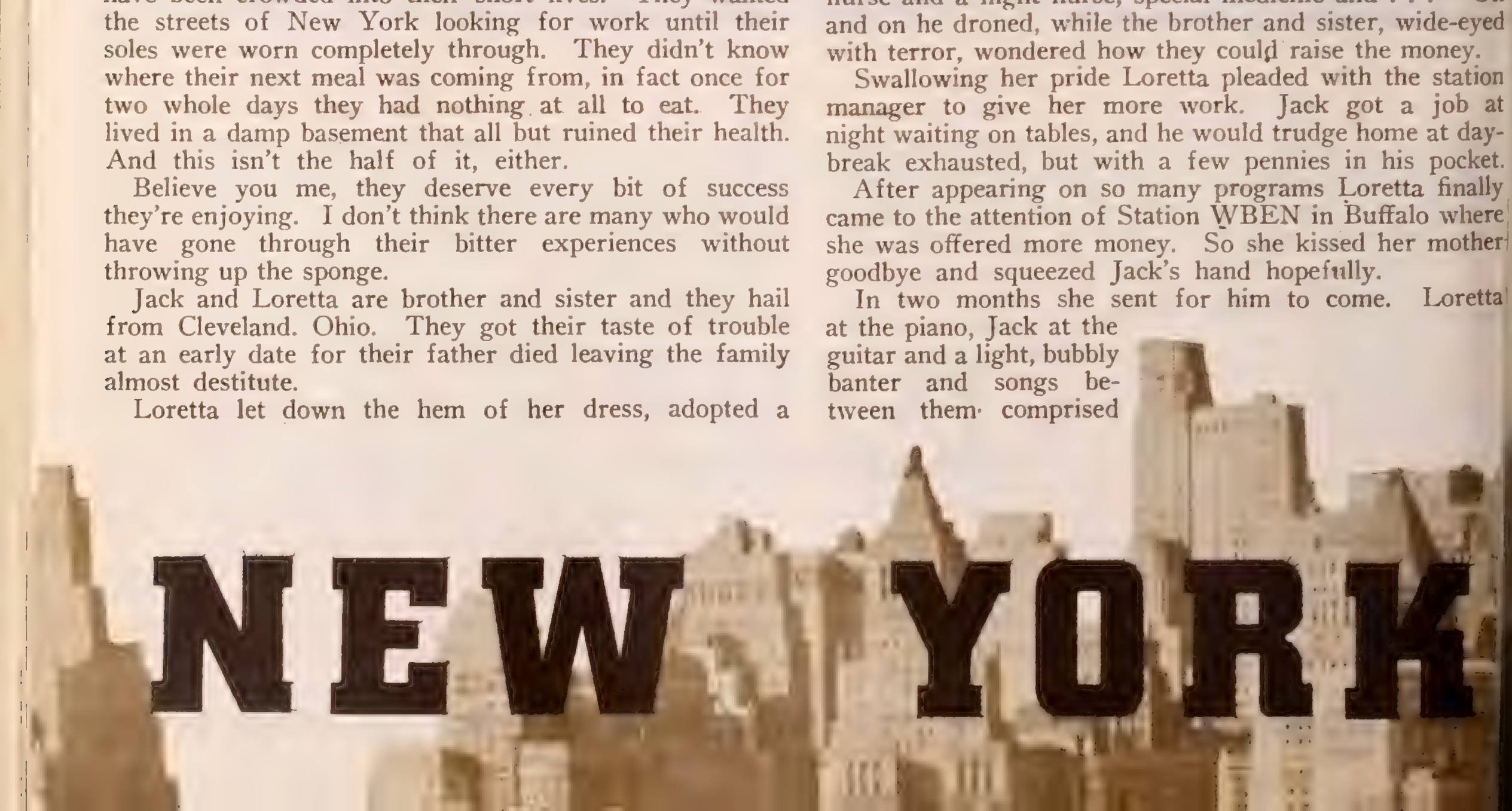
Loretta let down the hem of her dress, adopted a grownup air and got a job on a local radio station as staff pianist. Later she introduced Jack and his guitar on her programs. Between the two of them they were making just about enough to keep house. Things were looking bright, when suddenly with no warning sorrow again descended on the Clemens household. Their mother became desperately ill.

"She must have expert care," the doctor said. "A day nurse and a night nurse, special medicine and . . ." On and on he droned, while the brother and sister, wide-eyed with terror, wondered how they could raise the money.

Swallowing her pride Loretta pleaded with the station manager to give her more work. Jack got a job at night waiting on tables, and he would trudge home at daybreak exhausted, but with a few pennies in his pocket.

After appearing on so many programs Loretta finally came to the attention of Station WBEN in Buffalo where she was offered more money. So she kissed her mother goodbye and squeezed Jack's hand hopefully.

In two months she sent for him to come. Loretta at the piano, Jack at the guitar and a light, bubbly banter and songs between them comprised





(Above) Jack Clemens can tell you a thing or two about the high cost of a career on an empty stomach.



(Above) To look at Loretta Clemens you would never suspect what she went through to reach the top.

their act. That was the beginning of the team of "Jack and Loretta."

How they managed to make ends meet, I don't know. Their salary was almost nothing and they sent practically every cent they earned to the doctors and nurses in Cleveland to keep the spark of life in their mother.

THEN came the black day that changed the whole course of their lives. They shudder when they talk of it now. First came the telegram from Cleveland. It was from the doctor. "Expect the worst. Mother not expected to live." Right on top of that came a call from the new director at the studio where they worked. "You're here a long time," he told them. "Two and one-half years . . . too long . . . changing staff . . . two weeks' notice . . . sorry . . . you understand . . ."

The words suddenly took on a grim importance. "You can't do that," Loretta cried. "You can't. We'll take a cut in salary, but you can't let us go. We need our jobs more than ever."

The director summoned a frozen smile. "Sorry," he mumbled. "Have to do this."

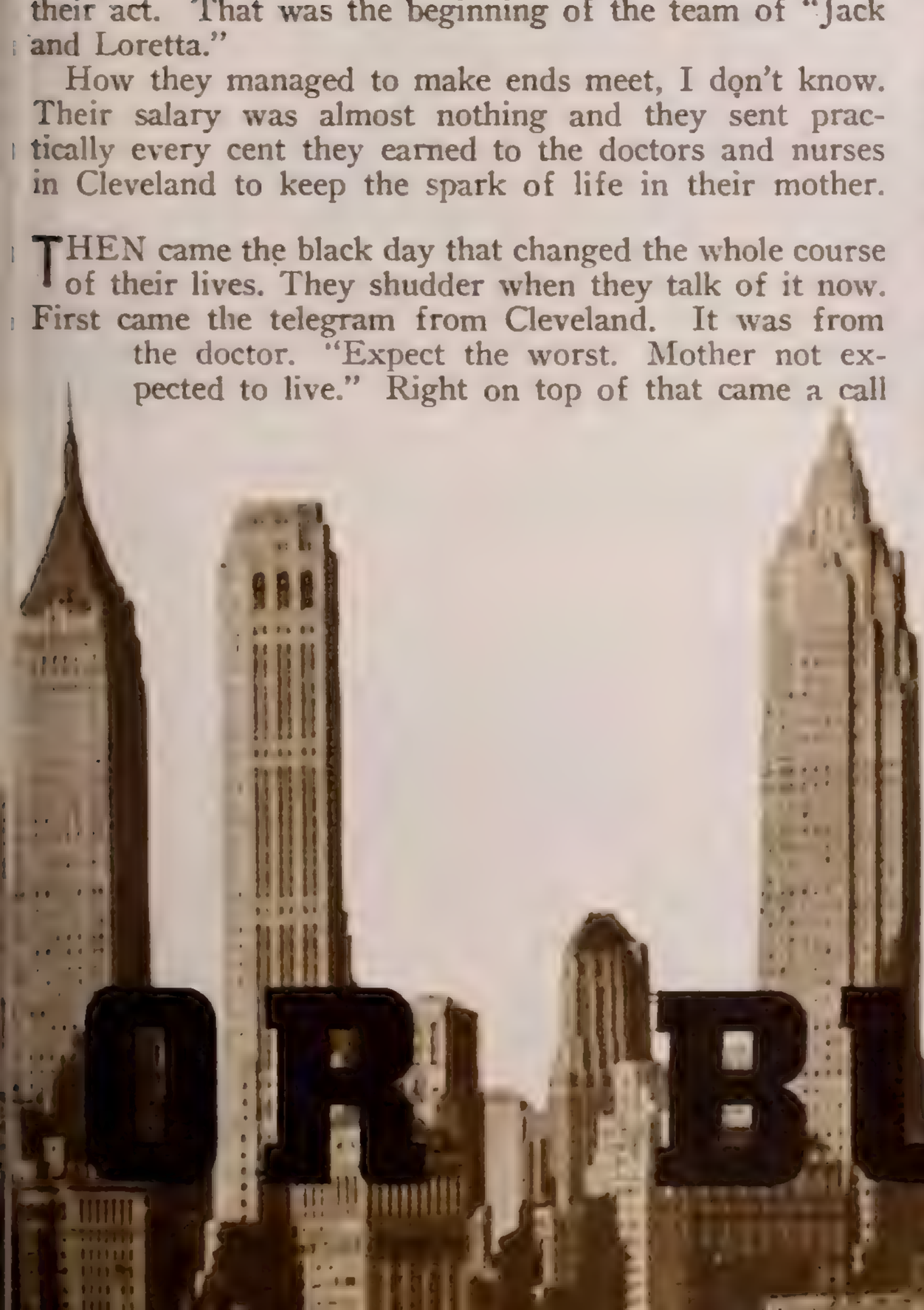
Anyone else, I imagine, would have just broken down. Oh, don't think that Jack and Loretta weren't bitter. But instead of wailing and whining, they thrust their chins out and made a resolution.

"New York!" they said. "New York or bust." They sent their two weeks' salary to the doctors in Cleveland and hopped on a bus.

There they were, two scared, green kids, alone in the Big Town, no connections, no contacts, no friends, no clothes, nothing but thirty-three dollars, a flock of worries and a boundless amount of courage. What a start!

How were they expected to know that it was almost impossible to crash the New York networks? But they found out soon enough.

One morning Loretta looked (*Continued on page 93*)



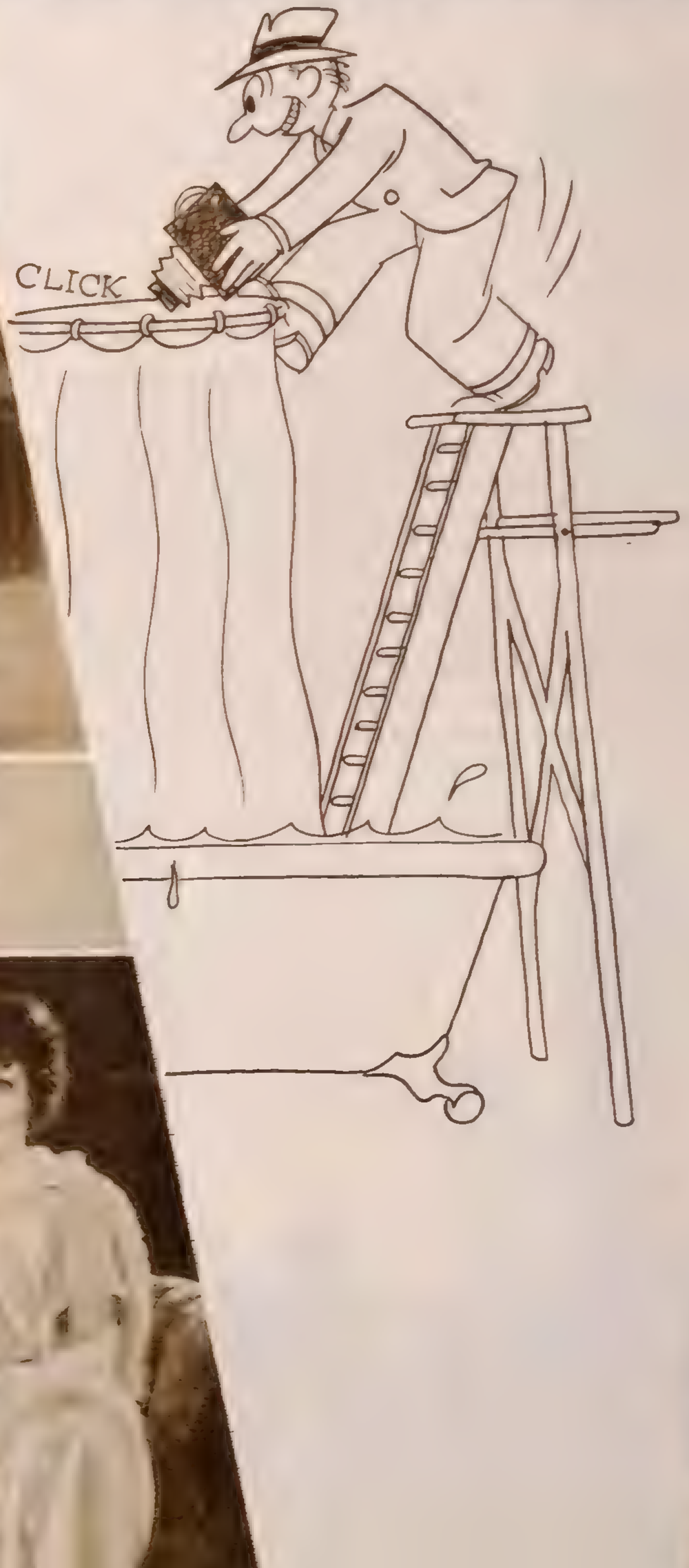
SHOOTING THE WORKS WITH *our* CAMERAMAN



(Above) John Daly Murphy who is Luther Ben of Roses and Drums. (Below) Two of the best loved characters of NBC—the Lady Next Door (Madge Tucker) and Milton Cross, an ace high announcer, whom you all know well.



(Below) Out Hollywood way—(left to right) Ann Sothern, Vincent Lopez, who is crazy about movie stars, William Van Rennselor Smith and Nancy Carroll.





(Above) A Jack and a pair of queens: (left) Eunice Howard (Linda) and Elizabeth Wragge (Betty Davis) under the wings of Burgess Meredith—Red Davis himself. (Below) Is that nice? Josef Pasternack, ork leader on both networks, and Grace Moore of air and screen fame.

(Above) Now we ask, what chance does Eddy Duchin's notes have when the Fire Chief goes torchy? (Below) An NBC Radio Guild show. (Left to right) Burford Hampden, Charles Webster, Elsie Mae Gordon, Bennett Kilpack and Marie Carroll.

(Below) With a final tug at the old trunk strap Ray Perkins wheeled off on a 1200 mile tour the past summer. The wanderlust bug is always biting Ray.

(Below) At home: Gladys Swarthout and Husband Frank Chapman (center) and Mr. and Mrs. Harvey S. Firestone, Jr., choose a song for their show.



(Left) In the merry old days in England when Dad did all the worrying — John Young at Cambridge where he learned that trick announcing for NBC.

(Right) Those famous twins, Cliff and Claudia Barbour of One Man's Family, are Kathleen Wilson and Burton Yarborough.



(Left) Have you been wondering how Bing Crosby's brother Bob looks? Here he is. Sings with the Dorsey orchestra.



(Lower left) When Muriel Wilson and Lanny Ross were in Hollywood they took Cap'n Henry this way.



(Below) Rudy Vallee does his daily dozen—working out arrangements for his big Variety show each week.



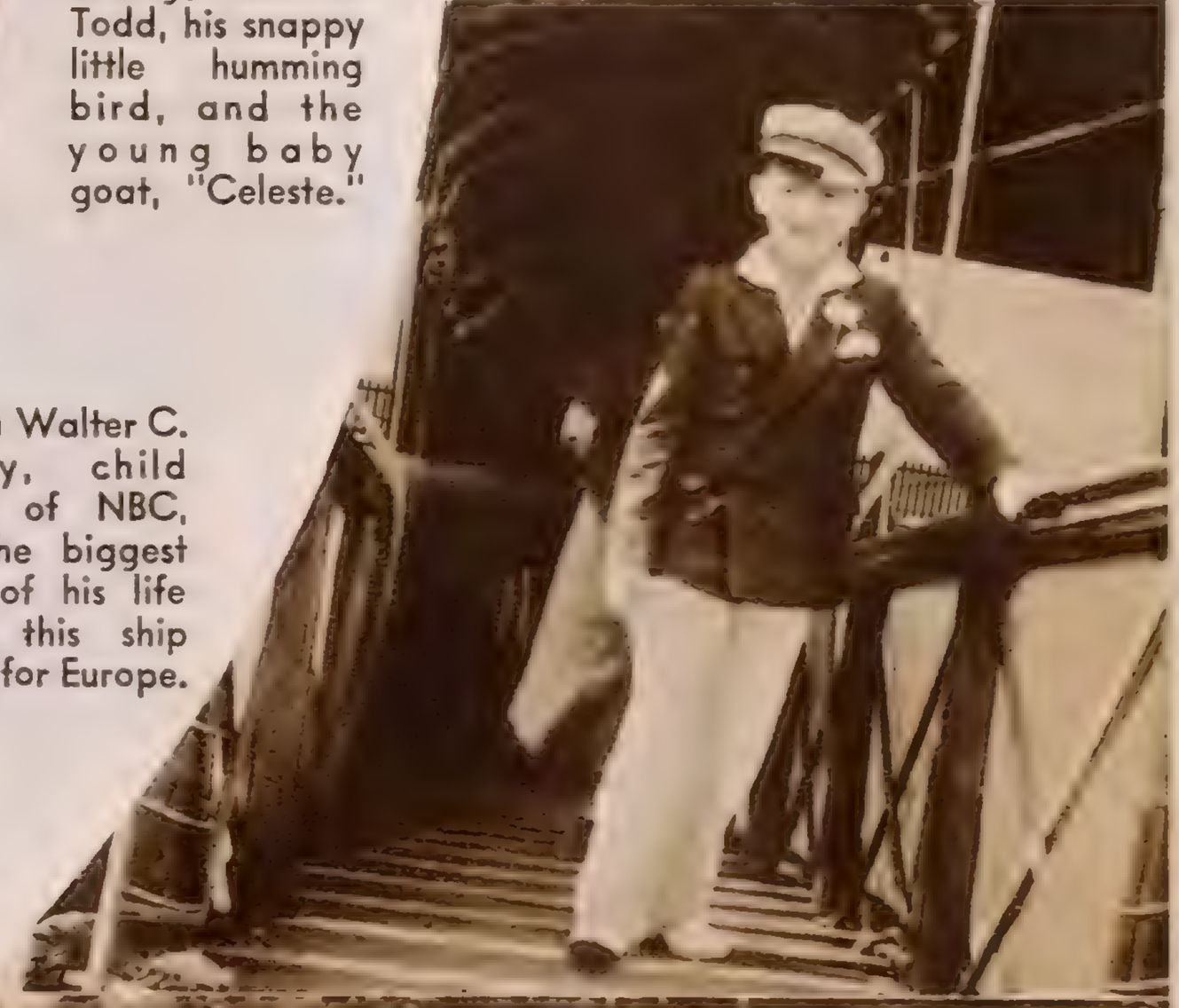
(Right) Nobody suspected Irma Glen, NBC organist, of being an angler until she went on her vacation last summer. She assures you that she caught fish.



(Left) Al Pearce with part of his Gang, Mabel Todd, his snappy little humming bird, and the young baby goat, "Celeste."



(Right) Walter C. Tetley, child actor of NBC, got the biggest thrill of his life when this ship sailed for Europe.



(Lower right) If our Joe Cook doesn't watch out he's going to kiss the verdant young green so-o-o hard.



elow) This pic-
ıre fibs for Al
oodman really
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ut does that
an know what
he wants!





SHE PAID THE PRICE THAT SUCCESS DEMANDED UNTIL . . .

SYNOPSIS

Myra Gorman was born and raised in the little Missouri town of Gilesburg. Besides being very pretty she had the kind of a voice that radio was making famous. So when Cass De Voe, a handsome, dashing fellow from the city, found her working in a music store he did not have a hard time persuading her to come to him at Beacon City with the promise that he would arrange a radio audition for her.

Naturally Myra Gorman was overwhelmed with gratitude, besides being attracted by Cass's suave, easy manners. And in spite of the pleadings of Dan Kelland, who was in love with her and warned her against the "city slicker," she left Gilesburg.

From the first she was suspicious of the phoney setup of Cass De Voe's office, but being half in love with him, she would not admit to herself that he was running a racket although it was apparent.

When her savings were gone she was forced to become an entertainer in a cheap roadhouse. There a talent scout discovered her and she became a star, believing Cass had arranged it.

That night she went to his apartment. She was more in love with him than ever and she made no objections when he became her business manager and drew up a contract that took half of her salary.

TORCH SINGER

I WAS only when a day or two passed without my ing Cass that I tortured myself with the age-old ques- n: "Does he still care?" But when I did see him, when took me in his arms and kissed me with the old passion- fervor, I was lulled into a false security. How false, night not have guessed so soon but for my unheralded it to his office one late November afternoon, after our st real quarrel.

My hundred a week—which was only fifty, after his t—didn't go very far. I knew now, from what I'd rned at the studio, that I was giving him an exorbitant mmission. It wasn't the money itself that rankled, but fatuated though I was, I couldn't help feeling that he'd ken a pretty raw advantage of my ignorance and experience. The night he told me to get myself a appy winter outfit, a frock and hat with real dash to it. wear to a Board of Trade luncheon at which I was be guest of honor, I implied as much. "What with, ass?" My voice was shaky, but the words rushed out. 'm just able to get by on my salary, or what's left of and you know it! You're getting a pretty big cut it of my earnings. If I'd known more about such ings. . . ."

He wheeled on me, his handsome eyes narrow and rd. I'd never seen that look on his mouth before. It as mean, rapacious. "Yeah? Who's been getting at u? I didn't coerce you any into signing up with me, I remember. You were pretty anxious to do it, the ght before your audition."

The significance of the reminder made my cheeks burn.

"So you think I'm gypping you. Any time you want to call it a day, kid, it's oke by me!"

"Cass!" He was reaching for his swagger coat, as if everything between us could be broken off like that, so far as he was concerned. "I didn't mean it! I know you're plugging me, getting me all this publicity. . . . Darling, I'm sorry I said anything. . . ."

The door slammed after him. His bluff worked, just as he'd known it would. And I put in a hag-ridden, sleepless night that made my next morning's rehearsal a complete fiasco. When I got back to the apartment there was no message. I didn't even go out to lunch, lest he call up. But the phone didn't ring. And at four o'clock, unable to bear the uncertainty, the awful emptiness of a life without Cass in it, I went to his office.

Ten days before, he'd hired a new stenographer, a pretty little redhead named Julie. She wasn't at the switchboard and I went straight to Cass's door. I knocked, but didn't wait for any "come in." Wait, when I wanted so to feel his arms about me again that my heart was beating a sick tattoo?

I opened the door—and longed for the earth to open under me. I might as well have seen them in each other's arms. Cass, swearing under his breath, was dabbing at his mouth with a handkerchief. (It didn't help much, there was a smear of orange lipstick still visible on his cleft chin.) And the stenographer was doing things to her hair.

She got out, while I leaned against the wall, my knees buckling under me. Cass greeted me as if nothing had

happened. It wouldn't have hurt so much had he been sullen or defiant. But to have him play the lover almost killed me. And to my undying shame, I ignored the whole episode. I let him take me in his arms; I asked him to forgive me for what I'd said the night before. Oh, a girl in love is a glutton for punishment!

We made up. I couldn't lose him, could I? And I pretended, in the weeks that followed, that everything was just the same. But in my heart I knew better. I knew, now, why he was away so often. I knew that he wasn't capable of loving any woman! That he only wanted to keep me in this abject state because I might prove a gold mine to him some day. Yet, wanting him with every breath, I clung as long as I could to the diminishing crumbs of comfort his facile lip service of love held out.

HEAVEN only knows why my broadcasts didn't suffer. But they didn't. Maybe a torch singer to be really hot has to know what a torch song is all about! I did, God knows.

However that, my fan mail kept increasing; my sponsor began to talk about signing me up again, at double the figure. Then, just before my contract ran out, the miracle happened. I was offered a thirteen weeks' contract over the networks, singing in Mid-City on the Beauty Glow hour.

It meant a nation-wide hookup; it meant a salary that took my breath away; it meant leaving Beacon City where, despite my success, I was so unhappy. And above all, it meant a clean break with Cass. That, I realized at last, had to come. I couldn't go on cheapening myself much longer. And so long as I was seeing him at all, I couldn't set myself free.

So, after a four-day stretch of not seeing him or hearing from him, I braced myself for the final showdown. I was through, I told myself. I owed him nothing but humiliation and heartbreak and this time nothing he could do or say would change me. Life was becoming too miserable.

But I might have spared myself my fine resolutions. It wasn't Cass the lover who beat down my resistance that night after my broadcast. It was a trigger-tense, wary-eyed Cass who had too much on his mind to make any show of devotion or penitence.

He knew, of course, of my big chance. But when I told him why I meant to take it, at any figure, his lip curled. "Getting ready to bail out on me, huh?" he said softly. "Not so fast, Baby! Listen to *me* for a minute. . . ."

"If you think you can keep me from going to Mid-City . . ." I blazed at him. For the first time the touch of him seemed to soil me. I struck his hands from my shoulders.

He laughed. "Would I be keeping us out of the big money at this part of the game? *Us,* I said! Listen, I'm in a bad jam, and the dough we're going to sign up for tomorrow is going to be a lifesaver—for both of us!" He blew a smoke ring that broke, scowled at it. "The D. A. is making a grandstand play against the radio rackets next month, it seems. A lot of suckers have been bellyaching and it's time for Cass De Voe to do a fade out. Unless I leave town fast I'm going to be indicted. So let's drink to the Beauty Glow sponsors—and a fresh start in Mid-City!"

I watched him splash Scotch into a glass with a sick dead feeling inside of me. "You don't seem to understand," I told him. "I'm sorry you're in a jam, Cass. But it doesn't concern me—and it isn't going to. We're through. . . ."

"Yeah?" His grin was insulting. "You'd be surprised, sweetheart! Just let me be indicted and see how much it concerns you! There'll be plenty of publicity—and the wrong kind, I promise you that. The sort that'll cook little Myra Gorman's goose. Once it's known that she's my girl . . ."

And that was that. It was blackmail, of course. But like most victims of their own folly, (*Continued on page 7.*

"Why, Dan . . ." I whispered in my funny new voice. "Dan . . ."



)UR TRIP ABROAD



Our Gracie with her Mr. Burns pursues her new career as a warbler. Bobby Dolan, the young maestro in the background, never knows how she will take his conducting.

You can hear Burns and Allen each Wednesday at 9:30 p.m., E.S.T., over the following Columbia stations:

WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WBT, KRLD, KLZ, WBIG, KTRH, WCCO, WDSU, KOMA, KSL, KTSA, WORC.

By Gracie Allen

MUCH as we needed a vacation, we hated to leave New York. But we had to, because it was very hard to pack and we had too many grips as it was. We got on the *S.S. Rex* we certainly were rex by the time we battled our way he railing to wave goodbye to everyone. I didn't see aunt till after the pier pulled out and then I yoo-hooed l waved to her.

She waved, too, but she didn't yell back which was ny, but maybe it was because we were so far away. orge said, "Don't be silly, Gracie—that's not your aunt, t's the Statue of Liberty." But I *know* it was my nt because she was taller than the Statue of Liberty l my uncle wasn't with her.

We stayed on the water five days because we couldn't off. And really water isn't bad to stay on when you n't take anything else. I felt fine when we had a rm, but as soon as it calmed down, I was so sick I ought maybe I was in the wrong stateroom. But after third day out, I knew I wasn't because I recognized orge. He looked exactly like the photograph on his passport. And you know those funny passport pictures.

The boat was as large as a hotel and there were lots of people all around, but I stayed, with George because I didn't have anyone else to miss.

Finally we arrived at Naples. Did I tell you we were away three months—June, July and Naples? I was awfully disappointed right away. Everyone was talking about the Bey of Naples, but I didn't see one Arab in the whole place. There's one thing I can say for it though, when the Boy Scouts over there make a fire, it surely is a good one. They call it Vesuvius—which I think is awfully silly, don't you? I looked around for "The Last Days of Pompeii"—I thought maybe they'd be playing a return engagement, but I couldn't find it and so I hunted for Cecil DeMille but I couldn't find him either.

So we went to Capri, but we had to leave it because Capri is seven and one-quarter and George takes a six and seven-eighths capri.

Well, since all roads lead out of Rome, we went there next. I liked it pretty well except that I think after all these years, they'd at least paper (*Continued on page 98*)

JILTED INTO

RICHARD HIMBER WAS JUST AN EASY-GOIN UNTIL THE GIRL HE LOVED THREW HIM OVE



Richard Himber

If A girl hadn't jilted Richard Himber, he most certainly would not be directing his own orchestra.

Have you ever been turned down? Well, you can imagine that desperate "to-heli-with-it-all" feeling it gives you. It gave Himber the nerve to plunge into the wildest, most reckless idea in the world, a scheme that he normally would never have attempted.

As for his romance with the girl—well, that was all a mistake from the beginning. They were as mismated as any two people possibly could be, but they were both terribly in love. That combination is as dangerous as TNT, but in Dick's case the explosion proved to be a lucky accident.

He met the girl about three years ago at a society party while he was working in the band. She was a guest there, one of the laughing debs who danced past the bandstand. If I were to tell you her name you'd recognize it, for you've doubtless seen it loads of times in the society columns. Whatever prompted her to sneak away from her blue-blood friends to be with him, the *violinist*, is more than I can say. But their meeting that night d on to other dates and plunged them headlong in lov

They didn't have much in common. He was wrap up in music, she was interested only in the social wh She was a daughter of prominent Social Register s. Dick had been born on the wrong side of the tracks. H was a sleek product of a finishing school and Himber i most boisterous, unaffected redhead I've ever met. I tell you this about these two right off so that you understand what a strange romance theirs was boun be. It started off on the left foot, but like a ball of

Their romance was the talk of Broadway and Fi Avenue. At late spots, after Dick was through work g he would be seen with this girl, tall, aristocratic beautiful, clinging to his arm. On the surface it p peared like an ideal match, for they were both in with each other and they cooed and held hands op

It was when the girl asked him to give up his ca that the fireworks started.

Dick was in a critical situation at the time. Ever s

FAME

MUSICIAN AND THEN—

By Martia McClelland



Dick and Peg LaCentra, girl singer, going over an arrangement.

Richard Himber is on the following NBC stations each Monday at 8:00 p.m. EST: WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WSAI, WMAQ, KSD, WHO, WOW, WDAF, KVOO, WKY, WFAA, KPRC, WOAI, KTBS, WOC, WBAP.

and on the following CBS stations each Saturday at 9:30 p.m. EST: WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WGST, KMOX, WBT, WCCO, WBNS, WDSU, WSBT, KFH.

he was fourteen he had been earning a living with his violin. He was one of those "child prodigies," but instead of basking in the smiles and beams of gushing adults, he left high school to get a job. It was Sophie Tucker who gave him his first chance. He toured the vaudeville houses as her accompanist and his whole life from then on was spent in the theatre with its rough and ready people. It *was* his life, and he loved it. His fame as a musician spread and Rudy Vallee sent for him to be his chief musical arranger.

He didn't intend to work much longer for Vallee or for any other bandleader, for that matter. Deep down in his heart he wanted to have his own orchestra, but he wasn't quite ready for it yet. For as a shrewd showman he knew that his orchestra would have to be different.

UNTIL he had achieved this ambition, he decided, he could not possibly ask the girl to marry him. First of all, she couldn't be expected to adjust her life to live on his present salary. And besides the money problem, Dick felt that he had to balance her social standing by building up his own prestige in the music world. It wasn't just pride, it was good common sense. You can understand how he felt.

But the girl didn't understand. She just knew that Dick was spending more of his time with his music than with her. With all of the arrogance and confidence of the wealthy, she thought that money could solve any problem. "Let's have fun," she would say. "Leave all of this and let's hop on a boat and see the world."

When Dick would remind her that he had a job and a career to think of, she would pout. "But you don't have to work. I have plenty of money. We can live on that. There's nothing wrong in that."

Can you imagine Richard Himber, knowing his background as you already do, living on money provided by a rich girl's father? The idea repelled him.

That was the beginning of the end. They were both pulling in opposite directions. Every time they saw each other, the old argument was (*Continued on page 79*)

FOR



Helen Marshall, soprano.

Dr. William Lyon Phelps, commentator.





The Swift Hour is on the air at 8 p. m. EST, each Saturday, over these stations:

WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WKY, WBAP, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, WOC, WHO.



Photos by Wide World

Sigmund Romberg, conductor-composer

Distinguished

SERVICE TO RADIO

OUT of the Treasure Chest that is my and your radio comes another notable program. It is called the Swift Hour, and it presents to every son and daughter of Uncle Sam an "open sesame" to life made fuller and more beautiful.

At the risk of seeming sophomoric in my enthusiasm, I want to call attention again to the richness of the fare that rides the airwaves these winter nights. I want to call attention, too, to the magic of the men—scientists whose complex gadgets propel beauty and inspiration to the earth's oddest corners. Art and science now come hand in hand to our parlors, and I for one shall never cease marveling.

I shall never cease marveling, for instance, at the miracle of the Dakota farmer and the Florida fruit-grower having at their fingertips the voice and music of such a master as Sigmund Romberg. "Music by Romberg" has long been a magic phrase in the skyscraper canyons of Manhattan. For a decade, New Yorkers have paid high prices to listen to his "New Moon," "Desert Song" and "Student Prince." But to most of the rest of the world, his works have come by "second-hand."

The Saturday evening Swift Hour has changed that. It gives us Sigmund Romberg and Dr. William Lyon Phelps, famous Yale professor and student of life, as co-members of as friendly and effective a radio team as these ears have yet heard. It gives us rich and understandable music written by the masters of all time, climaxed each week by an original number composed especially for radio by Sigmund Romberg himself.

These two men, masters of their craft, have added much to the joy of listening. With their talents, they embellish this newest form of entertainment, making radio even richer and finer. With their fellow entertainers, they deliver to us each Saturday evening at eight o'clock EST a musical tonic for tired business men and mothers alike.

Because of this, RADIO STARS Magazine presents to Sigmund Romberg and his distinguished associates this month's RADIO STARS Award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Curtis Mitchell





The WOMAN who LAUGHED at DEATH

By Dora Albert



NEVER IN HER LIFE HAS NELLIE REVELL KNOWN WHAT IT MEANS TO BE LICKED

AT sixty, Nellie Revell, mother of two grown daughters and grandmother of an eighteen-year-old granddaughter, is alive and on the air today, because she had the courage to fight with death and the spirit to laugh at it.

For five long years the Grim Reaper was ever by her side, through every tortured and agony-scarred moment, Nellie laughed.

If you have heard part of her story before, don't stop me, for it is the magnificent saga of a magnificent woman and every single word of it bears retelling.

Nellie won't like this story, for she hates to be painted as a heroine. Once she said, "Every letter I have received, telling me how courageous I was, has made me hang my head in shame. I am not the Pollyanna that many people have called me. The biggest coward in the world would fight for his own life, and that was all I did."

You have had your share of bad luck, you think. Perhaps all your savings were wiped out with the depression. Perhaps you lost a dearly loved one. Perhaps you have known pain and suffering that made you cry out in agony.

Well, all these things happened to Nellie Revell. Her life's savings were wiped out by an unlucky investment. They brought her news that her son had died at the Front. It was then Nellie Revell, who had always been so brave under all the rains of misfortune, who had taken everything that life handed her with a grin, collapsed. It was no momentary thing, but the result of a malady that had been growing steadily worse for years, a tubercular spine. Nellie didn't know that, of course. All she knew was that a thousand devils racked her body.

Friends told her that she must go to a hospital, and she, who had always been a great newspaper woman and a famous press agent, who had been part and parcel of the glittering life of Times Square, was trundled away in an ether ambulance.

The ambulance dashed madly on its way, narrowly missing this pillar and that post, almost crashing into cars. The Grim Reaper's icy breath blew upon Nellie Revell.

Then dimly, as out of a distant fog, she heard one of the nurses saying, "The last time we went down to the hospital, we bumped into a pillar and almost killed the patient before we could get her to the hospital."

And Nellie Revell, a quivering mass of flesh, laughed silently to herself. "If you didn't get her on the way there, you'd get her in the hospital," she said. She was too weak to speak the words aloud, but to herself she spoke them and laughed within.

They took her to St. Vincent's and put her in a plaster of Paris cast. When she recovered consciousness and found herself flat on her back, she moved her right arm across the smooth plaster casing and laughed, "So this is Paris!"

The months that followed were trying ones for Nellie Revell. Accustomed all her life to earning her livelihood by trouping through every darn state in the union, never having known before what it meant to ask for help, Nellie Revell couldn't even turn from side to side now unless a nurse turned her. Never had she known what it meant to be licked. Now for the first time she was helpless in the grip of a malady she couldn't understand. In all her armory she had only two weapons with which to fight—courage and laughter.

"What in the world have you got to laugh at?" her



Nellie Revell with her friend Irvin S. Cobb.

friends asked, voices choked and eyes misty with tears.

Had she told them the truth, she might have said, "If I don't laugh, I may cry, and whatever happens, I'm not going to whimper."

All her life Nellie had found it easy to laugh. Why, she'd even been kicked out of school for laughing in the midst of a serious lesson. Now for the first time in her life, she had to look around for things at which to laugh. When her pain and agony grew overwhelming, she told herself, "I'll take the blackest thing that happens each day and turn it into a laugh. I'll look at it sunny side up."

They put her into every kind of surgical corset and she laughed. They strapped her in leather and iron braces. While the mixture was soft, they put her on a bed of mortar, which had to be built around a core, which was Nellie. When it dried it held her more rigidly than iron gates. She laughed

One day Dr. Adolph Lorenz, the Viennese specialist, came to visit Nellie Revell. While he was there, someone said something amusing, and Nellie laughed. Dr. Lorenz frowned. "Do you realize," he asked solemnly, "that every time you laugh, you keep your bones from knitting together again? Stop laughing, if you want to get well."

They had taken out Nellie's teeth, they had taken out her tonsils, they had operated on (*Continued on page 70*)

Here's Lanny at work. Ken Sisson, arranger, is at the right.



Betty Borden, the first unknown guest.

Lanny's Log Cabin Inn can be heard Wednesdays on these stations:

7:30 p.m.—WENR-WLS, Chicago; KWCR, Cedar Rapids; KSO, Des Moines; KOIL, Omaha-Council Bluffs; WREN, Kansas City.
8:30 p.m.—WJZ, New York; WBAL, Baltimore; WMAL, Washington; WSYR, Syracuse; WHAM, Rochester; KDKA, Pittsburgh; WGAR, Cleveland; WCKY, Covington; WJR, Detroit; KPO, San Francisco; KFI, Los Angeles; KGW, Portland, Ore.; KOMO, Seattle; KHQ, Spokane; KFSD, San Diego.
9:30 p.m.—KOA, Denver; KDYL, Salt Lake.
10:30 p.m.—WKY, Oklahoma City; WFAA-WBAP, Dallas-Fort Worth; KPRC, Houston; WOAI, San Antonio; KTBS, Shreveport; KTHS, Hot Springs.

IT'S a cold Wednesday evening. A studio in Radio City is bubbling with excitement. Standing beside the sensitive mike, awaiting that familiar "on the air" signal stands the handsome Lanny Ross. His "Lanny's Log Cabin Inn" is about to warm the winter air.

A minute passes. Harry Salter raises his little black baton. Lanny clears his throat. The lights fade. A wave of the hand from the control booth starts the entertainment for which you and I, lounging in our own parlors, have been waiting.

Already thousands have written their praise of the program. Some say Lanny sings better than ever before. The program is congratulated upon its gesture to little known yet talented and deserving artists who are given a break on this program.

Few people know the real inside story behind this program. They haven't heard how it threw aside all rules of broadcasting. It is my pleasure to tell that story here for the first time.

Not so many years ago, Lanny Ross was what some of us call "just another singer." Yes, he was good, but so were hundreds of others. His name was unknown. When the Maxwell House Coffee Company decided to put Show Boat on the air, its representatives heard Lanny and hired him.

That was over two years ago. As the program grew, Lanny grew. Or perhaps we should say, as Lanny grew the program grew. In that short space of time his name became as welcome to housewives and young girls and college boys as the call to dinner in the ears of a hungry youngster.

All of a sudden it dawned upon the hard-hearted souls of Broadway that this fellow Lanny Ross had to be watched. They couldn't ignore him any longer. He wouldn't let them, for he was playing on the stages of

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH RADIO'S PROGRAM BUILDERS

By Ogden Mayer

ARE YOU A LANNY ROSS FAN? THEN YOU'LL WANT TO READ THE INSIDE STORY OF HIS NEW PROGRAM



Carolyn Strouse writes the show's scripts.



The orchestra director, Harry Salter.



The star of the program, Lanny Ross.

big New York theatres, touring in vaudeville, not as "just another singer," but as the headliner, and Hollywood was making screen tests and hunting stories for him. Broadcastland called him one of its "big names." Thousands of fans were writing to him each week.

Over on Park Avenue, where are located the offices of Maxwell House Coffee and its parent company, General Foods, they chuckled. "You're surprised?" they said. "Well, we're not. We expected it."

It was this faith which gave Lanny his new program.

In September, when Log Cabin Syrup wanted a radio program, its representatives didn't have to look far for talent. On Park Avenue they had a conference. Out in Hollywood, Lanny was unaware of the goings-on. They rushed a message from New York to Hollywood. "We want you to be the star of our new radio program."

The first two fundamental rules of broadcasting were broken. Whoever heard of signing an artist without first having a special audition? Whoever heard of sponsors asking for artists when it is usually the artist who goes after the sponsor? But General Foods, also the parent company of Log Cabin Syrup, knew Lanny could do it. So why bother about a lot of silly rules?

Even then you'd think the sponsors who were paying thousands of dollars for a program would like to hear it once before it went on the air. Or watch a dress rehearsal. That's a rule as old as Rip Van Winkle's whiskers. But in this case, the sponsors were in New York and Lanny was in Hollywood. They could, of course, have found a way to get around this. But another rule was thrown where most rules belong—in the wastebasket. Again their faith in Lanny gave them the confidence that the show would be good, whatever it might be.

In the meantime, not to interfere with Lanny's picture work, his sponsors sent four (*Continued on page 97*)



Lawrence Tibbett as intimates know him

LAWRENCE TIBBETT GIVES A VOCAL LESSON

By Harriet Menken

"I COULDN'T SING UNTIL I

TO LEARN to sing well you must learn to live!

Here's a lesson for every girl and boy who has an ambition, a yen to sing, every man and woman who secretly dreams of some day standing behind the footlights, a dazzling operatic star, applauded by the hands of the world.

For one, who has reached this desired musical mecca, burningly believes this theory to be true. I speak of Lawrence Tibbett, who has risen from a country boy who delivered milk for ten cents a day to be a leading star in the operatic firmament, a glamorous figure in the greatest opera house on earth—the Metropolitan.

Lawrence Tibbett told me: "I honestly believe that unless you've had intense life experience you can't give it in your art. To learn to sing superlatively, you must live colorfully."

As the singer said these words, as we sat in his beautiful East Side apartment overlooking the river, my mind reverted quickly to the colorful panorama of Tibbett's existence. I thought that indeed I knew his life proved his theory, but nevertheless I asked him to point out definite instances to me which showed that he himself really had "lived." That he'd led the colorful existence he believed necessary for a great artist.

In reply Mr. Tibbett spoke first of his financial struggle —his battle of years to emerge from his poverty. All l experiences in this regard, Tibbett believes enriched l life, "though like Al Smith I may be over-sentimen about my childhood," he said smilingly. As he sat in l gorgeous study with white leather furniture and lo silver leaves on the piano, Tibbett spoke of the days h fried doughnuts for a living, of the time he'd set pins a bowling-alley for pennies, of how he knew the sensati of being tipped twenty-five cents and being glad to t the money, of the time he'd coaxed the dimes by picki grapes, by milking cows, by riding horseback ten miles r the mail. Mr. Tibbett believes that all this gave him a wider sympathy, that it was emotionally intensifying, a he insists that because of the breadth of his experien when he comes to a good high note now he knows e meaning of it!

So, if like Lawrence Tibbett your pockets are not lin with gold, take courage in your vocal ambitions.

Lawrence Tibbett laughed a little and with great cha when he came to another phase of his life that he lieves made it a full one—shall we call this phase his l life? The singer honestly believes that an artist m always be in love. "It's a necessary state of mind fo a singer," he affirmed smilingly. "Fortunate, indeed, is who finds one to adore, but if he can't discover his id



He didn't drop his collar button



Tibbetts—Mama, papa and son.

L EARNED TO LIVE"

ady Fair in one individual, I believe he is perfectly stified in falling in love often."

It took a great many years and a great many heartaches fore Lawrence Tibbett found the one true Juliet of his art and in the meantime he exercised the privilege of ying constantly with the tender passion. Indeed, his rst youthful love affair started when he was nine and the ject of his affections was, alas, thirteen! Like most notional passages at that age it was a ery hopeless affair indeed for young ibbett! He recovered, however, and at urteen fell deeply and despairingly in ve again. He loved her but she oved away—to Chicago. Tibbett told ie that he remembers as though it ere yesterday how he saved the great m of ten dollars with arduous labor, by delivering on a cycle for a printing firm, so that he could buy the Loved ne a gift. It was a bracelet, which he brought to her ith pride and an overflowing heart. Tibbett believes his eelings at the time were not less intense than those later motions which resulted more importantly when he led is final Isolde to the altar. He is not sorry for any of is amours for "If you live intensely you live longer," ibbett laughed. "If I must die I'd rather die from indigestion than starvation." He is always extreme.

Well, young Lawrence's next love affair was in high school when he adored Maude Howell, who was then his teacher; and his next lady love after that was a niece of Edmund Lowe. The following affair d'amour ended in temporary wedding bells when young Lawrence at twenty-one married Grace Mackay Smith who had for several years boarded with his mother. As most people know, this marriage was not a happy one, but when I asked Mr. Tibbett to tell of his romances between his first and his second marriage, he replied, with a twinkle in his eyes, "Of course you know that I should not say ,that I had many romances in between, that I'm ashamed of none of them, that they were all brilliant and glorious—I shouldn't say this, but it's true."

In January, 1932, Lawrence married Mrs. Jennie Marston Burgard, a society girl who loved the arts—and Tibbett. She had several sons by a previous marriage, Tibbett himself had two, and together the couple have one baby of their very own, Michael Tibbett, whom his father says is the most wonderful baby in the world. The Tibbetts are ideally happy at last. After giving bits of his heart here and there, the (*Continued on page 80*)

Tibbett is on the following NBC stations each Tuesday at 8:30 p.m. EST: WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WLS, KWCR, KSO, WREN, WJR, KOIL, CRCT, CFCF.



AND so, good night, boys and girls from eight to eighty. Next Wednesday night I will bring you another fascinating story behind a stamp."

Thus does Captain Tim Healy, world traveler and lecturer, and one of the leading authorities on stamp collecting, bid adieu to the fastest growing club in existence, a club whose membership increases by thousands each week, every single member newly captivated by what Captain Tim terms the "fascinating story behind the stamp."

What is this fascination in collecting stamps? Is it a kid's game which mothers must patiently bear with until their children get over the craze as they eventually get over measles, mumps and playing Indian? If so, how then do you account for the fact that there are over 9,000,000 stamp collectors in the United States alone, as estimated by Postmaster General Farley, 9,000,000, among whom are numbered kings, presidents, statesmen, men and women prominent in public life? Why then is a single stamp, a tiny bit of colored paper that you yourself might have stepped up to a post office window and bought originally for one cent, valued at $50,000? Surely there must be a reason why such tremendous sums of money are represented by a bit of magenta paper with a picture and some words printed on it.

9,000,000

people can't be crazy

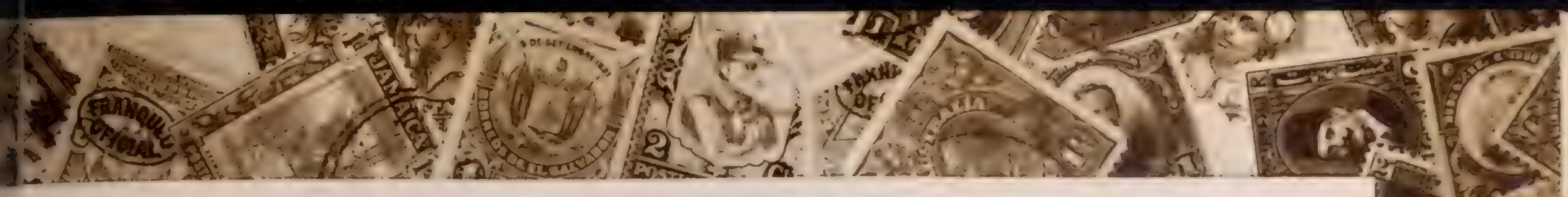
That Captain Tim was qualified to point out those reasons has been clearly and undisputedly evidenced by the fact that in the few short months he has conducted the Ivory Stamp Club, he has won a half million new converts to this hobby and raised the total number of stamp collectors from 9,000,000 to 9,500,000. Those are big figures!

Fifty thousand dollars for a one cent stamp! An increase in value of 5,000,000 per cent! Had the scientists of the middle ages found the secret of alchemy, they would not have achieved such a

gain! Yet there is a stamp of British Guia known as the "one cent magenta," because of color, which is held for sale in England by t widow of a noted collector named Scala. Philat ists from all corners of the globe have b against one another for the prize. The "one c magenta," is the only known specimen of its kind existence though there may be another, or ev several others somewhere among a musty pile letters stored away in grandmother's attic.

Not only rarity makes a penny stamp, of gr value. Mistakes often have created philate fortunes, because stamps bearing faulty d are prized by collectors. "You ne know when a fortune might lying around your o home," Captain Tim fond of saying. A case point is the story of office boy who in 19 purchased for employer a sh of twenty-fo cent air m stamps. The a planes were t side down. B fore returni them to post office, boy showed oddity to friend who h pened to be stamp collect. He, of cour, recognized the va of the find a bought the sheet twenty-four dollars. resold them for $20,0 and today they are valued t $250,000. There is no record f whether or not the friend split with office boy, but he certainly became a collect.

Even without the enhancement in value wh comes with rarity, canny investors, versed in sta lore, frequently utilize them for investment p poses. A friend of Captain Tim's; for exam withdrew his savings during the banking deb of the late depression and bought $12,000 wo of stamps, not from collectors, but right fr windows of post offices. He resold them this y for $30,000. Unlike a lot of optimists, who bef October, 1929, made a hobby of collecting ha somely engraved stock certificates and bonds, y stamp collector, tiring of his collection, can usu



WHAT IS THIS FASCINATION THAT OVERWHELMS THE FAMILY FROM JUNIOR TO GRANDPA?

By Ruth Geri

a in and at least get his money back, if not a r it. "You can't say that for the average hobby," tain Tim points out, which is only too true. owever, stamp collecting is, first and foremost, bby, and to the real, dyed-in-the-wool collector, h thought of profiting financially never occurs. him, the collection comes first. It's the fun of i thing; he works for the reward of happy, l sant hours that his collection brings him. Those rs are yours for the asking.

ou like stories of adventure. Who doesn't? re are whole books full of adventure stories ited on the tiny faces of the stamps in your ection. That is what Captain Tim means en, in his broadcasts, he speaks of e fascinating story behind a mp." The stories are end- . A simple example is epic flight during World Fair at Chi- o last year of the ian General Bbo from Italy a Mussolini's armada. That a flight of ich your ndchildren l read in eir history ks; no tale adventure ld be more rring than t of these epid airmen. d in stamps, re- ling a true story nger than fiction, whole thrilling his- y of the flight is there the collector to read, as inly as though it were set ore him in cold type instead of sted in series in his own album.

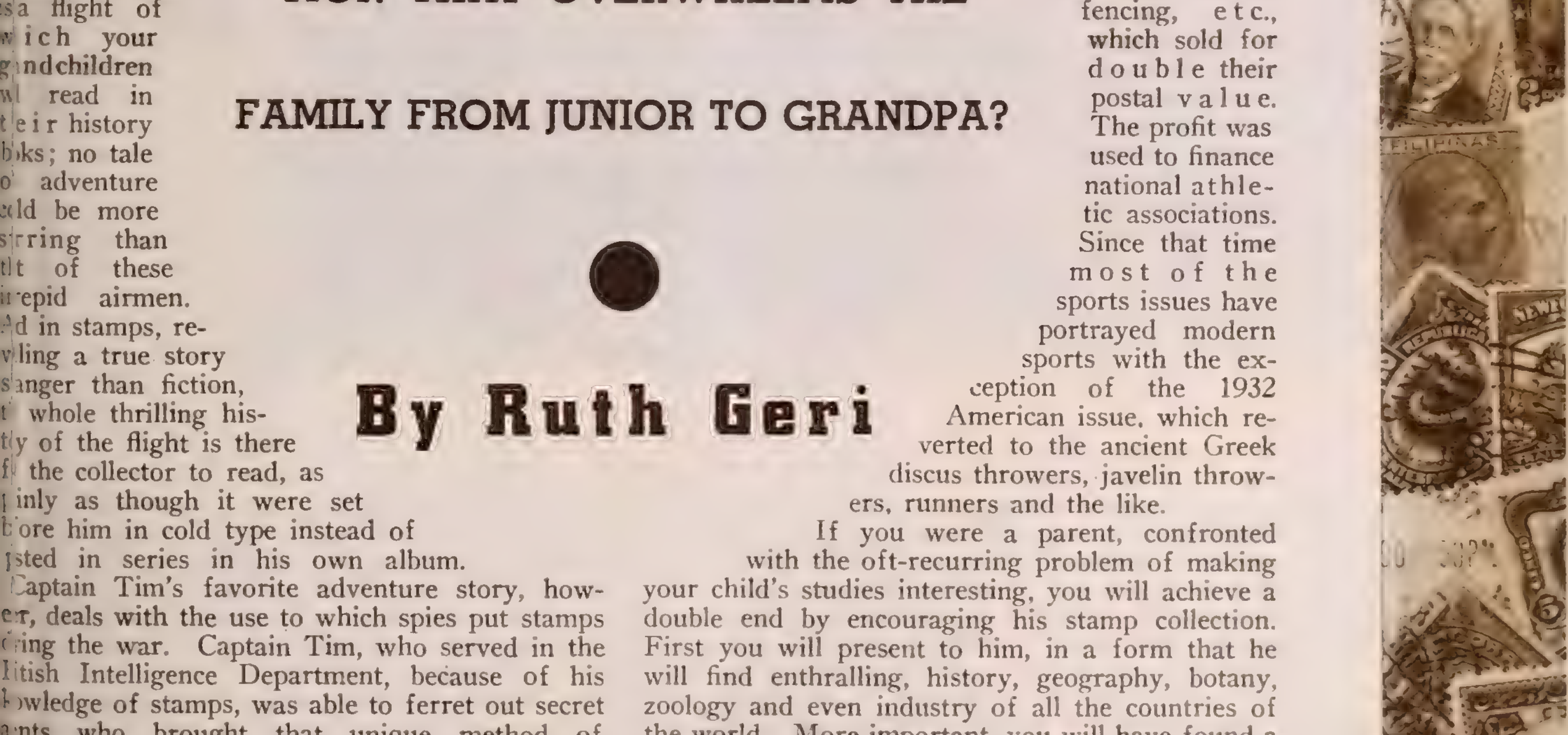
Captain Tim's favorite adventure story, how- r, deals with the use to which spies put stamps ing the war. Captain Tim, who served in the itish Intelligence Department, because of his owledge of stamps, was able to ferret out secret nts who brought that unique method of mmunication, hitherto reserved for the use lovers, into the open, and apprehended the es.

"We found many spy codes made up of stamps," related. "You see, for one thing stamp dealers all nationalities, because they have been accus- ned to going from country to country, were able to pass borders without attracting undue suspicion. They devised various codes, some depending on the color arrangements of the sheets of stamps which they pretended were their wares, others using the first letter of the name of the country printed on the stamp, or in some cases the inscription on the stamp itself. Spies who used stamps for communication were most difficult to catch, because the evidence against them was so innocent appearing save to a practised eye."

Perhaps you are a sports enthusiast? Then there is for you a pictured history of sports in which, as a stamp collector, you may specialize, combining your interest in sports with your new interest as a philatelist. With the revival of the Olympic games, it became a practise for the nations playing host to issue special sets of commemorative stamps. In 1924 Hungary's set depicted modern sports such as football, skiing, skating, diving, fencing, etc., which sold for double their postal value. The profit was used to finance national athletic associations. Since that time most of the sports issues have portrayed modern sports with the exception of the 1932 American issue, which reverted to the ancient Greek discus throwers, javelin throwers, runners and the like.

If you were a parent, confronted with the oft-recurring problem of making your child's studies interesting, you will achieve a double end by encouraging his stamp collection. First you will present to him, in a form that he will find enthralling, history, geography, botany, zoology and even industry of all the countries of the world. More important, you will have found a common interest with him that will make a closer bond of understanding between you.

The collection of stamps has its lighter side; your stamp collector need not be one of those pedants who considers laughter frivolous. He can tell you, for instance, how red the faces of the officials of government engraving department became when on





Captain T
Healy of the
Stamp Club is
NBC every M
day, Wednes
and Friday at
p.m. EST, over
following stati
WEAF, WT
WTAG, WE
WJAR, WC
WFBR, WRC, W
WBEN, WC
WTAM, W
WMAQ, KSD, W
WHO, WO
WDAF, WT
WIBA, KS
WEBC.

Captain Ti
Healy en
thrallin
boys an
girls fro
eight t
eighty.

the dollar issue for the 1898 Omaha exposition, a stamp was issued bearing the inscription "Western Cattle in Storm," the idea being to represent the huge cattle industry of the United States and the broad reaches of the western prairies. That was fine—until it was discovered that the engraving on the stamp's face had been taken from a famous engraving titled "Highland Cattle in Storm," and that the cattle were Scottish and the "prairies" thousands of miles from the American west. It remained for Turkey, however, to pull the prize philatelic boner of all time. So optimistic was she about her conquest of Egypt during the World War that she issued a stamp showing the pyramids. When Turkey was herself conquered by the Allies, the blow to her pride, which was contained in the constant reminder of the stamp flaunted in her face, made the defeat doubly bitter.

Since stamps first came into general use ninety years ago, nations have used them for miniature bill posters to advertise their beauties, their industries and their historic feats. It is this last feature that causes the general impression that stamps have been in use much longer than a century. Stamps are often used to attract tourists. In 1926, for example, Newfoundland won thousands of visitors by a special issue showing the charms of its scenery and its fisheries. The National Parks stamps issued in the United States just last summer, showing the Grand Canyon, the sights of the Yellowstone and similar scenic beauties were designed to serve the same purpose. The issue met with such success that all the stamps have been sold out except the fives and higher denominations. Sometimes, nations' stamps sound as though they had been designed by a press agent, so blatant are their blurbs. In 1898, a Canadian stamp boasted "We hold a vaster empire than has ever been," but little Guatemala went her empire better and made a bid for trade with a stamp that told the world "Our coffee is the best in the world."

You have heard of the tirelessly patient genius who engraved Lincoln's Gettysburg address on the head of a pin—and those who beheld his handiwork said pointedly, "So what?" Then consider how vastly more is written upon these inch squares of paper. Whole histories of civilizations, of nations, of man's progress in the arts and sciences, of love and hatred, and of romance. Small wonder that to those who have been lured by this fascinating pastime, stamp collecting is, emphatically, no mere "kid's game." It's a game that keeps one forever a kid!

By Elizabeth Walker



Charles Previn and the Countess Albani, who sings with his orchestra.

WHY SHOULD BACHELORS HAVE BABIES...?

HAVEN'T YOU often read stories about husbandless air divas and screen queens, aspiring to have babies? But do you recall a single instance of an unmarried king of the kilocycles, wanting to be a daddy?

Yet Charles Previn, the dashing and debonair orchestra leader of NBC's Sunday night Silken Strings hour, if he has his way, may soon become radioland's first bachelor father.

Perhaps, it sounds like a press agent yarn, this story of an A.B. from Cornell, who gave up professoring to pound a piano in Tin Pan Alley, became conductor of a series of Broadway musicals, wielded the baton at St. Louis' world-famous summer opera for five years and is now searching for a son. A small boy on whom he may lavish all the love and luxury of which an Ace of the Air is capable. But it isn't. And I'll tell you why.

Lunching with him the other day in the stately mid-Victorian dining room of the Medinah Athletic Club in Chicago, where he resides, the conversation veered naturally to a discussion of a story in the morning newspapers. It was a front page account of how one of the Windy City's packingtown princesses and her wealthy broker husband were seeking twins to adopt.

"I don't believe I would want to adopt twins," thoughtfully observed the master melodist.

"No, I wouldn't think you would either," a third person at the luncheon table cheerfully jeered. "Even half a twin would be one too many for a bachelor."

"Why do you say that?" demanded Maestro Previn, annoyed, and, before the other could explain, he began giving all sorts of reasons why an unmarried man should phosphoresce among court-made papas.

You can hear the Melodious Silken Strings program Sundays at 9 p. m., EST, on the following NBC stations: WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WLW, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WKY, KPRC, WENR, WTAR, WPTF, WRVA, WWNC, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WAVE, WSM, WSB, WMC, WJDX, WSMB, WFAA, KTBS, KTHS.

FINANCIALLY, a bachelor is capable of providing a good home and educational advantages for an adopted child, the college-bred ork leader asserted hotly. With no wife to divert him, he has more time, more thought, more money and more affection to give. And who doubts, but that an unmarried man, who volunteers for fatherhood, should make a better (*Continued on page 91*)



Del Campo, orchestra director.



Mickey Gillette, NBC sax expert.



Lennie Hayton, orkster and pianist.



Leo Reisman, on the air 14 years.

MAESTROS ON

JACK DENNY took time off recently to listen to the radio. Here are some of his criticisms. Do you agree? (1) Too many orchestras are using the same arrangements. (2) Practically every program is patterned after some other one. (3) Announcers sound too stilted. (4) There are too many programs of the same type following each other. (5) Many of the programs are hurt by faulty instrumental balance.

If you were a nineteen-year-old college sophomore, and thought you had a voice that ought to knock 'em dead on radio, how would you go about getting a chance at the microphone? Ben Gage of Evanston, Illinois, got the job Bob Crosby had with Anson Weeks' orchestra in this way. He got a friend of some musical experience to introduce him to a Chicago radio editor and then convinced the radio scribe that he might have a voice. The critic sent him to a representative of several of radio's most successful harmony teams who in turn brought him to Weeks' attention. Weeks listened to Gage and hired him on the spot. He has a deep voice, slightly suggestive of the younger Crosby's.

Tom Coakley is another of those radio fellows who leads a dual life. By day, he's Thomas I. Coakley, attorney-at-law, with offices in one of San Francisco's largest buildings. After dark, he's just plain Tom, maestro of the Palace Hotel Orchestra in San Francisco and melody maker for NBC and Victor records.

Every man in Herbie Kay's orchestra, heard over CBS from Chicago, is a college man. And Herb's theme song is "Violets," the best known ditty of Sigma Alpha Epsilon of which he is a member.

Oscar Bradley, who directs the Gulf orchestra on CBS Sundays, is the same man who wielded the baton at the St. Louis Municipal Opera last season.

Harold Stokes, NBC orchestra leader, has been appointed director of WGN's new dance orchestra. At NBC Stokes handled the Climalene Carnival and the Palmer House Promenade. For him his new job was something of a homecoming. In 1928 he had conducted Jean Goldkette's band, then the WGN studio orchestral unit.

Stokes and Wayne King were roommates together at the Sears-Roebuck Y. M. C. A. about a decade ago. The Waltz King was driving other fellows at the "Y" slightly daffy with his sax tooting and Stokes wasn't far behind King as an annoyer with his accordian playing. Roy Bargy, now with Whiteman, gave Stokes his first big break in 1927 when he had been fired by another orchestra leader for failing to show up one day because he had a toothache. Stokes broadcast the first coast to coast commercial show out of Chi-



Packard conductor, Wilfred Pellitier.



Hoover maestro, Josef Koestner.



Horatio Zito of the Waldorf Hotel.

PARADE . . .

cago in 1928. That was the original Studebaker Champions, the program now handled by Richard Himber. Friends are trying to arrange for Lind Hayes, eighteen-year-old son of Grace Hayes, to direct the band that accompanies his mother on her NBC programs.

Don Pedro, NBC orchestra leader, has a habit of mingling with the patrons at the Oriental Gardens in Chicago and inviting them to make requests. Pedro is an olive skinned Portuguese. To patrons slightly in their cups he somewhat resembles the Chinese waiters. When he approached a youngster from Cicero and said: "What's yours?" She replied, "I'll take a steak sandwich."

Leo Reisman, conductor of the Tuesday night Philip Morris program over NBC, is in his fourteenth year of broadcasting. His first program was made in October, 1921, from WJZ when that station was located in Newark, N. J.

Just to show you how sponsors change their minds: Last year Victor Young's orchestra played for Chevrolet after Jack Benny was dropped. This year Victor auditioned for the job again, but the Chevrolet people turned him down. Isham Jones was hired, and already we hear rumors of another change.

Buddy Rogers ducked out to Olathe, Kansas, for the better portion of a week between his Ward Family Theatre broadcasts just before election, to do a little handshaking and speechmaking on behalf of his father. Rogers, Sr., publisher of the local newspaper, was a candidate for probate judge of the district. About a decade ago his father was instrumental in getting Buddy the screen test that landed him in Hollywood. Buddy felt the least he could do to repay his dad was to do a little campaigning in his behalf.

Fred Waring and his gang are just finishing a tour of vaudeville. From November 30 to December 6 the entertainers are at the Earle Theatre in Philadelphia. In traveling, the troupe of thirty-three uses two Pullman cars and an entire baggage car.

Albert Kavelin and his orchestra have been added to the roster of Columbia Phonograph Company artists.

Sigmund Romberg, the musical genius, was in the secret service during the World War.

Joe Koestner, director of the Hoover Sentinels Serenade, had an unusual stroke of good fortune the other day. Four years ago he lost a priceless "Tristram" score (it bore a notation by a famous European composer) when a friend mislaid the opus. One fine fall day the friend dropped into a Loop armchair restaurant. The manager walked up and said: "Didn't you leave a package containing some music here several years ago?" It was the long lost Tristram score.

Ever notice that first saxaphonist in Rudy Vallee's orchestra? That's Benny Krueger, who, next to Rud Wiedoft, was Vallee's greatest inspiration during th days when he was in Yale.

Rudy recalled the other day that he used to buy all

By Nelson Keller



Chicago music makers toast Ethel Shutta and George Olsen at the College Inn. Standing, left to right: Johnny Hamp, Jan Garber, Kay Kayser, Ted Weems and Henry King.

Benny's records and copied his style of playing. When Benny came to Yale to play for a Yale-Princeton party, Rudy's was the relief orchestra. While Benny rested, Vallee and his seven piece orchestra played. Rudy hoped that Benny would notice him. But the great Krueger gave no indication that he was impressed by Vallee.

A few months later Benny returned to play for the Yale prom. This time Rudy determined to make the acquaintance of his hero. While Krueger was dining, Rudy sidled up and asked him whether he mightn't play a bit on his saxophone, thinking possibly to find the secret to Benny's wizardry that way.

"No, go away and don't bother me," Benny roared.

Rudy said that he felt humiliated at the moment and slunk away.

"But I didn't much blame him," Rudy declared in retrospect. Benny continued to be his idol through the years. And when Krueger's band broke up some time ago, Vallee engaged him to play with his orchestra.

The Casa Loma Band was Brunswick's best seller on records in September. Ray Noble, the English director, was Victor's best bet. Brunswick has suffered a great loss by the formation of the new Decca firm. Casa Loma, Bing Crosby, the Mills Brothers, the Dorsey Brothers and Victor Young have switched from Brunswick to Decca.

Tiny Bradshaw and his band with the Mills Brothers are barnstorming the South at the moment, playing vaudeville.

Annette Hanshaw's pride and joy, Brother Frankie who is seventeen, has organized a ten piece band to play dances around his home town, Scarsdale.

Henry G. Weber, husband of the beautiful Marion Claire of stage and operatic fame, has been named musical director of WGN, Chicago independent station. Mr. Weber has been a staff conductor with the Mid-western division of NBC at Chicago the past two years.

Abe Lyman is now a partner in a large restaurant chain of the West Coast.

Vic Irwin, CBS orchestra leader, won the annual tennis tournament for Columbia employees.

According to advance notices, Enos Light and his orchestra were due to reopen at the Claremont Inn on Riverside Drive in New York on December 1.

George Gershwin, just turned thirty-six years, has completed a new opera called "Porgy."

Now that Sigmund Romberg has been lured to the microphone, we might expect Jerome Kern to be the next big time composer to go radio. Kern is said to be holding out for $200,000 for a thirteen week contract.

The Metropolitan Opera goes modern. Grete Stueckgold, the opera star on the Chesterfield series, recently sang "The World Is Mine," a new popular song by Johnny Green.

Paul Small, the tenor soloist, has slipped again with Jack Denny and orchestra. Small has been with Denny for many months, left for a spell, returned and now he is gone for good from that combination.

"Bad Dream" is the title of a new song by Jane Pickens of the Pickens Sisters.

Rudy Vallee recently celebrated his fifth anniversary as head man of the Fleischmann Hour.

Harry Salter is another one of those fellows lucky enough to be on both major networks. His orchestra plays at the Park Central Hotel in New York and is aired by CBS. On Wednesdays, he directs his band for "Lanny's Log Cabin Inn" program over NBC.

Beginning the first day of this month, at 10:30 p. m. EST, the National Biscuit Company goes on the air over NBC with three solid hours of dance music.

RADIO STARS' COOKING SCHOOL



"Children love my Bavarian cookies," Madame assures us.

"I AM A MARVELOUS COOK!" SAYS MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK—AND HER RECIPES PROVE IT!

By Nancy Wood

GREETINGS, friends and Radio fans.

The other day I heard that when the Hoover Company decided to do a special Christmas program the question of a guest artist arose. Many Radio stars were discussed as possibilities until the moment when one inspired soul suggested Madame Schumann-Heink!

"Why *of course!*" they cried as one man (my sleuths inform me). "She's just the person to typify the Holiday spirit of 'peace and good will.'" And so it was decided.

That's how it happens that when you listen in on that program the Sunday before Christmas you will be privileged to hear Madame Schumann-Heink singing Yuletide songs and giving you a Christmas message in her rich sympathetic contralto voice.

Far be it from me to boast, gentle listeners, but I had the very same idea as the Hoover people long ago! When I wanted someone as guest star for this Holiday program of mine, there was no other person I considered for a moment. Madame Schumann-Heink it must be! And I am pleased to say, Madame Schumann-Heink it was!

The interview was easily arranged—Madame is like that—but it's going to take a whole article and four recipe cards to tell you of the wonderful foods I learned about during the course of our conversation. And some place, somehow, I want to sandwich in a little description of Madame's geniality, homely philosophy and charm. Of course when it comes to charm I suppose I should leave that to the beauty editor, but it is so much a part of this dear diva that *I* want a chance, just this once, to stop talking of the things that go into making a good meal, to speak of the things that go into making a lovely woman! And that is what Madame Schumann-Heink typifies—womanhood at its finest—mother, grandmother and great-grandmother, prima donna, artiste, and now at the age of seventy-three (she actually boasts of her age) one of the best known and certainly one of the best beloved stars of the air.



Clear Soup+Marrow Balls=Perfection!

At the advanced age of over three score years and ten, when most women feel that life lies behind them as one long dreary vista, Madame Schumann-Heink talks with pride of the past and plans ambitious things for the future. Furthermore she executes her plans in a masterly manner (*Continued on page 81*)

Coupon

RADIO STARS' Cooking School
RADIO STARS Magazine,
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK'S Recipes

Name .....
(Print in pencil)

Address ..... City ..... State ..

Programs Day By Day

TWIRL YOUR RADIO DIAL AND SETTLE DOWN TO A TUNEFUL EVENING

SUNDAYS
(December 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd and 30th.)

9:00 A.M. EST (½)—The Balladeers. Male chorus and instrumental trio.
WEAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.

9:00 EST (1)—Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's. Children's program.
WABC, WNAC, WCAU, WFBL, WCAO, WDAE, WICC, WHP, WHEC, WWVA, WDNC, WADC, WGAR, WJAS, WQAM, WSPD, WPG, WLBW, WFEA, WTOC, WSJS, WOKO, CKLW, WEAN, WDBO, WJSV, WLBZ, WBIG, WDBJ, WMAS, WORC. **8:00 CST**—WFBM, KMBC, WDOD, KRLD, KTRH, KLRA, WISN, WIBW, KMOX, WCCO, WSFA, WLAC, KTSA, KSCJ, WACO, WMT, KFH, WNAX, KGKO. **7:00 MST**—KSL. (Network especially subject to change.)

9:00 EST (1)—Coast to Coast on a Bus. Milton J. Cross, master of ceremonies.
WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.

9:30 EST (¼)—Trio Romantique.
WEAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.

10:00 EST (½)—Southernaires Quartet. Poignant melodies of the South.
WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.

10:00 EST (½)—Church of the Air.
WABC and a Columbia network. Station list unavailable.

10:00 EST (½)—Radio pulpit—Dr. S. Parkes Cadman. Mixed quartet.
WEAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.

11:00 EST (5 min.)—News Service.
WEAF, WJZ and NBC red and blue networks. Station list unavailable.

11:00 EST (1)—Major Bowes' Capitol Family. Tom McLaughlin, baritone; Hannah Klein, pianist; Nicholas Cosentino, tenor; The Guardsmen, male quartet; symphony orchestra, Waldo Mayo, conductor.
WEAF and an NBC red network Station list unavailable.

12:00 Noon EST (½)—Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir and Organ. Magnificence in religious music.
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WJSV, WDAE, WLBW, WTOC, CKLW, WNAC, WHK, WDRC, WQAM, WLBZ, WHP, WMAS, WJAS, WFBL, WSPD, WDBO, WICC, WFEA, WORC. **11:00 CST**—WBBM, WFBM, WDOD, KRLD, KTRH, KLRA, KSCJ, WACO, WISN, WCCO, WSFA, WLAC, WMBD, KTSA, WIBW, WMT, KFH, KNAX, WNOX, KGKO, WALA. **10:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **9:00 PST**—KOH. (Network especially subject to change. Majority of above stations begin carrying program at 11:30 EST.)

12:30 P.M. EST (1)—Radio City Concert. Symphony orchestra; Chorus; Soloists.
WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.

(Left) Mildred Bailey, the Rocking Chair Lady, is now on NBC.



Harold Stein

12:30 EST (¼)—Tito Guizar singing with his guitar. (Brillo.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WMAS, WORC. **11:30 CST**—WBBM, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX.

1:00 EST (½)—Dale Carnegie tells strange tales of people who made history. Leonard Joy's orchestra. (Maltex.)
WEAF, WTAG, WFBR, WBEN, WTIC, WEEI, WRC, WCAE, WJAR, WFI, WGY, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI.

1:00 EST (½)—Church of the Air.
WABC, WAAB, CKLW, WFBL, WQAM, WPG, WDOD, WHP, WTOC, WSJS, WOKO, WGR, WDRC, WSPD, WDBO, WLBZ, WDBJ, CFRB, WORC, WCAO, WKRC, WJAS, WDAE, WBT, WBIG, WHEC, WWVA, WDNC. **12:00 Noon CST**—WBBM, KMBC, KRLD, KTRH, KLRA, WCCO, WSFA, WLAC, KTSA, KSCJ, WSBT, WIBW, WACO, WMT, KFH, KGKO, WALA, WNOX. **11:00 A.M. MST**—KLZ, KSL. **10:00 PST**—KHJ, KOH.
(Network especially subject to change.)

1:30 EST (½)—The National Youth Conference—Dr. Daniel A. Paling. Music and male quartet.
WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.

1:30 EST (¼)—Big music from Little Jack Little. (Pinex.)
WABC, WADC, WCAU, WFBL, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WKBW, WKRC, CKLW. **12:30 CST**—KMBC, KMOX, KRLD, WBBM, WCCO, WFBM, WHAS, WOWO.

1:30 EST (½)—Mary Small, literally little in years and name. William Wirges orchestra. Guest artists. (B. T. Babbitt and Co.)
WEAF, WFI, WSAI, WRC, WTAG, WFBR, WTAM, WWJ, WJAR, WGY, WEEI, WTIC, WBEN, WCAE, WCSN. **12:30 CST**—WMAQ, WHO, WOW, WDAF, KSD.

1:45 EST (¼)—Pat Kennedy with Art Kassel and his Kassels in the Air orchestra. (Paris Medicine Co.)
WABC, WKRC, WCAU, WJSV, WCAO, WHK, WJAS, WBNS, WGR, CKLW, WSPD. **12:45 CST**—WBBM, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, WCCO, WMT, WHAS, KMOX, WGST, KRLD, WDSU. **11:45 A.M. MST**—KLZ, KSL. **10.45 PST**—KFBK, KDB, KWG, KHJ, KOIN, KGB, KFRC, KOL, KFPY, KVI.

2:00 EST (½)—Lazy Dan, the Minstrel Man. (Irving Kaufman to us.) (Boyle Floor Wax.)
WABC, WADC, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WMBG, WBNS, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, WDBJ, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WJSV, WBT, WHEC. **1:00 CST**—WBBM, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, KOMA, WIBW, WGST, KRLD, KFAB, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, WMT. **12:00 Noon MST**—KLZ, KSL. **11:00 A.M. PST**—KMJ, KFBK, KDB, KWG, KHJ, KOIN, KGB, KFRC, KOL, KFPY, KVI.

2:00 EST (½)—Mohawk Treasure Chest. (Mohawk Rugs.)
WEAF, WEEI, WLIT, WGY, WTAM, WTIC, WTAG, WFBR, WWJ, WJAR, WCSH, WRC, WCAE, WLW. **1:00 CST**—WMAQ, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WOC. **12:00 Noon MST**—KOA, KDYL. **11:00 A.M. PST**—KOMO, KGO, KFI, KGW, KHQ.

2:00 EST (¼)—Anthony Frome, the Poet Prince; Alwyn Bach, narrator.
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, KDKA, WGAR, WJR. **1:00 CST**—WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WKBF.

2:15 EST (¼)—Facts about Fido. Bob Becker chats about dogs.
WJZ, WBZ, WJR, WBAL, WBZA, WMAL, WSYR, KDKA, WGAR. **1:15 CST**—WLS, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL.

2:30 EST (½)—Imperial Hawaiian Dance Band. (Wyeth Chemical Co.)
WABC, WNAC, WHK, WCAU, WFBL, WMBG, WHEC, WADC, WKBW, CKLW, WJAS, WJSV, WDBJ, WCAO, WKRC, WDRC, WEAN, WBT. **1:30 CST**—WBBM, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, WAHS, KMOX, WGST, KRLD, KFAB, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WIBW, WMT. **12:30 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **11:30 A.M. PST**—KMJ, KFBK, KDB, KWG, KHJ, KOIN, KGB, KFRC, KOL, KFPY, KVI.

2:30 EST (½)—Lux Radio Theatre. Guest artists.
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WRVA, WPTF, CFCF, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WLW. **1:30 CST**—KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, WENR, KOIL, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, KVOO, WKY, KTHS, WFHA, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI. **12:30 MST**—KOA, KYDL. **11:30 A.M. PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

3:00 EST (1)—New York Philharmonic Orchestra.
WABC, WCAO, WKRC, WDRC, WEAN, WJSV, WLBZ, WLBW, WGLC, WFEA, WNEC, CFRB, WADC, WNAC, WHK, WCAU, WFBL, WDBO, WICC, WBIG, WDBJ, WTOC, WSJS, WOKO, WGR, CKLW, WJAS, WSPD, WDAE, WBT, WHP, CKAC, WMAS, WORC. **2:00 CST**—WFBM, KMBC, WQAM, WDOD, KRLD, KTRH, KLRH, KLRA, WISN, WCCO, WSFA, KSCJ, WLAC, WMBD, KTSA, WSBT, WIBW, WMT, KFH, KGKO, WALA. **1:00 MST**—KVOR, KLZ, KSL. **12:00 Noon PST**—KHJ, KOH.

3:00 EST (½)—Sally of the Talkies. Dramatic Sketches. (Luxor, Ltd.)
WEAF, WCSH, WRC, WTAM, WJAR, WTAG, WLIT, WGY, WWJ, WCAE, WEEI, WFBR, WBEN, WSAI. **2:00 CST**—WMAQ, WOW, WDAF, WJDY, WSMB, WHO, WSM, WSB, WAPI, WOC.

3:30 EST (½)—Maybelline Musical Romances. Harry Jackson's orchestra; Don Mario, soloist; guest stars.
WEAF, WITC, WTAG, WEEI, WRC, WBEN, WTAM, WLW, WJAR, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR, WGY, WCAE, WWJ. **2:30 CST**—WMAQ, WOW, WDAF, KSD, KOA, KYDL. **12:30 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KNG.

(Continued on page 84)

10 REASONS WHY MILLIONS OF WOMEN USE TINTEX



1. Tintex restores faded color to fabrics . . . in a jiffy.
2. Tintex keeps "undies" fresh and gay-looking.
3. Tintex brings the season's smart colors to your wardrobe.
4. Tintex makes your last year's apparel look like new.
5. Tintex keeps curtains and drapes bright and fresh-looking.
6. Tintex keeps all home-decorations color-smart.
7. Tintex is so quick and easy to use.
8. Tintex gives professional tinting and dyeing results.
9. Tintex is used without muss, fuss, or bother.
10. Tintex costs only a few pennies and saves dollars.

Color-Magic for All Faded Fabrics

TINTEX has become a daily necessity in the home of every smart American woman. It saves dollars. It gives color-freshness, brilliance and smartness to every article of apparel . . . and home decoration. It has hundreds of practical uses—morning, noon and night—restoring color to all faded fabrics, or giving bright new color, if you wish. It makes home-tinting and dyeing a joy . . . it's so quick and easy. 35 smart colors.

PARK & TILFORD, *Distributors*

Tintex

TINTS AND DYES

USE TINTEX FOR: Underthings · Negligees · Dresses · Sweaters · Scarfs · Stockings · Slips · Men's Shirts · Blouses · Children's Clothes · Curtains · Bed Spreads · Drapes · Luncheon Sets · Doilies · Slip Covers

AT ALL DRUG STORES, NOTION AND TOILET GOODS COUNTERS

The World's Largest Selling Tints and Dyes

The Girl Behind the Men Behind the Mike

(*Continued from page 37*)

If you want to speak well in public you must learn to keep your ears clean. Clean for good speech. You must learn to listen to folks who know how to speak. But most important, to yourself. Yes, boys and girls, you must learn to listen to yourself speak. Sounds easy, but it's one of the hardest things in the world to do.

Daily over the NBC announcers Vida cracked the whip in order to instruct them in this most difficult art. She made phonograph records of their speech over the air. And hearing themselves over the wax did much to teach them what their faults were.

One of the announcers, she told me, had a smug, puffed-up way of speaking. She said to him: "I hesitate to tell you what's wrong with your speech. It may offend you. But I'm going to make a record of your voice when you're on the air. Maybe, after hearing yourself as others hear you, you will get the point."

The next day, before the class, she played the record she had made. The class listened, got the point, snickered—but the smug one only glowed and finally remarked with a sigh: "Perfect, just perfect isn't it?" That was one member of the class who won no prizes. Miss Sutton said no more to him.

Other students, however, were less difficult. Alwyn Bach, for instance, was intensely interested in the mechanics and science of speech and made one of her best students. One announcer, now famous, had a way of pronouncing certain words a la Coolidge. He said *raound* for round, *staout* for stout, etc. He heard the record, got the point, corrected his style and won the diction prize.

Another prize winner bore down, German fashion, on his *ing* endings, pronouncing singing, *sing-ingha*, thinking, *think-ingha*, etc. The error was barely perceptible to any but the trained ear. He heard the record, listened to himself, wiped out the fault.

But her great contribution to the announcers was her criticisms of their work. The day after they had been on the air—each would receive a neatly typewritten memorandum listing their faults. We may have thought the announcement flawless, but not so. Vida. She catches all slips.

Vida Sutton herself has a remarkably flexible voice. In addition to speaking several foreign tongues, she knows and can reproduce several hundred American dialects. She learned them by traveling to the corners of the country, by taking phonograph records of the speech of the inhabitants. Ask her and at a moment's notice she will talk like an Alabama gullah negro, like a Tennessee hillbilly, like a Wisconsin logger, like a Cape Cod Cabot.

Speech training was her interest when she was a schoolgirl in Oakland, California. It stayed with her through college in Montana. And she turned to it when she dropped the diploma into the trunk and faced the world. It took her into the theatre where she played with Julia Marlowe and Annie Russell. It led her into play writing and during the war a play of hers called *"Passport"* was banned by the censors because it contained the following line: "A woman shouldn't marry a soldier—a man who killed."

She still writes plays and produces them on her own program. From all of which, it will be seen that Vida Sutton is a real trouper, not a prissy old sister with a pitch-pipe and a pointer.

To her President Roosevelt is the perfect speaker. Clear, precise, informal, forceful. She likes Will Rogers next best because of his naturalness and freedom. With British diction, she has no patience, for to her it's a warped and clipped speech, hard on the ear, hard on the intelligence, much too stiff and distorted for any self-respecting radio receiver. She says the British radio authorities agree with her. They envy the clear round vigor of American speech.

The first essential, according to this expert, for persons seeking an entrance into radio is a definite personality. An honest, well outlined character. Remember, you can't fool a microphone. If you're dishonest, an affected person, trying to appear something you are not, then stay away from radio. The mike will find you out. It has been her experience in examining thousands of applicants for jobs as announcers.

A second qualification is a low pitched voice, although there are instances where high pitch has helped an applicant make the grade. This has been true largely for character parts in dramatic presentations.

Other qualities which help are clearness, freedom, enthusiasm, energy and a dramatic utterance. Above all, if your voice is warm and sympathetic, you may consider yourself endowed sufficiently to undertake the campaign necessary for making a radio debut.

Extremely important is mastery of the art of reading. Vida Sutton spent a great deal of time teaching announcers how to animate dead script by reading it in their own rhythm, their own intonation thus making it sound informally conventional.

Always truthful, Miss Sutton does not encourage young women to strive for jobs as radio announcers. In the entire country, there are less than a dozen and these for local stations. For the networks there is only one, Claudine MacDonald and she is much more the hostess and mistress of ceremonies.

Opportunities for women, however, are as broad as radio even if the announcing field seems temporarily closed. In the dramatic field, the need for good, interesting voices is constantly growing. There is also an opportunity of even larger proportions in the writing, producing and executive field.

This clear-eyed, keen-eared woman is slow to praise. She is no person of rhapsodies. But she is fervent in her optimism and her belief in what radio has already accomplished and what it is going to accomplish. It has made us ear conscious, taught us to listen. And through this development of the ear, we have learned to speak better. This good talk is spreading to all corners of the country, creating a uniform language, eliminating dialects.

The standard of the American Academy of Arts and Letters is a sympathetic, precise, vigorous speech understandable and acceptable to all sections of the country, yet not to be identified with any. That's the English Vida Sutton teaches. Her four prize winners testify to that. This year another duke of diction will be named. We shall see if she is still the girl behind the men behind the mike.

A RADIO STARS' ANNOUNCEMENT

For the past five years, the American Academy of Arts and Letters has picked and honored the best radio announcer of the year. Diction and delivery have been the principle factors in the eyes of the judges. Last year, you will recall, the honor went to James Wallington of NBC.

The Academy this year tells us that it will not sponsor the move again—a decision based upon new policies adopted recently.

Beginning with the 1934 award, which will be made known early in 1935, RADIO STARS Magazine will sponsor the selection. Judges will be members of the RADIO STARS Board of Review and the basis of judgement will center upon five points: (1) diction, (2 delivery, (3) microphone personality, (4) adapting one's self to the mood of the program and (5) versatility.

What we seek is the best program announcer working on America's networks. Therefore all network announcers are eligible, all will be considered and they will be picked directly by the judges without nominations.

RADIO STARS Magazine will present each year's winner with a trophy symbolic of the award. Watch future issues of this magazine for the results.

Kilocycle Quiz

(*Continued from page 9*)

Here are the answers to the Kilocycle Quiz questions. This time there were twenty-five questions and they were purposely made a little harder than usual. For that reason, you may consider yourself excellent if you answered all the questions in eight minutes; good if you took nine minutes; and fair if you did it in ten minutes.

The answers:

1. California.
2. CBS.
3. Sigmund Romberg.
4. Fred Allen.
5. Josef Pasternack.
6. Block and Sully.
7. Lady Esther Program.
8. The Perfect Song.
9. Columbia.
10. Dick Powell.
11. Jane Froman.
12. Lou Silvers.
13. Casa Loma.
14. Lanny's Log Cabin Inn with Lanny Ross.
15. Yes.
16. The Lux Radio Theatre.
17. Don Wilson.
18. Capitol and Radio City Music Hall.
19. Nino Martini.
20. Dr. M. S. Taylor.
21. Hotel Lexington.
22. "Fats" Waller.
23. NBC organist.
24. Press-Radio News.
25. Bulova time announcements.



For evening Vera Van wears this alluring mink coat designed by I. J. Fox.



Constipation, Indigestion and related Skin Troubles corrected much sooner. (New Vitamin A checks colds!)

THINK OF IT! . . . a *new* yeast so much quicker acting it astounds doctors. If you have any questions, read these answers by Dr. Lee:—

Why does "XR" Yeast act quicker?
Because it's a stronger "*strain*" of fresh yeast, much more vigorous, and so...*faster!* It's rich in hormone-like* substances.

***What are Hormone-like Substances?**
They are "activators" (like natural body stimulants) which speed the flow of your digestive juices and strengthen digestive muscles *from the stomach right on down.*

Will it correct Constipation and Indigestion very much faster?
Positively! By making juices flow fast and muscles work harder inside you, "XR" Yeast makes your foods softer—better "churned," digested. Indigestion, constipation should soon stop. "XR" Yeast really "normalizes" you.

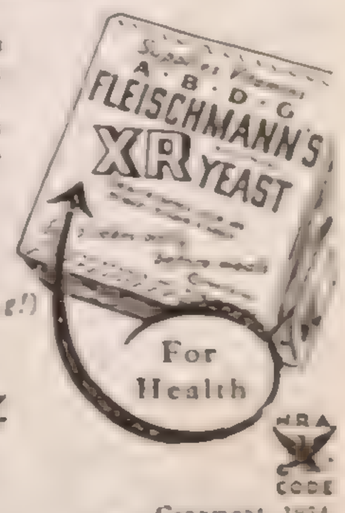


Do Skin troubles stop much Sooner?
The most common skin blemishes come from self-poisoning caused by your digestive system not working properly. "XR" Yeast corrects this condition. Pimples, boils, etc., disappear sooner!

What new Vitamin does it contain?
Vitamin A, newly added, to help combat colds. "XR" Yeast also builds resistance to colds by cleansing your body. With Vitamins B, D and G, Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast now contains 4 vitamins.

EAT 3 CAKES of Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast every day—plain, or dissolved in one-third glass of water—preferably half an hour before meals. Keep on *after* you've got quick results. Get a supply today!

● "'XR' Yeast is *much* faster," writes Mrs. Helen Van Pelt, Stapleton, N. Y. "My whole system was sluggish . . . I had headaches, no appetite. I started eating the new 'XR' Yeast and in just a few days felt grand."
(*As good as ever for baking!*)



Fleischmann's XR *Yeast*

AT GROCERS, RESTAURANTS, SODA FOUNTAINS

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The Woman Who Laughed at Death

(Continued from page 53)

everything from her ankles to her neck and now they wanted to take away from her the one thing she had left, her laughter. For almost a full day she tried it. The world grew grim around her, blackness seemed to be closing in, the Grim Reaper took a firmer hold on her throat. Nellie, unable to bear the strain any longer, wrote a poem about it.

Dear Doctor Lorenz, take back your advice, I quit laughing for nearly a day,
The world seemed so drab, the sun turned to ice and lost its warm, lustrous ray.
The nurse didn't smile, was silent and cold, the sky was a battleship gray,
The doctors came in but left stories untold, and my friends had to hurry away.
Perhaps you are right, but your treatment's too hard, I either must laugh or I'll cry,
And crying I loathe, it's a coward's trump card, and tears always blister my eye.
I'll do all the rest, anything that you say, and then if I can't stand the gaff,
I'll meet Rennie Wolf on Heaven's Broadway and together we'll have a good laugh.

So Nellie went back to laughter, and the sun shone again.

Yet there were moments when bitter, black despair, try as she might to oust it, touched even Nellie. Would you have been any braver if you had been hung up by the wrists, had your chin bandaged to a board, your mouth packed so you couldn't bite your tongue off, your knees strapped together, the support kicked from under your feet so that you could dangle by the wrists for fifteen minutes to straighten your spine? Would you have been any braver it after all that, you had been encased in a plaster-of-Paris cast and left lying on a board without a spring or mattress?

Well, then, Nellie at times was a coward, too, and in her moments of greatest cowardice she was more courageous than soldiers have been in their moments of greatest courage. She told no one how many times, lying motionless, looking at the gas fixture, she wondered if it would be possible for her to turn the gas on. And then with a laugh she threw the treacherous thought out of her mind. "What a silly old woman I am," she told herself. "Why, if I were strong enough to be able to reach that gas jet, I'd have no reason for wanting to turn it on." She told no one how when the nurse gave her veronal tablets to make her fall asleep, she would hide one out of every dose, hoping to save enough so that sometime she would be able to end it all.

Then one day something happened that made her decide to live. Darkness crept over her, and seemed to touch her with cold, welcome wings. She dared not try to lift herself out of the darkness because there was peace there and to drift away from it would mean to awaken into a world of tortured pain. Then suddenly she thought she heard a voice, the voice of a friend, Abe Levy.

"Nellie," he said. "Nellie, didn't you say you owed your life to your friends?"

"Yes," she murmured, out of the darkness that was close to death.

"Then your friends want it. You must not give up."

After that she had many sinking spells, but she never gave up, and she never stopped laughing.

Three years went by, and Nellie still lay on her bed of stone in her coat of mortar. The sun was shining outside, it was the sort of day on which, if you



Nellie Revell

lay on a bed of pain, you would think of all the people gaily promenading the streets. For a moment Nellie Revell felt something almost akin to self-pity. Self-pity! She'd be darned if she'd yield to anything like that. Nothing would drag her below the surface sooner than putting on a sob act to herself. Self-pity was an enemy to be fought and vanquished.

All of a sudden, in a flash, she knew why she wasn't getting better. For three years she had lain there, while ministers had written sermons on her fortitude and newspapers had carried stories on her courage and friends had commiserated with her. Her courage! What a hollow mockery! What a joke! Courage wasn't to lie there like a martyr, giving herself to Death. Courage was to fight and to fight like the devil.

A nurse came in just then, carrying a lamb chop on a plate. Nellie tasted the lamb chop and made a grimace. "The chop isn't hot," she complained. "But the plate is hot, Madam, said the nurse. "Hot plates aren't on my diet list," answered Nellie and with one swift movement of her hand she toppled the chop, plate and all to the ground.

The noise of the breaking china brought several nuns on the run. "What's the meaning of this?" demanded one of them. Nellie told her. "My dear," said the nun, "we can't bring up hot meat from the kitchen each time for each of our patients."

"That's just too bad," said Nellie. "If you were a patient here and had to look at the same ceiling all the time and eat the same food, wouldn't you at least want it hot?"

The next day Nellie sent for the Mother Superior of St. Vincent's Hospital.

"My dear," said the Mother Superior, "why have you been making all this trouble?"

"Because," said Nellie firmly, "I believe that's the only way I can get well. There are two ways to go out of this hospital, the front way and the back way. I've seen two nuns of your own order, who were patient and sweet and resigned, and they went out the back way. If patience were the way to win a battle, they would have won it. Well, I'm going out the front way. I want your cooperation, but even if I don't get it, I'm going to put up the darndest fight. I won't die a patient martyr."

Touched by Nellie's spirit, the Mother Superior promised to help in every way she could. It may seem just a little thing, this matter of cold or hot food, but Nellie was convinced that if she didn't put up a fight, she'd get into the habit of following the path of least resistance. And everyone would say that she was a wonderful woman and a great martyr, and wasn't it a great pity that she died in the prime of her life?

In her great fight, she had two thoughts to sustain her. Once, just before she went away to school, her father had said to her, "Nellie, I have no religion to give you but perhaps this will help. If you're a good sport, you can't be a bad anything else."

The other idea was a simple little motto she'd picked up someplace, "Only sucker holler." Nellie made up her mind that she wasn't going to be any sucker.

Slowly, fighting every inch of the way for her very life, she began to get well. Resistance became her battle cry, and self pity she flung from her like a viper. When she began to feel blue, she scrapped instead. She didn't want to be unkind to the nurses, but after all it was her life for which she was fighting. Sometimes she fought because the coffee was not boiling and sometimes because it was sometimes because her window was up and sometimes because it was down. Sometimes the things were real grievances, and sometimes she fought simply because with a good scrap on her hands she had no time for the self-pity that would have kept her from getting well.

Then she began to get better. She set her imagination whirring, and pictured herself not as a quivering mass of sick flesh on the bed but as the glamorous figure she'd been in her heyday, when she ran the publicity for nine shows all at once or took Al Jolson or the divine

Sarah Bernhardt out on a tour. In her imagination she saw the bright lights of Broadway once more. With a pencil tied to her bed post and a pad on her chest she began to write columns for *Variety*, for which she had written before her illness, columns for the old *Evening Mail* and finally a book "Right Off the Chest," which told of her hospital experiences. She might have made them sound grim and horrible, but instead she found the laughter in each of the hollow jokes that life had played on her.

From the day she began to write, she became her old self again and imagination carried her once more into the brilliant world that she had once more conquered with her newspaper yarns and her clever publicity.

Then one day she went out of the hospital, and she went out through the front door. And of course, she went out laughing.

Today, though she walks with a cane, she is still laughing, still fighting, still working. Since she was wheeled out of the hospital almost ten years ago, she has done the publicity for at least half a dozen shows, she has supervised the opening of theatres in many cities, she's been in Hollywood supervising the filming of a novel of her own and writing scenarios. Now she's on the air over NBC network with her bits of homely philosophy, her gay stories and her friendly interviews with radio celebrities. And she a grandmother, tchk, tchk!

Whenever she walks along Times Square in New York, every twenty feet someone stops her.

"Times Square," she told me gaily, "is just a small town and I'm just a neighbor girl, whom everyone looks out for."

I wish you knew Nellie Revell, and could hear that generous laughter of hers that is so very contagious.

In the last letter he ever wrote her, her father said, "Nellie, you've been a good daughter, a good wife, a good mother, and you're a damn' good newspaper man."

To it Irvin S. Cobb added this postscript, "Yes, and a damn' good soldier, Nellie Revel!" And I am sure that all of us who know Nellie Revell's story will say "Amen" to that.

Gentlemen, the Queen

(*Continued from page 19*)

covers. Many of you have seen them.

Today, she seeks fame in a medium that completely discounts her physical loveliness. Today, she is a singer of songs. She is very brave, this charming Chicagoan, to reject the appeal of her beauty for it leaves her success dependent solely on her vocal talent. That talent, happily, is sufficient. It has given her the kind of success she seeks. As you hear her sing, we believe you will enjoy knowing that she is the most beautiful woman in radio.

But—maybe she isn't

"Crying over nothing"



WHEN a mild reproof brings a flood of tears . . . or a plucky child cries for a trifling hurt . . . take heed! Often such outbursts are little flags of warning!

One of several things may be to blame—acid stomach, flatulence . . . perhaps your child is catching cold. Or maybe it is constipation—a disorder so common that 90% of all children are affected by it.

Give your child Fletcher's Castoria

When a child is unusually "touchy" it is wise to give a laxative. But be sure to give a child's laxative . . . not a harsh, bad-tasting adult laxative that may upset digestion and cause griping pain.

Give Fletcher's Castoria! It is made *especially for children*. They love its candy taste. It is gentle, safe—yet effective and thorough.

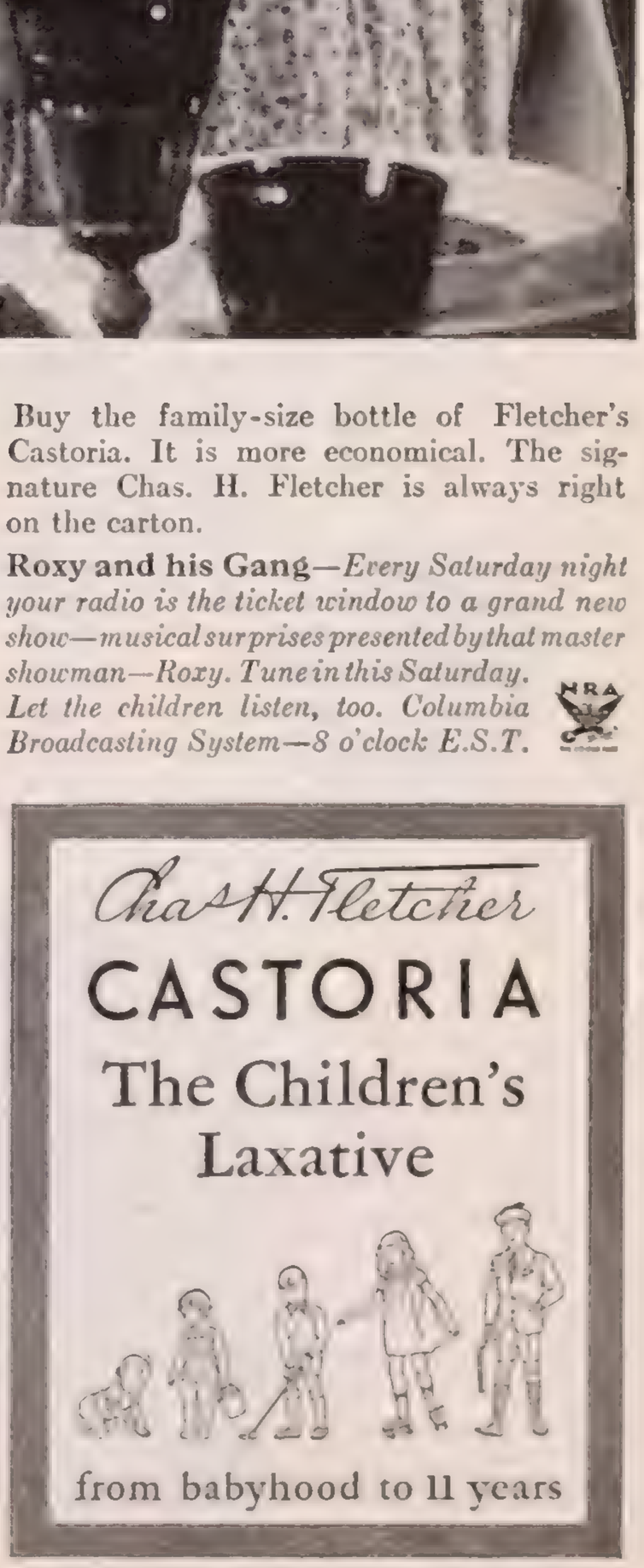
The "standby" in 5,000,000 homes

In more than 5,000,000 American homes, mothers of children of all ages—from babyhood to 11 years—give Fletcher's Castoria for constipation—and for all those little symtoms that point to incomplete elimination.

Next time you take your child to the doctor for a regular check-up, ask him about Fletcher's Castoria. He will tell you that it contains no harsh, irritating ingredients—only such ingredients as are mild, effective and suitable for children's tender systems.

Buy the family-size bottle of Fletcher's Castoria. It is more economical. The signature Chas. H. Fletcher is always right on the carton.

Roxy and his Gang—*Every Saturday night your radio is the ticket window to a grand new show—musical surprises presented by that master showman—Roxy. Tune in this Saturday. Let the children listen, too. Columbia Broadcasting System—8 o'clock E.S.T.*



Torch Singer

(*Continued from page 46*)

I had to pay the price demanded. I couldn't risk my whole career at this stage.

I signed the contract with the Beauty Glow outfit, and went to Mid-City, knowing Cass was already there, waiting for me. If I hadn't been as wretched, as panicked, as any trapped animal, I would have gotten a sort of detached amusement out of the irony of the situation.

From the very first, I put myself over. I didn't need any more building up, any smart publicity. My popularity grew by leaps and bounds. Myra Gorman was the rising star of radio. My contract forbade any outside appearances, but I was swamped with offers. (That was the year when torch singers were so tremendously in vogue, if you remember.)

The fabulous, feted life I'd dreamed of was mine. People recognized me wherever I went. I was photographed and interviewed and written up until it took a maid and a secretary to secure me any privacy at all. And I had to live up to my glamorous role! I had to *be* the radiant young singer who had skyrocketed to the heights and had the world at her feet.

That whole winter was an endless, exhausting dress rehearsal. And behind the scenes of that glittering pageant? There was Cass. Taking half my salary check as his just dues; borrowing—the term was his—as much more from me as he needed with cool insolence. Making himself at home in the handsome duplex apartment I had to have for background. Directing my life as if I were a puppet.

Fortunately I was spared his love-making. Not because he knew that what I'd felt for him once had turned to a loathing I could hardly conceal; but because, being Cass, he had found pleasures and diversions of his own in Mid-City.

He didn't care for the worthwhile, intelligent, delightful people—the top-notchers—that I got to know, professionally, at least. I suppose he knew he didn't stack up. Besides, radio and theatre folk who're getting anywhere don't dissipate. So he found his own level in a tawdry, hard-drinking crowd I detested, but had to play with, when he pulled the strings. He didn't often force me to join those hectic, raffish parties. Once he'd exploited me as the girl he'd discovered, and made a star out of, he preferred to be unhampered. I thanked God for that much. For by this time, Johnny Destinn had come into my life.

Johnny wasn't any high-powered radio star. But he was, and is still, one of the most popular and highly paid announcers on any program. His charm and gaiety and infectious enthusiasm get across to his audience just as they did to me the night of my first broadcast from Radio Towers. I'm still grateful to him for his understanding and helpfulness those first weeks. He gave me confidence and poise, spurred me on to my best, many a time when I might have cracked under the strain.

He gave me companionship, too. A companionship that was invaluable to me. When I realized that he was in love with me—that in his eyes I was beautiful and wonderful and perfect—it touched me beyond belief. Only a woman who's been treated as shabbily as I was—exploited by a man she has loved—can understand what healing there is in a decent man's devotion! So it wasn't any wonder that I invested Johnny with every idealistic quality a man can possess.

I DON'T know yet whether I was actually in love with him, or in love with the wholesome, decent things he stood for. He attracted me strongly, his blond, boyish good-looks. His gaiety and charm would have attracted any woman, but I was content enough to let things drift along between us—until the mild February afternoon we drove out to Ravenswood for tea, and he asked me to marry him!



Heartbreak and tragedy stalked her path because she loved.

Then I knew that life with Johnny—a home, a shared career—was worth anything it cost.

He leaned across the table, so close that his breath warmed my cheek, but I could just see him through a sharp mist of tears.

"I've a hot nerve to be asking Myra Gorman to marry *me*. . . ." he was saying unsteadily. "But Myra, I'm so crazy about you. And I could take care of you, honey and I don't just mean by paying the rent."

To be cherished and cared for and babied is every woman's dream. But Johnny meant something more than that.

"You're such an adorable kid, Myra, for all your being radio's sweetheart," he went on awkwardly. "You're so young—and sort of untouched by all the big town glitter. Innocent, I guess is the word I want."

"Do you think so, Johnny?" I had to smile. He was only twenty-two himself.

"All right!" he grinned back at me. "I'll say what I mean. I want to marry you first of all, because you're the girl I love. And secondly, because I want to get you away from Cass De Voe, and that cheap riff-raff he runs with!"

I knew he was thinking of a party Cass had staged in my apartment a few nights before. I flushed at the humiliating memory.

"He's my manager, Johnny," I said.

"I know that. What did you think I meant? And I know that he's getting into you for an unholy commission, without earning it, too. I'm pretty sure your contract wouldn't be worth the paper it's written on if you chose to break it. But that's your business, honey. It's the other angle I'm thinking of!"

"You've heard—gossip at the studio?" I asked, breaking my scone into bits. He colored to the roots of his fair hair. "Do you think if I had, I'd listen to it?" he said hotly. "Myra—I know you're everything that's perfect—but you can't afford a tieup with the wrong kind of people. Not in radio! You don't like De Voe's drinking crowd, you showed it plainly enough the other night. And as for De Voe . . ."

His clear, blue eyes looked questioningly into mine. If I'd had the moral strength to tell him the truth then, it would have saved a lot of heartbreak. But I didn't. I wanted him to go on thinking me perfect. I was so terribly afraid of his disillusionment.

"Cass De Voe is nothing to me, Johnny!" I said, and God knows I meant it from my heart. "Less than nothing! In a way, I got my start through him . . . but our accounts are all squared. Yes, I'll break with him for good and all! And then. . . ."

HAPPINESS warmed me with its lovely glow. Life owed me more than just the empty trappings of the success I'd bought with such bitter coin! I had a right to the dear realities that Johnny offered me. "Ask me to marry you again, Johnny!" I said, "Even if you know the answer already."

We stayed in that fire-lit tea room so long that neither of us had time for dinner before our broadcast. At that, we just got to the studio in time for the program.

I like to remember that hour. It was innocent and radiant and perfect as a spring morning when the world is washed with dew. And it was as short, too! For my lovely assurance in the future didn't last long. A little more than twenty-four hours, to be exact.

The next night I was dressing to go out to dinner with Johnny—there was no broadcast, no rehearsal to bring us down to earth again—when Cass turned up. It was late and my maid had left for the day. I let him in, even though he'd been drinking fairly heavily. After all, I'd been trying to get him at his hotel all afternoon. I might as well say what I had to say now and get it over with.

It wasn't just the mental image of my lean, laughing, cleancut Johnny that made me recoil from Cass. How had I ever been hypnotized into caring for this swaggering, over-dressed gigolo of a man? What irresistable glamor had I ever read into his sleek, second rate good-looks? His

nfidence in his own charm? I wondered. His slightly blood-shot eyes, that belied e barbered freshness of his face, looked e up and down. I pulled my peach-lored negligee closer about me, hating m for that look.

"Getting all prettied up for the boy-iend, sweetheart?" he said with a chuckle. ou guessed right. We're going places, ight. . . ."

"Oh, no, we're not," I assured him. wanted to see you on business, Cass." I oked at my wrist watch with a coolness I dn't feel. "I've got just half an hour." He lifted a malicious eyebrow, strolled er to the lacquered cabinet beneath the lcony and poured himself a drink. "Get-g pretty highhat, now you're the pride the network, aren't you?" he sneered. Vell, spill it."

MY hands were like ice. But I didn't waste any words. I told him that I'd lit with him, according to our agreement, r the rest of my contract with the eauty Glow company. But that that was e end. If he chose to sue, I'd fight him a finish! And from now on, any per-nal connection between us was finished o. If he dared to annoy me, or impose on me any further . . .

It wasn't the right approach. But I as so wrought up with fury at his solence, at my enduring humiliation at s hands, that I didn't use good sense.

"So there's a fair-haired announcer in e woodpile!" he said softly. "Oh, I'm p to what's the latest studio gossip, too. ow you've said your piece, Baby, sit wn, and let's be cosy. Kind of stuck on is Destinn lad, aren't you?"

He finished off another straight rye. he knew about Johnny, there was no nse in trying to deceive him. Wouldn't be better to appeal to whatever spark decency he had? I took the drink he'd ured for me, swallowed it down. Could play up to his vanity?

"More than that, Cass," I said. I leaned rward. "I've said some pretty rotten ings to you. Things I'll take back, adly, if you'll be generous, decent. Johnny estinn wants to marry me. He doesn't now about you and me, he mustn't, ever. e wouldn't understand. And if you don't t me go, Cass . . ."

He stared sulkily into his glass. Had I ound a crevice in his ruthlessness at last? didn't have to fake the break in my oice, the tears that wet my lashes.

"Can't you see what it means to me, ass? I love him. I want marriage, ecurity, a home. Terribly. More than ou can ever know. You aren't going to heat me out of them, are you? Please, ass, for the sake of the time when you id care for me . . ."

I made my second mistake there. I houldn't have said that; shouldn't have aught his hand between both of mine. He rned and I saw the hot, heavy-lidded look knew so well. He pulled me to him, nd my whole being was revolted by the ouch that had once meant heaven to me. You're beautiful!" he said thickly. "If ou hadn't treated me like dirt I'd still be razy about you, maybe I am anyway. Vhy should I step out of the picture for his Destinn guy? Why shouldn't we start ver again, instead? You just think ou're in love with him. You're sore at

5-way cookies

Easy! Quick!



1. **Two Cups Raisins**
   or
2. **Two Cups Corn Flakes**
   or
3. **Three Cups Coconut**
   or
4. **Two Cups Bran Flakes**
   or
5. **One Cup Nut Meats, Chopped**

Eagle Brand

MAGIC COOKIES

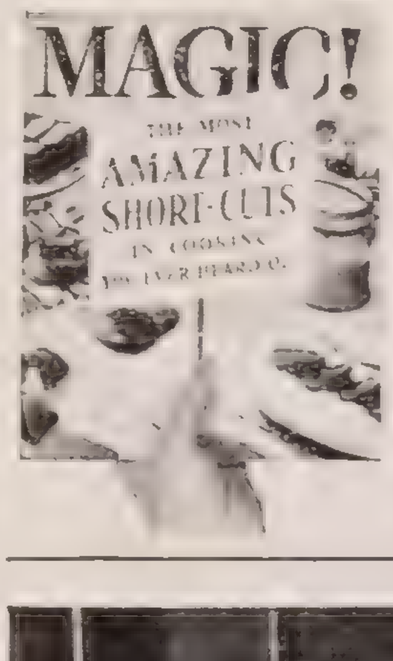
1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk

½ cup peanut butter

← Any *one* of the five ingredients listed at left

Thoroughly blend Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, peanut butter and any one of the five ingredients listed at the left. Drop by spoonfuls onto buttered baking sheet. Bake 15 minutes or until brown, in a moderately hot oven (375°F.) Makes about 30 cookies.

● No flour! No baking powder! Only 3 ingredients! Mixed in no time! Yet—whichever of the 5 ways you choose to make them—these cookies are crunchy, crispy winners! ● *But remember*—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed* Milk. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.



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Borden Quality



David Rubinoff, noted NBC violinist, and his mother who met this favorite son at the train when he recently returned from Hollywood.

me and I don't blame you for it. But you're still my girl."

I tried to free myself, evade his mouth as it sought mine. But only the stinging impact of my palm against his flushed face ended that loathsome kiss.

"You vain fool!" I sprang up, dishevelled, blazing. "Do you think I'm still your love-sick dupe? I loathe you. And I loathe myself more for having let you —soil me."

I was struggling in his arms when the bell rang three times. Johnny's ring. I went limp as a rag. I'd left the door of my apartment unlatched, told Johnny to come in and make himself at home if I was dressing.

Cass let me go, put one hand to his cheek. Drunken malice gleamed in his eyes. "So that's the boyfriend. Let him in—or shall I?"

It was too late for that. The door opened and Johnny stood there, bewilderment and then something worse glazed his features.

I couldn't speak. There was nothing to say. The tableau was so screamingly obvious that no stammered words of mine could help. I found my voice at last. "Johnny . . ." I whispered "Don't stand there like that. Come in . . ."

"Sure," said Cass. "Come in, Destinn. Have yourself a drink. You and Myra stepping out? Don't mind me."

THE deviltry of the intent behind the genial invitation did its work.

"Thanks, no," Johnny's voice was flat, lifeless. But the dreadful accusation in his eyes, as they took in my disordered hair, my deshabille, was like a blow. "Myra seems to have mixed up her dates. I'll be going."

"Johnny!" I ran to him. "This isn't what you think. I didn't know Cass was coming. You've got to let me explain. . . ."

"Explain what?" A travesty of a smile twisted his lips. "There's nothing to explain. Except my own stupidity! But we live and learn."

That was all he said. But it was enough. The door closed after him, and I knew, in that ghastly moment, that it had closed forever on the happy future we might have known. God knows Johnny had jumped falsely, at the obvious, sordid conclusion. But the ugly skeleton of the past was bared, for once and all.

I think, in my stupor of loss and loneliness, I'd forgotten Cass was still in my living room. Until he spoke. "There goes one guy who's been played for a sucker for the last time. Took it pretty hard, didn't he? You must have put on quite an act, Baby, just the hometown girl who didn't know what it was all about!"

"Get out!" I said. "You've done what you meant to do. Now get out." Then something snapped. I remember beating at him with my fists, like a crazy woman, sobbing with a wild hysteria that, in time, must have frightened him. When I'd wept myself limp and ill and half way back to sanity, I found myself on the divan, accepting his clumsy, half-drunken ministrations.

It didn't matter. Nothing mattered now. I didn't even hate him any more. Through the daze of despair, I heard his voice. ". . . sorry, kid. But it wouldn't have to a brilliant, bleak future that was built worked out, with a guy like that. You know it as well as I do. Come on, admit it. What I said before he butted in still goes. It's got to be you and me, Myra. I can't keep away from you, you know that."

HE was bending over me, but even that didn't matter. "It isn't the damn money I care about, believe it or not. I'll tear up that contract now, if you like. But I'm not going to lose you, Baby. Hell, if it's marriage you want, we'll go and get spliced tomorrow! Stop crying, will you? Think of the swell break you've got, kid. Everything you ever wanted back in Gilesburg."

I don't know how long it went on. Cass was drinking steadily, and I was suddenly aware that his monotonous voice had stopped. He'd passed out, sprawled



To Cass De Voe, Myra Gorman was a financial convenience.

there beside me. I knew what I had to do in one clear flash of desperation that was beyond panic.

THE alternative of going on with Cass, an incubus I could never shake off, was intolerable. What he said was true. He'd never let me go. We were bound together by some hideous law of destiny. Go on, on torment and degradation? Deck out my misery in the trappings of success and popularity?

I almost laughed as I stood there looking down at him. There wasn't any choice. I *couldn't* go on. Couldn't go back to the studio, face Johnny Destinn nightly across the mike, singing the torch songs he wouldn't hear, now. . . . I'd crack. I'd reached my breaking point at last. Better the swift way out, than that.

I needn't have crept so quietly to the bathroom. Cass was dead to the world. I opened the glittering medicine cabinet with stiff fingers. Yes, there was the little brown bottle with its sinister skull and crossbones. I felt so weak, so half dead already that I had to steady myself against the onyx basin. It would hurt. Burn with the fires of hell, for a minute. Then it would all be over.

I saw myself in the cabinet mirror, lifting it to my mouth—flaming agony blotted out everything but my own hoarse scream.

The first weeks in the hospital I didn't know much about. It was just as well. I must have suffered terribly. Gradually, I came back to life. And it didn't take the friendly evasiveness of the doctor to tell me what I'd done—burned the delicate membranes of my throat and larynx so I could never sing again! I had a dear hardboiled nurse who didn't believe in evasions. I got the truth from her. Not that it mattered much. My suicide attempt had made every tabloid sheet. Headline stuff, of course. My career in radio would have been over anyway. Scandal will wreck any radio star. I was done!

As I got stronger, I began to worry terribly about money. My salary checks had all been mortgaged ahead. How on earth was I to handle the awful expense of this private room, the treatments?

I asked Nurse Soames about it, in a sort of panic. She smiled knowingly. "That's all taken care of. It was, two days after you were brought in, dear. I'd say you have a very devoted boyfriend, if you asked me."

JOHNNY! I looked at the vases of flowers on the dresser, they'd been coming every day and my eyes filled with weak tears. So he still cared, in spite of everything!

"He's certainly a fine looking fellow. And he's been haunting the hospital until you can see company. Maybe this afternoon we'll let him in for a few minutes, if you're good."

But, when she'd combed my hair and got me into a lacy bed-jacket, it wasn't Johnny Destinn she admitted. It was the big, brawny Dan Kelland, trying to walk softly, fumbling with the brim of his too new hat. Dan the faithful lover whom I had spurned and left behind in Gilesburg.

"Hello, Myra!" he said. "Feeling sort of chipper again? Oh, honey. . . ."

I looked a sight. Thin and white, and my mouth was still scarred from the acid. But his eager, wistful eyes might have mirrored the loveliest, most seductive creature on earth.

"Why, Dan . . ." I whispered, in my funny, new voice. "Dan, it's been you looking after me all this time." I tried to sit up, and his big arm slid under my shoulders. He didn't have to tell me anything. Johnny hadn't changed. Not with his job, his future at stake! I saw it all in one clear vista. He'd probably sent flowers, and phoned once or twice and let it go at that. But he couldn't risk having his name linked with mine after the damning publicity of my abortive suicide attempt, could he? Oddly enough, I didn't care.

He'd failed me when I needed him most. His faith and his love hadn't stood up under the strain. But Dan!

"It's the job I've always wanted, honey," he reminded me huskily. I touched his eyes, and they were wet.

He'd come straight to Mid-City, the day he read of my ghastly near-finale. Gotten himself a room a step away from the hospital, stood by—and now he was telling me again about that lot he'd bought, up on the Bluff, overlooking the river at home. About the house for which he had the plans.

"Listen, Dan," I said when I could speak. "I'm not the same Myra Gorman you were crazy about, back home. You're sorry for me—you want to make things

easy for me. But it wouldn't be fair, Dan dear. You know how people talk, in Gilesburg. No, Dan . . . no . . .” I tried to push him away, even though the warmth of his arm, the feel of his rough blue suit, was—well, what it should have been, long ago.

“Let 'em try talking about my wife!” he said. “Myra—Gosh, I'll try to make up for everything, honey! Give me a chance, won't you?”

We were married the day I left the hospital. A week later, we went home. It was just as Dan said. Nobody was going to cold-shoulder Dan Kelland's wife whatever she'd done or been. And after all, I was still the Myra Gorman who had sung to a million eager listeners-in.

I ought to be very happy. Dan is the sweetest, the kindest man in the world. Our house is lovely and Dan is doing well. But evenings, after supper, when he turns on the radio, something worse than any homesickness creeps over me. I remember, like something in a dream, the tense thrill of the studio just before a broadcast; the marvelous moment of stepping up to the mike, sending my torch song over the networks to the people who've been waiting for Myra Gorman to sing. And sometimes it's almost more than I can bear.

But there are always the supper dishes.

We Salute NBC

(*Continued from page 6*)

carillon rings the loudest, its halls are the greatest . . . and across its stage moves a flood-lighted parade that reaches from horizon to horizon.

Like all great undertakings, it becomes ultimately a story of great faith. Great faith on the part of the men and women who have helped to build today's broadcasting structure.

For instance, there is David Sarnoff, chairman of the Board of Directors of NBC and president of the Radio Corporation of America. Many men have been pointed out as the father of modern American broadcasting. Many of those pointer-outers endorse David Sarnoff as the father of all fathers. His faith and his vision, they say, provided the money with which experiments were made until the clumsy baby of broadcasting shed its swaddling clothes and walked erect like a man.

There is the man known everywhere as “Deke” Aylesworth. His story and that of the NBC is told in this issue. The title is “The Saga of NBC.” There is a woman named Bertha Brainard who was presented last month as one of the nine most important women in radio.

These people had faith in broadcasting, and the whirring, stirring sounds that echo in eighteen million parlors today are the result of that faith. This issue is our salute to them as well as to NBC.

THE SAGA OF NBC IS ON PAGE 32

GLAMOUR! ROMANCE! BIG MONEY!

BROADCASTING

offers you these and more



Do you, too, want to get into Broadcasting? Do *you* want to have *your* voice brought into thousands of homes all over the land? If you do, then here's your big opportunity.

The Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting was founded to bring you the training that will start you on the road to Broadcasting success. This new easy Course gives you a most complete and thorough training in Broadcasting technique. It shows you how to solve every radio problem from the standpoint of the Broadcast—gives you a complete training in every phase of actual Broadcasting. Through this remarkable Course you can train for a big paying Broadcasting position—right in your home—in your spare time—entirely without giving up your present position—and acquire the technique that makes Radio Stars.

Send for Valuable FREE Booklet

An interesting booklet entitled “How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting” tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting. No cost or obligation. Act now—send coupon below today. **Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, Dept. 5A37, U. S. Savings Bank Building, 2000 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.**

You can train for a big paying position in Broadcasting as an:
Announcer
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Actor
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Program Manager
Sales Manager
Advertising
Publicity
Musician
Reader
Writer
Director



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2000 14th St., N. W., Dept. 5A37, Washington, D. C.

Without obligation send me your free booklet “How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting” and full particulars of your home study Course.

Name.....Age.....
Please Print or Write Name plainly

Address.....

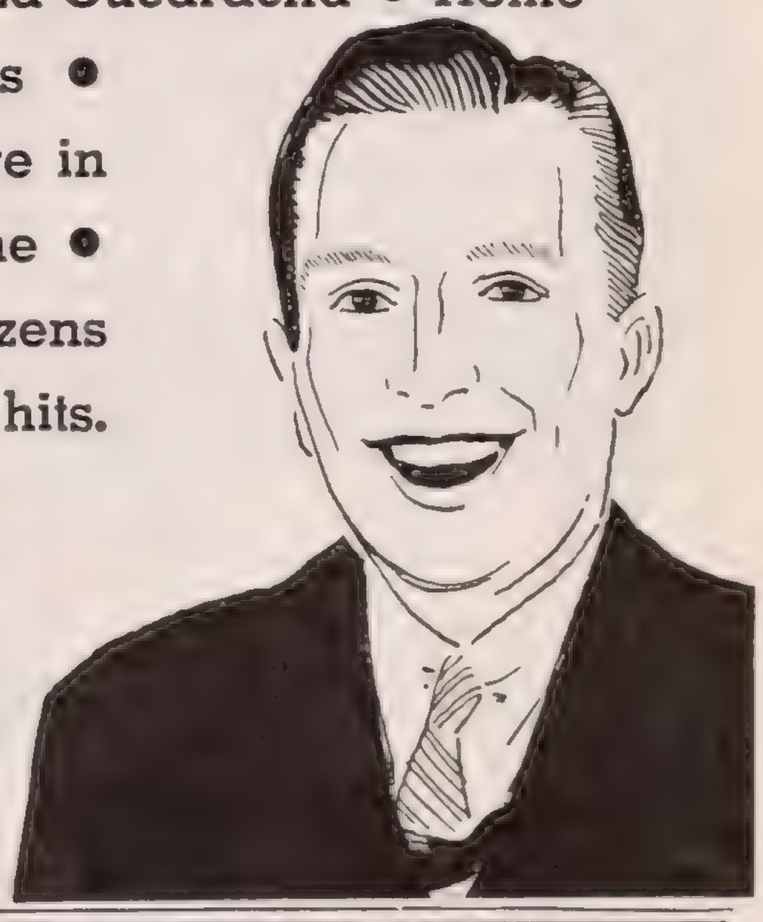
City.....State.....

Sing, you singers!

Read POPULAR SONGS and sing your blues away. Complete words and music to La Cucaracha • Home on the Range • Got the Jitters • Neighbors • Margie • You're in My Power • After You've Gone • I Ain't Got Nobody • and dozens of lyrics to your favorite song hits.

Popular SONGS

now on sale . . . ten cents





She Got $400.00 for a Half Dollar

I will pay **CASH** *for* **OLD COINS, BILLS** *and* **STAMPS**

POST YOURSELF—IT PAYS!

I paid $400 to Mrs. Dowty of Texas, for one Half Dollar; J. D. Martin of Virginia, $200.00 for a single Copper Cent. Mr. Manning of New York, $2.500.00 for one Silver Dollar. Mrs. G. F Adams, Ohio, received $740.00 for a few old coins. I will pay big prices for all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps

I Will Pay $100.00 For A Dime!

1894 S. Mint; $50.00 for 1933 Liberty Head Nickel (not Buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder and further particulars. It may mean much profit to you Write today to

B. MAX MEHL, 124 Mehl Bldg., FORT WORTH, TEXAS
(Largest Rare Coin Establishment in U. S.)



Too Hot to Broadcast

(*Continued from page 23*)

$1,000 or sentenced to a year in jail for each day that the offense occurs. In other words, if a station broadcasts the names of the winners in a sweepstakes every day for a month, the owner may be fined $30,000 and go to jail for thirty years. It's a more severe sentence than is given for killing a man in some states.

Do you wonder why stations are careful?

And here are a few more Thou Shalt Nots, taken from the Act of 1934: No station can put on a paid program without announcing that it is sponsored. Nor can a Squeedunk station tune in a network (or other) program and rebroadcast it without expressed permission from the station wherein the program originates. Nor can anyone send out false distress signals.

That's what the regulations say, so I asked, "What does the Commission consider obscene or indecent? You forbid things that are permitted to appear in books, magazines, movies and on the stage. Where do you draw the line as to what's too hot to broadcast?"

The reply was, "We feel that every member of the family has a right to enjoy radio. If we believe that parents may consider certain material harmful to their children, we disapprove its use as broadcast material."

I got an even more concrete statement from Mr. A. A. Commier, until recently general manager of WOR, the largest independent station in the East. "There are three words which are taboo on WOR," Mr. Commier said. "They are hell, damn, and nigger. Of course the two first mentioned may be used in sermons and religious talks, but we delete all three from songs, sketches, stories and similar broadcasts. Nigger is taboo because the word is offensive to many colored people who may be listening—and rightly so."

I didn't ask him about "Chink," "Mick," "Kike," "Wop," "Frog," "Greaser," but they, too, are generally banned.

Mr. Commier continued, "For a long time WOR refused to accept broadcasts for proprietary medicines, but after such programs had become usual on other major stations, we let down the bars. Even after that, the advertising of laxatives was not permitted by any of the major stations, and it is only lately that they have relaxed this ruling.

"Dramatic scripts and stories are carefully read in our continuity department prior to broadcasting, and any risque allusions or objectionably passionate love scenes are rewritten in such a way that no listener would be offended."

Permitting questionable material to go on the air would not only offend the listener, but would react unfavorably to the station and program sponsor as well. Many years ago, when I was press agent for a small New York radio station, a couple of Irish entertainers broadcast a song about "Mrs. Murphy's Goat." It was not an obscene song by any means, in fact it was available on phonograph records. But it did poke fun at a mythical Mrs. Murphy.

The following day several hundred letters of protest were received from Irish listeners and Irish newspapers called the attention of their readers to the affront, suggesting that they resent it. The whole affair was as unintentional as it was regrettable, but it took the station many weeks to reinstate itself in the good graces of its Gaelic listeners.

How a station tries to protect its advertisers against such contingencies was another thing Mr. Commier explained. One sponsor wished to broadcast a contest in which only a single winner would receive a prize—and the contest entailed considerable work on the part of entrants. The station refused to accept an advertising



A new NBC mike-man, Cliff Engle. He announces from San Francisco.

contract from the sponsor, because it felt that all the contestants except the one winner would be disgruntled and resentful.

Another advertiser wished to give a daily report of automobile accidents—and the station refused to accept it, because it would tend to diminish the pleasure which radio listeners found in motoring. A third program was put off the air simply because it was tiresome and boring.

The situation was summed up when Mr. Commier said, "Stations are largely guided by that one phrase in the regulations governing their operation. They simply have to decide whether any given broadcast is in *'the public interest, convenience, and necessity.'* For example, no propaganda against the people or subversive to the authorized government of the United States may ever go on the air."

The same is true at the networks, though they insist that "there is no censorship." It *has* to be true, for it's only common sense. A chain station continuity man, after being subjected to what almost amounted to a third degree, broke down and confessed that they would not broadcast information relative to birth control, nor would they permit speakers to solicit funds, misstate facts, or utter slanderous remarks. There is a good reason for the latter stand. A station over which a libelous statement is broadcast is just as liable for damages as is the man who makes the statement.

SCRIPTS by experienced radio broadcasters, he said, do not ordinarily need cleaning, for the writers know what is and what is not permitted. But amateurs, or even professionals who have never done any radio work, almost invariably try to put smart or ultra-sophisticated gags into their comedy skits. And then they wonder why their scripts bounce back!

I next went to some advertising agencies. One executive refused to comment. It wouldn't do his stars any good, he said, to have radio listeners know that their comedy had to be cleaned up. It would be even worse to let them know that the comics didn't write their own script.

Another agency was more willing to discuss the subject. Here the continuity chief told me that they had broadcast a series of true police stories. Before these went on, they were submitted to Edward Mulrooney, then Commissioner of Police, and J. Edgar Hoover, head of the Federal investigators, who suggested the deletion of how the police obtained information enabling them to make arrests.

Even then other cuts had to be made, for the radio audience considered brutal killings too hot to broadcast and wrote letters of protest. Crime was made very unattractive in the series, then, as a consequence, men in the penitentiary objected, saying that So and So, who shot the cop in the bank stickup, wasn't really such a rat as the script made him out.

The use of hell, damn and Jesus is also taboo at this agency. When the script calls for a tough guy, he has to be hard without being profane or blasphemous. "But," said my informant, "our writers have evolved a technique whereby they can avoid such terms without sounding like *'Little Women.'* Why, at one time the stations wouldn't even let them use belly or lousy, but the rules have eased off on that."

In crime broadcasts the writers have to be very careful in naming the criminal. Letters have been received from Jews, Italians, Irish and Greeks (including a foreign consul) objecting because they considered it an affront that the criminal's nationality or religion was the same as their own.

Despite what the stations say about there being no censorship, the agencies claim to have felt it. One agency man told me, "The payoff is station censorship. The only fault we have to find with it is that it's not intelligent. Scripts are read by men whose job it is to find something to cut and they often delete stuff which is amusing and entirely innocuous. If the cut is unimportant, we let it go, but some-

imes we carry the fight right through and he stations' sales departments consistently ide with us."

That's what the agencies say. Now shall ve look at a few concrete examples?

REMEMBER when in the Amos 'n' Andy series one of the boys was on trial for nurder? If you recall, that sequence ended vith the whole murder, including the trial, eing just a dream that Amos was having. Radio listeners gave it that ending for they bjected to having Amos really tried for nurder, because they just couldn't stand earing him suffer.

Fred Allen went on the air with some gags about "The Full Moon Nudist Colony." Gracie Allen (no relation) has also quipped about "nudism helping a girl get a lot of things off her chest." Eddie Cantor has had nudist wisecracks. But those days are gone forever. The moguls have ruled that there shall be no more jokes about nudism.

Despite what the stations rule—no matter how strictly they try to enforce censorship (if censorship does exist)—there are occasional lapses. After dinner speakers at banquets, even in the days before repeal, sometimes have off-color stories. Even men giving prepared speeches will sometimes mutter, sotto voce, but loud enough for the microphone to catch, "Where the hell's the next damn page?" as happened in the last election campaign. A bedtime story teller, thinking he was off the air, concluded his talk with, "I hope that holds the little ———s until tomorrow." The next day he didn't have a job.

Recently a station broadcasting a benefit aired the words of a master of ceremonies who was speaking extemporaneously. He told a risque joke—and the next day the station had a warning from the Commission.

Do you blame the stations if they're careful?



Here he is, folks! The new Captain to take Cap'n Henry's spot on Show Boat. He is Frank McIntyre, whom you have heard on the Palmolive program.

TAKE CARE.. COLDS-SUSCEPTIBLE!

AN EMINENT physician states that of the 60,000 preventable deaths yearly in the U. S., many are due to neglect of the common cold. It is vitally important, therefore, that colds be kept under *control.*

If you catch cold easily—and your colds hang on—don't take needless chances. Follow Vicks Plan for Better *Control* of Colds. Thousands of clinical tests, supervised by practicing physicians, have proved its helpfulness—for *fewer, shorter* and *milder* colds.

When Colds THREATEN ..VICKS VA-TRO-NOL





If a Cold STRIKES ..VICKS VAPORUB

At the first nasal irritation, sniffle or sneeze, quick! . . .Vicks Va-tro-nol! Just a few drops up each nostril. Its timely use helps to *prevent* many colds—and to throw off colds in their early stages.

At bedtime, massage throat and chest with VapoRub, the modern way of *treating* colds. Through the night, its direct two-way action —by stimulation and inhalation—brings soothing relief—without risks of "dosing."

(Full details of this unique Plan in each Vicks package.)

VICKS PLAN FOR BETTER CONTROL OF COLDS



FREE!

KITCHEN TESTED RECIPES

Leaflets containing new and appetizing recipes, all carefully tested in a home-kitchen, are yours for the asking. Read this month's Cooking School article on cooking and then write immediately for this free recipe booklet. In it you will find several favorite recipes of MADAM SCHUMANN-HEINK, including:

● Marrow Balls for Soup ● Potato Pancakes ● Stritzle-Cake ● ● Holiday Dressing ●

THE RADIO STARS COOKING SCHOOL

Every Month in RADIO STARS

Rah, Rah Radio

(*Continued from page 27*)

chemistry, engineering, salesmanship, etc.

By paying attention and taking notes in the courses on psychology you could have learned enough about human nature to double your batting average, whatever your business. That little extra hatful of knowledge would have given you the courage to brace the boss for a raise. It would have helped you understand your boy friend much better and given you happier moon times together. Wherever you came in contact with people it would have helped.

CUDDLED up beside your loud-speaker you could have learned how to get the most out of your own speaking voice. Not for making speeches, but to make your words count among your friends, at the office, over the telephone. And if the opportunity arose, that knowledge would have helped you no end in breaking into the radio or movies.

You could have followed the world through its history from Cain to Dillinger. You could have become acquainted with the good plays of all time from Euripides to Elmer Rice. What could you not have learned? Electricity, astronomy, banking and the Einstein Theory. With Einstein himself at the mike. Even arithmetic. And how to cook and what to cook, how to keep beautiful, how to sew, how to take care of a baby and how to make a boy eat spinach. Yes, and about rock gardens and vegetable gardens, and window boxes, ferns, fertilizers and bugs. How to build a house, lay a walk, paint, sculpture, whittle and wattle, how to collect postage stamps and how to eat peas without becoming a sword swallower.

There's a broadcast called the American School of the Air. It's part of our university and it's mentioned here just to give you an example. Its teachers are top-notchers from all parts of the country. History, civics, geography, music, drama, art, literature and science are taught scientifically. It goes into 45,000 schools regularly, which means that about 6,000,000 kids listen to it as part of their daily routine. When Long Beach and other towns in California were wrecked by the earthquake it was that school which took over the work of the disrupted school system, and carried on for weeks, giving the children the only instruction they received.

Mothers also listen. Some never went to school and clutch at this as an opportunity to make up for what they have lost. Others who went to school, take it as an opportunity to brush up. Fathers listen. They are from all walks of life: bank presidents, factory foremen, boss carpenters and laborers. They like these simple lessons. Almost as many adults as children tune in on the program. The total of listeners is estimated at 11,000,000.

THE folks down CBS way who run the school told of receiving a letter from an aged Negress, not long after they had broadcast the story of the Battle of New Orleans. She said the broadcast was perfect and she ought to know because she was one of General Jackson's slaves. If you had gone to dear old Radio, you would know that General Jackson, known as Old Hickory and the hero of New Orleans later became President of the United States.

There are other stories like that. One is about a blind man who had recovered the use of his eyes. He became very fond of reading but he wrote that if he were given a choice between the knowledge to be derived from books and from radio, he would give up his eyesight rather than lose his radio school.

Then there's the funny story about the lumberjack who acquired a reputation as a highbrow in a Missouri logging camp simply because he had fallen into the habit of listening to Walter Damrosch's Friday morning Music Appreciation hour. The boss of the camp went so far as to appoint the logger camp librarian when someone sent out a truckload of books.

The Music Appreciation hour is, of course, the biggest and most popular course in the university. Twenty-five per cent of all the schools in the United States—about 60,000—get it regularly and weave it into their regular scheme of instruction. Notebooks, prepared specially for the course, have been sent to 6,000,000. Every schoolchild in Dallas, Texas, for example, possesses a notebook. Total listeners number roughly 15,000,000.

This course is in its seventh year and already possesses a large group, numbering several millions, who have completed the four-year course in Music Appreciation.

Said Mr. Damrosch, "They have learned to distinguish the different instruments of the orchestra and how the master composers have used them in combination with each other. They have learned something of the development of music from the simpler song forms to the most complicated symphonies of Beethoven and the music-dramas of Wagner, all of which come over the radio.

FROM this vast throng of musicians, created by radio, will come the song writers, conductors and concert masters of tomorrow.

There are no walls around our college. It is all mixed up with life as it is lived in the world outside. The news is part of the day's work. In fact, news often comes in and breaks right on the college campus—as when Roosevelt was shot at down in Miami.

The President has spoken more than twenty times. When he speaks the 40,000,000 in the student body cluster and listen. This is the university's star attraction. Members of the Cabinet have also spoken. Senators and Congressmen. Ambassadors. And hundreds of small fry. All explaining the exciting, engrossing events that have taken place since F. D. R. entered the White House.

Oceans don't bother the university. To its myriad halls come kings and their music. The sound of bells in London; the voices of choristers in Rome; the barking of Hitler and Mussolini; the call of the muezzin in Cairo; the guitar of a Spanish serenader; the nasal quarrels of orators in the Paris Chamber of Deputies. Frank Buck walks you through the jungle; Burton Holmes shows you a mosque; Ripley introduces you to a man whose bald head is shaped like a second face.

Stories of how Radio's explanation of new government laws helped farmers to save their land and householders to pay off mortgages we all know. Stories of how families were united by stray news items



Two of America's most famous favorites—you need no introduction to Mary Pickford and Rudy Vallee.

ire also common. Then there's one about a lass marooned on a farm twenty miles from nowhere with a month-old baby and a sick husband. She turned the dials. Out of the magic box flowed a voice telling her exactly what to do. Mother and child are doing well.

There's good advice in them thar waves. Advice from preachers of every sect. Hymns that raise the spirit. Lessons in tolerance and the way to behave. Respect for other nations, respect for neighbors, the real meaning of a square deal. The church is an important part of the university, but it comes to the students without a straitjacket of creed. It is pure religion, pure goodness. Protestants write to Catholic priests and devout Catholics rejoice in the words of the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick.

The morning exercises fix up the body, the evening vespers invigorate the soul. Politics are taught from poll to poll; business from idea to dollar; the social life from fork handling to wife handling. When the problem of what to do with the leisure created by the NRA arose, old Radio rushed in to fill the breach with lectures on hobbies. No less than 750 hobbies were and are being discussed in detail on stations everywhere.

The greatest university in the world is not exclusive to the networks. Local stations everywhere bear down heavily on education. The University of Chicago is on the air from dawn to midnight, using all Chicago stations. WLW at Cincinnati, which this fall becomes the nation's most powerful station, will use its new power to spread the Ohio School of the Air over half the nation. For the last few years this complete radio school system has been reaching about five states. Now it will cover the Middle West.

In 1934, twenty per cent of all programs broadcast were strictly educational. Another thirty per cent were classical music, news, political talks and other features which possessed cultural value. Thus, half of the programs were college material.

Now, a little tip for the girls and boys who really want to get the most out of this bowl of cherries we call life. A tip from the inside. The coming year will see the amount of radio education increased at least fifty per cent. The subjects now being taught will be given more elaborately. New subjects will be introduced. Better teachers, more dramatic presentations, more convenient listening hours.

You can improve your chances for success and happiness by sitting down regularly to a good, serious listen-in. Time is cash. Budget your time. Your radio time. And make it pay dividends by extending your knowledge of life and things, widening your practical capacities, and deepening your social and spiritual relations.

Jilted Into Fame

(*Continued from page 49*)

revived. One day, in a moment of fire, it reached the climax.

"Can't you wait, darling," Dick begged. "As soon as I have my own band and I'm settled in a good spot, I'll have the time and money to do all the things you want to do."

"Oh, you and your band!" she cried. "You may have to wait years. Either now or never!"

Hot words passed and in a blaze of fury she left—for good.

Even though their temperaments and ideas were so different, Himber really loved the girl. He was young and impressionable and when he realized that she meant what she said—that she was definitely through with him—he felt that the bottom had fallen out of his world.

SOME men might have gone on a jag trying to forget, but it had a strange effect on Himber. Somehow it woke him out of his easy-going complacency, stirred up his ego. He felt resentful and miserable at her lack of confidence in him. Then and there he made up his mind that he was going to prove to her how wrong she was. Before this he had been making his plans slowly and trusting to luck to give him the breaks. Now he determined to go to any extreme to realize his ambition. Nothing could stop him! So you see, it was more to show her what he really could do, than just personal ambition that spurred him to his unusual plan.

After making the rounds of all the hotels, he discovered that they had already booked bands for the season. Sitting in his room in the Essex House, deciding on his next move, he hit upon his bold scheme. The Essex House had no orchestra. Several times they had turned him down when he broached the subject, saying that they did not care to go to the extra expense. But now he had a plan which they couldn't possibly refuse.

He stood before the manager explaining it. "Yes, I'll pay the band out of my own money. You don't have to put in a red cent. Why not give me a chance and try it. You have nothing to lose."

That's how he got the "job." As he walked back to his room, his emotions were mixed with joy and fear. Here was his chance—"Richard Himber and his Orchestra" from now on. He would occupy a place in the sun and would be able to show off his new musical ideas. But then on the other hand he was going to invest every cent he had. He had exactly $12,000 in the bank and he was going to put all of it up to pay his band. He was playing a long shot, but he had everything to win—and everything to lose.

He did all of the work himself. Got the musicians, labored over his new arrangements, rehearsed his men and rushed around to the radio stations until he got an extensive hookup. He took the saxophonist out of the band because he recognized in him a glorious tenor voice, and coached and trained him to be his vocalist. The boy is Joey Nash.

Most Astounding
TYPEWRITER BARGAIN

10¢ a Day buys this New Remington Portable Model No. 5



10 Day Free Trial Offer

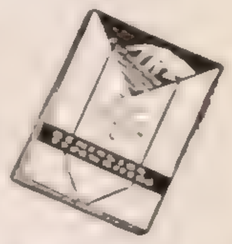
BIG PRICE REDUCTION

Accept this amazing offer on a brand new Remington Portable No. 5, direct to you from the factory. Never before could we offer it on such easy terms that it actually costs you but 10¢ a day to own it. This machine formerly sold for a lot more than its present price. The price and the terms make it the greatest bargain in typewriter history.

Not a used or rebuilt typewriter. Not an incomplete machine. A beautiful brand *new* regulation Remington Portable. Standard 4-row keyboard; standard width carriage; margin release on keyboard; back spacer; automatic ribbon reverse; *every essential feature found in standard typewriters!*

FREE COURSE IN TYPING

With your Remington No. 5 you get ABSOLUTELY FREE a 19-page typing course. Teaches the Touch System. It is simply written and well illustrated. Even a child can understand it. During the 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER you should dash off letters faster than with pen and ink.



FREE CARRYING CASE

With every Remington No. 5, a FREE Carrying Case sturdily built of 3-ply wood. Covered with heavy DuPont fabric. Top is removed in one motion, leaving machine firmly attached to base. Can be used anywhere—on knees, in chairs, on trains.



ACT NOW WHILE LOW PRICE HOLDS GOOD

New wage scales point definitely to higher prices. Machines on hand make possible the present unbelievably low cash price on this machine. We don't believe we can maintain the present price reduction for long.

You can try this machine for 10 days without risking one penny of your money. *Not even shipping charges.* Send for complete details on this most liberal offer. Get attractive new catalog illustrating and describing the many Remington models available on unusually low terms. Clip coupon today!

Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 140-1
Buffalo, N. Y.
Please tell me how I can buy a new Remington Portable Typewriter for only 10¢ a day. Also enclose your new catalog.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

162 HANDS TALK IN 7-DAY MANICURE TEST

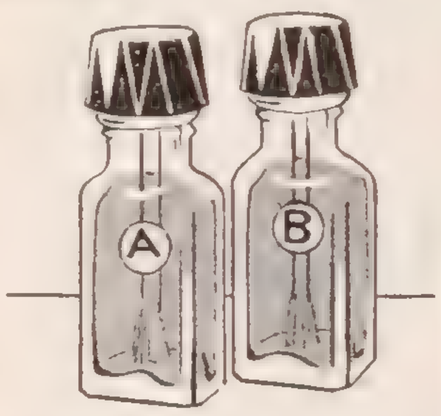
Test proves Chic Nail Polish equal to "salon" polishes costing 75c or more



This test was made with Chic, costing only 10c, on one hand and an expensive "salon" polish on the other. The polishes were supplied in plain unlabeled bottles, simply marked "A" and "B." The women testing them did not know which was which.

"A"—expensive "salon" polish

"B"—Chic Nail Polish



After 7 days' wear the results show—

81% find Chic equal to costly salon polishes or better . . . and two out of three of them say Chic is actually better and give definite reasons for saying so!

This test proved to them that Chic Nail Polish applied evenly and did not crack or peel . . . that Chic retained its color . . . that its luster was of lasting quality.

You can make this simple test yourself and discover a really fine polish for only 10c.

5 CHIC SHADES

CLEAR
PINK
CORAL
RUBY
DEEP

•ALSO•

Chic Creme Polish
Chic Cuticle Remover
Chic Polish Remover
Chic Oily Polish Remover



AT THE 10c STORES

FINALLY, the night of the opening, Richard Himber and his orchestra were presented to the public. It was an orchestra different from most of the others his audience had heard. There was an undercurrent of sadness to even his most lilting dance tunes. This was the first time they had heard the classical harp play such an important part in a modern dance band. It was strangely thrilling.

Himber felt that he was made. But he was counting his chickens too soon. He was very popular at the Essex House and he was building up a radio following, but no worthwhile offers had come his way and he was still paying his men out of his own pocket. Now $12,000 is a lot of money, but can you realize what it means to pay a flock of high-priced musicians every week? In less than three months Dick Himber's bankroll had melted away to exactly five dollars.

That Friday night, as he stood before his orchestra weaving his baton and smiling to the dancers, a feeling of terror clutched at his heart. He dreaded facing the boys to tell them that the orchestra would have to disband. And what about himself? His daring idea had flopped—and with it his dreams. He felt his world crumbling.

Suddenly, like a Good Samaritan stepping from behind a dark cloud, a telegram arrived for Dick. As he opened it his worried face broke into a broad grin. It was from Pierre Roche, an advertising man in Chicago, who was listening in to the boys on his radio.

"PLANNING BIG RADIO SHOW FOR STUDEBAKER STOP WOULD LIKE YOU AND YOUR ORCHESTRA STOP ARE YOU INTERESTED?"

Was he interested! Dick faced his men with a beaming smile and waved his baton more energetically than ever.

From then on, it was comparatively simple. They clicked. Besides the Studebaker show they play at the swank Ritz-Carlton Hotel and dozens of others are bidding for their services. Yes, Richard Himber is a name that means something today.

And if it hadn't been for a certain girl who walked out of his life and left a big dent in his heart he might still be working for some other bandleader.

"I Couldn't Sing Until I Learned to Live"

(*Continued from page 57*)

opera singer has found the one woman at whose feet he can place all the ardor, all the understanding, all the beauty of his romantic and intense devotion.

So if you want to warble, learn how to love, surely this is easy medicine for you who want to sing.

There are other things besides love that Mr. Tibbett says have enriched his life, made him live fully. The first is his love of nature.

Then, too, he thinks that his intense interest in people, his morbid curiosity to know about them, has also helped him to lead a full life. And then, there's eating, which Mr. Tibbett says is his besetting sin.

There are several incidents in Mr. Tibbett's career which demonstrate the artist as a man who's lead a colorful and dramatic existence, the kind of existence he claims is necessary to become a great singer. I wish I could tell you all of the instances that I know, but at least I must lift the curtain on a few anecdotes for you.

For instance, when Tibbett made his first disastrous marriage, he had saved $500. But reckless youngster that he was, he bought some new clothes and took his young bride on a sumptuous honeymoon, from which he returned with exactly two dollars and thirty-five cents with which to face the world.

Then there was a time Tibbett was singing the role of "Neri" at the Metropolitan while Madame Frances Alda (then the boss, Gatti-Casazza's wife) was playing the part of his faithless mistress. The part called for Tibbett to fly into a jealous rage at Alda; to be brutal, murderous, powerful. He was! While any other singer would have handled the influential boss's wife with kid gloves, Tibbett told me that he was so determined to do justice to his role that, throwing caution to the winds, he also threw Madame Alda to the floor! For a time he despaired of the operatic sky clearing again, and his fellow artists even took to humming Chopin's "Funeral March" upon seeing him. But Madame Alda, whom I realized the one time I met her, was a remarkable woman, forgave the young singer.

Another instance of the colorful existence that was Lawrence Tibbett's, occurred in the amusing episode at a Hollywood celebrity party, where Tibbett was asked to sing in Russian. This was a language of which he knew not one word, but he obligingly rose and improvised sounds, sobbed, ejaculated, emoted. At the end of the song, according to Mr. Tibbett, all the gathering, including Charlie Farrell, Janet Gaynor, Robert Montgomery and Leslie Howard, applauded violently. An actress, who claimed noble Russian ancestry, came up with tears in her eyes and said, "It was tremendous—my favorite aria—wonderful!" Tibbett, who in reality had not sung one real Russian word, protested that his accent was not good. "You are too modest," the so-called Russian actress replied, "I understood every word!"

And then, there was the tragically dramatic event in Tibbett's boyhood. He can never forget how one of his playmates came yelling into the Tibbett backyard and told him that a bandit had killed his father. When Lawrence Tibbett sang in "The Girl of the Golden West" at the Metropolitan Opera House many years later, the whole dramatic story of his father's death swept over him and made him sing his role with a realism from experience.

For Tibbett himself is the living proof of his theory—that to sing superlatively you must live vividly.

RADIO STARS' Cooking School

(*Continued from page 65*)

at brooks no inteference or denial. Yes, spite the twinkling eyes and an all 'round pression of sweetness and motherliness ere is something very firm about Schuann-Heink. And she fairly radiates alth. Her silver hair is glossy and ve, her pink and white skin would be e envy of many far, far younger women, ile the eyes that twinkle out at you are e windows of a soul still young, eager d ambitious. A combination of so much arm and personality in one person is tremely rare. That's why I came away om our interview feeling that it is indeed privilege to meet Madame Schumanneink. And I shall long remember sitting tranced as she told me of her long and sy life and described in detail the days her childhood in Austria. Had you ned in on that conversation you would ve heard her saying:

WHEN I was a child we were very, very poor. My father was an officer the Austrian army. My mother was alian. I was the oldest child and there- re had many responsibilities. I learned cook early in life, but not fancy things. ood things, yes, but simple. Over here you do not have butter and meat that considered terrible. In my home in the d country we *never* had butter and meat as a treat to be had only once a month hen my father was paid. And even then, you suppose we children got the meat y mother bought? No-o-o—it went into stew for flavoring! When the stew as cooked my father got the meat while ch child had one little bite, so big, like is," and Madame measured off a secon of her index finger to indicate the e of the piece. "Soups, vegetables, cabge—much cabbage—noodles, potatoes, at made up what you call our 'daily enu. Our bread was made by my other at home and taken to the ovens of e army barracks to be cooked. At other nes we ate the coarse army bread. So u see we lived very simply and the ings I learned to cook as a child were oodles, soup and marrow balls, and dishes ade with potatoes such as potato pankes and potato dumplings. Later on in y life, when I started my career as a ager, I learned to make a few fancier ings—not many, no, for mostly I was o busy to cook. As prima donna I had les to learn, trips to make, many, many ties. And there were my children—e children! They kept me busy. As ey grew up they learned to like things eat that I had never had.

"Because the holiday season will soon here it brings to my thoughts the Christas cookies and cakes my children and eir children loved." (Madame pronounced it "loffed" but I despair of trying convey her accent to you.)

"There was one kind of cake they ed especially," she continued, warming her subject, "the kind the Germans call tollen but which in my country is known Stritzle. It was a Christmas *specialité* the cook I had for many years. Her avarian star cookies also were excellent! I am glad to say I learned to make those, so that at Christmas time now I can make them for my great grandchildren and mail a box to each. I have five *great grandchildren*—such a big family—scattered all over the country. Everybody likes my cooking and I like to cook. That is fine, ja? I *loff* to go out into a friend's big kitchen or into my own little kitchen in the hotel where I live and make homemade noodles and other good things. My own kitchen is electric—ach, wonderful, wonderful is it not when you think that in my life I have gone from the coarse bread baked in the big barracks oven to Christmas Stritzle cooked in a hotel suite at the turn of one little switch?"

"I have tasted Stollen, or Stritzle as you call it, but never the homemade variety," I told Madame. "The very thought of it makes me hungry. Have you a recipe for the kind you like?" I asked hopefully.

"Certainly—I have. I will copy it down for you."

"And are there other recipes I also might have?" I suggested.

"Which ones would you like?" Madame inquired generously.

"Which would you recommend most highly?" I countered.

"What *I* like is one thing—what you would like might be something entirely different. So I will give you recipes for the kind of dishes that would be popular in *this* country, that is if people knew how to make them as we did in the old country. I'll give you two potato recipes—Potato Pancakes and Potato Dumplings. Then I'll give you something I never get here unless I make them myself—that's Marrow Balls. You never tasted them, no? They add so much to soup that I am surprised that so few people ever serve them. Then Bavarian Cookies for the *kinder*—we must not forget the children at Christmas time, that would be too bad of us. There, is that enough or would you have more?"

"Yes, just one thing more," I begged, "a good stuffing for turkey. I once tasted a stuffing made by a Viennese cook and I've been trying to get a recipe ever since. I never tasted its equal for delicate flavor and fluffiness."

"For turkey?" replied Schumann Heink in mock consternation. "What do I know about turkey, my child? I never even tasted one until I came to this country and then others cooked your native bird for me. But chicken stuffing I can make and it is everything you seem to wish—so good and so light."

"That's what I want then," I assured her.

I discovered after using Madame's recipe that it makes a stuffing quite as perfect for turkey as it is for chicken and one even better than that Viennese stuffing of which I had such fond memories. This stuffing recipe is now printed as one of this month's recipe cards in the RADIO STARS Cooking School Folder. By sending for it immediately you will receive not only this but other equally delicious Schumann-Heink recipes. One is for the Marrow



F is for *Freshness*
Vegetables grown especially for baby. Picked at the moment of perfection. Rushed to the cannery, where only the choicest go into Gerber cans.

V is for *Vitamins*
Conserved to a greater extent by Gerber processes, which exclude the oxygen that causes vitamin loss in open-kettle home cooking.

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Preserved to a higher degree by Gerber moisture-regulation, retaining minerals poured off in water at home.

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Retained in greatest measure by the new Gerber Shaker-Cooker. Vegetables are *stirred* throughout steam-cooking in sealed cans. Protects fresh flavor. Insures uniform cooking. Gives more complete sterilization without overcooking.

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Every vegetable uniformly prepared—standard in quality, consistency and flavor.

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Accepted by American Medical Association Committee on Foods. Prescribed by thousands of doctors.

• • •

Baby gets a complete variety of vegetables, summer and winter. No tedious cooking and straining. Mothers are freed of hours of daily drudgery. Doctor's instructions can be carried out more accurately and scientifically. Vegetables are unseasoned, so that they may be served as they are, or seasoned slightly as taste or the doctor directs.

When shopping look for the Gerber line. It means "Baby Headquarters."

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Please send me free copy of "Mealtime Psychology," by Dr. Lillian B. Storms. (Enclose 10¢ if you would like a picture of the Gerber Baby, ready for framing.)

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Blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color and sparkle of your eyes are instantly intensified. Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now darken your lashes into the appearance of long, dark, lustrous fringe, and presto . . . you will truly have eyes he cannot forget!

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Insist on genuine Maybelline products to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.

The Approved Mascara



BLACK, BROWN AND BLUE



BLACK AND BROWN



COLORLESS



BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY, VIOLET AND GREEN

Balls of which Madame spoke so highly. A few seconds work with a can opener will provide an excellent clear soup—consomme or bouillon—a few additional minutes work will produce the Marrow Balls which will give to those soups a note of originality and will reflect favorably upon your knowledge of what is good along culinary lines. Then there are the Potato Pancakes (I am giving you the other potato recipe before signing off). And of course I wouldn't think of depriving you of that recipe for Stritzle so I am including that in the folder too. This is part cake, part coffee cake and is full of delicious things as raisins, citron and the like.

The folders are all ready and waiting to be sent out. Waste no time, then, in sending in your coupon so that you will be able to incorporate some of these delicious foods into your Holiday menus. Even if you aren't able to send for them in time for that, you'll discover one of the very nicest features of Madame Schumann-Heink's recipes is that they are good the year 'round. Here are two of them to try out even before getting your recipe folder.

Bavarian Star Cookies

1 cup butter (½ pound)
⅔ cup sugar
3 tablespoons orange juice
1 teaspoon cinnamon
grated rind of 1 lemon
3 cups sifted flour
yolk of 1 egg

Cream the butter, add sugar. Cream together thoroughly. Add orange juice, cinnamon and lemon rind. Add flour gradually. Mix until thoroughly blended. Toss dough onto flour board, roll out thin. Cut with star shaped cutter. Spread centers with well beaten egg yolk. Bake in moderate oven (375°) for 10 to 12 minutes or until cookies are a golden brown.

Variations: Omit egg yolk and frost after baking with plain confectioner's icing.

Instead of rolling dough, make it into a long roll, wrap it in waxed paper and store in refrigerator until firm. Cut chilled dough crosswise into thin cookies. Bake as above.

Potato Dumplings

1 pound potatoes (about 5 medium size potatoes)
2 ounces suet.
4 tablespoons flour
1 cup stale bread crumbs.
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 eggs, well beaten

Peel potatoes and boil in slightly salted water until tender. Drain thoroughly. Force potatoes through ricer or coarse sieve. Cool. Chop suet extremely fine, add to cooled, riced potatoes together with flour, bread crumbs and seasonings. Mix thoroughly. Add well beaten eggs. Mix together lightly with a fork. Flour your hands and roll mixture into dumplings about the size of small croquettes. Roll dumplings in flour, allow to stand ½ hour. Drop dumplings gently into rapidly boiling slightly salted water. Cover and boil gently for 20 minutes. Serve with cheese sauce, meat gravy or tomato sauce. (A pinch of sweet marjoram added to dumplings will give them a distinctive flavor.)

And now before I leave you allow me to convey to you Madame Schumann-Heink's good wishes for the Holidays as well as for your success with her recipes. (And you won't forget to send for them, will you?)

This is Nancy Wood signing off. Merry Christmas everybody and a Happy New Year.



When they're good, they're very, very crazy. And they are that way all of the time for this couple is Charles King and Peggy Flynn, musical comedy stars, on WJZ at 9:45 P. M., E.S.T., Sundays.

He Rode to Glory on a Mouse

(*Continued from page* 17)

that in this talented rodent he held the secret of the success that still eluded him.

In those days everyone was talking about Hollywood. Boys and girls in their teens were trying to raise the fare to the Golden West where they could share in the cinema boom that was skyrocketing such stars as Wally Reid and Mabel Normand.

Walt determined to seek his fortune there, too. He arrived in Hollywood with the clothes he had on his back, an extra sweater, a few drawing pencils, forty dollars, and a lot of worry about unpaid debts left behind. He had also brought along a reel of the last fairy tale he had made.

For three months he tramped through the town trying to sell it, but everybody told him the same thing—their New York office might be interested. With a prayer he packed it up and sent it off.

YOU'D think little Mickey Mouse would be pretty disappointed by this time, sitting around on the edges of Disney's drawings.

As yet he was certainly a long way from becoming a national hero. But he was no more discouraged than the uncomplaining, always smiling chap whose shoes got thinner day by day.

Finally, timid, patient, long-suffering Mickey got his chance. With his last cent gone, Walt went to his brother and borrowed $250. This deal later turned into a partnership whch still endures with the brother, Roy, as business administrator.

It was this windfall, with a contract from the New York firm to which he had sent his film, that turned the tide. Probably you saw some of the first pictures he did. They were about a little girl who played with fairies. She was pretty terrible, Walt says, and he chased her back to fairyland as soon as possible. Oswald the Rabbit was his next. But, as with Alice, Walt wasn't satisfied. So he boarded a train for New York to see the boss about it. When Walt wanted to spend more money on Oswald, the boss got mad. Walt was tossed out into the street, and Oswald went marching on without him.

That Mickey should get his chance was inevitable now. Mickey who'd been hanging around on the backs of old envelopes and on odd scraps of drawing board. Before the train pulled into Hollywood, Walt and his wife, who had been one of his artists, had the first scenario for Mickey mapped out. As soon as they got home, their second-hand car was dispossessed and Mickey began to dance in the garage. That was back in 1927 when the movies were just beginning to find their voice. As yet, Mickey didn't even have a squeal. So Walt found him one. Or rather Walt talked and squealed himself blue in the face. And then he gave to his poor, defenseless mouse that bleating, quavering falsetto which would have disgraced any human being, but sounded in Mickey's mouth like a million dollars.

Soon Hollywood producers were knocking one another down trying to get Walt to sign on the dotted line. That date, history students will read about as the beginning of the Mickey Mouse Stampede.

Theatres started showing him here and there, then when whirring turnstiles marked the beat of a new juvenile idol's climb, scores and hundreds of theatres wired for additional reels.

DOLL manufacturers created his likeness and spread him over 100,000 store counters: breakfast food manufacturers, watchmakers . . . but you know the story. Mickey, the Amazing, has multiplied and divided himself until he can be purchased in more than 600 different forms.

I have called Walt Disney probably the most modest man in the world. All Hollywood knows him as one of the sanest. "It's been a struggle," Walt told me recently, "But now we're on our feet, out of the red—and at the same time we own and control the company ourself." Those sentences are typical of Walt, for in them he never once used what Broadway columnists call the perpendicular pronoun. Always he thinks of his company as "we."

The band of artists who began in a one-car garage have increased to a staff of over 200—artists, technicians, sound and cameramen and business administrators. The crude makeshift apparatus has gone and well over $150,000 has been spent on the most up-to-the-minute mechanisms.

You should know this, too. His success hasn't made him forget the other fellow. His employees get two days off each week to play and he pays them enough so that they can definitely put by money for the day when they want to pull out. But it will be a long time before this ever happens in this jolly family. They are having too good a time working for Walt.

Visitors to Hollywood these days almost always ask to see the place where Mickey Mouse is made. The building itself is modest compared to other Hollywood studios. But a large electric figure of Mr. Mouse rampant perches atop the building. Just inside the front door there is a coat of arms bearing the distinctive inscription "Ickymay Ousemay."

Outwardly, Walt Disney is no different from the slim brown-haired fellow who arrived in Hollywood with only forty dollars to his name. He still gets down on all fours rapturously to observe a beetle drinking a drop of dew. He still drives an old second-hand car. His only luxuries during the past year have been a new frigidaire and a baby. Outwardly Walt Disney is unspoiled and unaffected by the hubbub of the world acclaim that dins his ears.

I like to think of him, though, in connection with that spraddle-legged mouse on top of his studio. I like to think of that triumphant neon-lighted Mickey as a symbol of Walt Disney himself: modest, untiring, quietly intelligent and—sitting on top of the world!



Tuck a carton of KOOLS (200 cigarettes) into any smoker's stocking and listen to the grateful "O-ohs!" and "A-ahs!" you get. The mild menthol cools the smoke and soothes the holiday-harried throat, but the fine blend of Turkish-Domestic tobaccos is fully preserved. Cork tips save lips. Coupon in each package (like a touch of Xmas all year long!) good for nationally advertised merchandise. Send for latest illustrated premium booklet. (Offer good in U.S.A. only)

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Listen to Pat Kennedy, the Unmasked Tenor and Art Kassel and his Kassels-in-the-Air Orchestra every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, 1:45 p. m. Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network.

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 66)

SUNDAYS (Continued)

4:00 EST (½)—Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra. Karl Krueger, conductor; De Wolf Hopper, narrator; guest artist. (Rexall Drug.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WRVA, WPTF, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA. **3:00 CST**—WMAQ, WDAF, WIBA, WEBC, WAVE, WSM, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WBAP, KTBS, KPRC **2:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **1:00 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO.

4:00 EST (½)—Sherlock Holmes back on the air with Stooge Watson. (G. Washington's Coffee.)
WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WBAL, WMAL, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WCKY. **3:00 CST**—WENR, KWK, KWCR, KSO, KOIL, WREN

4:30 EST (½)—"The Land of Beginning Again." Ruth Everets, songs; Harrison Knox, tenor; Louis Katzman's Bohemians; Lew White, organist.
WJZ, WMAL, WBAL, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA. **3:30 CST**—WENR, KWCR, KSO, WREN, KOIL.

4:30 EST (½)—Tony Wons. (S. C. Johnson & Co.)
KSTP, WEBC, KFYR, WSM, WSMB. **3:30 CST**—WMC, WSB, WAPI, WJDX. **2:30 MST**—KOA, KDYL, KTAR. **2:30 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHG, KFSD.

5:00 EST (½)—Charles Sears, tenor; Mary Steele, soprano; Edward Davies, baritone; Koestner's orchestra. (Hoover.)
WEAF, WTAG, WCSH, WFBR, WWJ, WEEI, WJAR, WFI, WRC, WSAI, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WTIC. **4:00 CST**—WMAQ, WOW, WDAF.

5:00 EST (½)—Walk in, folks. It's Vick's Open House. Permit us to introduce you to Freddie Martin's Orchestra; Elmer Feldkamp, baritone; Terry Shand, blues singer; vocal trio, and the two-piano team.
WABC, WADC, WNAS, WDRC, WEAN, WJSV, WCAH, WHEC, WKBN, WOKO, WCAO, WKBW, WCAU, WFBL, WLBZ, WBIG, WMAS, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WJAS, WSPD, WBT, WMBG, WORC. **4:00 CST**—WBBM, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WGST, WBRC, WDOD, KRLD, KTRH, KLRA, WREC, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, KTSA, WIBW, KTUL, KFH. **3:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **2:00 PST**—KHJ, KOIN, KGB, KFRC, KOL, KFPY, KVI.

5:00 EST (½)—"Open House" with Freddy Martin's Orchestra. (Vick Chemical Co.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WLBZ, WBT, WDOD, KRLD, KLZ, WBIG, KTRH, KLRA, WCCO, WLAC, WHEC, KSL, KTSA, WMAS, WIBW, KFH, WORC, WGR, WBBM, WOWO, WHAS, KMOX, WGST, WBRC, WREC, WDSU, KOMA, WMBG, KTUL, WKBN.

5:00 EST (½)—Roses and Drums. Fragrance of romance mixed with the acrid smell of gunpowder in Civil War dramas. (Union Central Life.)
WJZ, WMAL, WBZA, WHAM, WGAR, WJR, WBAL, WBZ, WSYR, KDKA, WLW. **4:00 CST**—WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WKY, KTHS, WBAP, KPRC, WOAI, KTBS.

5:30 EST (½)—Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit. (General Baking.)
WABC, WOKO, WAAB, WHK, WSPD, WBNS, WWVA, WADC, WCAO, WGR, CKLW, WJSV, WHEC, WORC, WDRC, WCAU, WEAN, WFBL, WICC, WMAS. **4:30 CST**—WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WDSU, KOMA, KFH, KTUL.

5:30 EST (½)—Tony Wons. "House by the Side of the Road." (S. C. Johnson and Son, Inc.)
WEAF, WEEI, WCSH, WCAE, WLW, WRVA, WIS, WTIC, WJAR, WFI, WTAM, CRCT, WTAG, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WWJ, CFCF, WWNC. **4:30 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WDAF, KVOO, WKY, KTHS, WBAP, KPRC, WOAI.

5:30 EST (¼)—Ride adventure high while sitting at home with the Radio Explorer's Club. (Bosch.)
WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WBAL, WMAL, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WCKY. **4:30 CST**—WENR, WLS, KWK, KWCR, KSO, KOIL, WREN, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WAVE, WSM, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB. **3:30 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **2:30 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO. **Honolulu Time**—KHQ.

5:45 EST (¼)—Ruminations on Rover. Albert Payson Terhune talks about dogs. (Spratt's.)
WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WBAL, WMAL, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WCKY. **4:45 CST**—WENR, WLS, KWK, KWCR, KSO, KOIL. **3:45 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **2:45 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

6:00 EST (½)—"Music by Gershwin." Louis Katzman's orchestra; Dick Robertson, tenor; Rhoda Arnold, soprano; Lucille Peterson, soloist; Male Sextet, and Harry Von Zell, Master of Ceremonies.
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WKBW, WHEC, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, CFRB, WJAS, WFBL, WJSV, WBT, WBNS. **5:00 CST**—WBBM, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WGST, WCCO, KRLD, WDSU. **4:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **3:00 PST**—KERN, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KVI

6:15 EST (¼)—Jolly Coburn's Orchestra.
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WSYR. **5:15 CST**—WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL

6:30 EST (½)—"The Iron Master." Fifty piece band; guest artists; Bennett Chapple, narrator. (Armco.)
WEAF, WFBR, WTAM, WWJ, WCAE, WLW, WGY, WLIT, WRC, WBEN. **5:30 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, KPRC, WDAF, KVOO, WKY, WBAP, KTBS, WOAI.

6:30 EST (½)—Grand Hotel. A drama with Anne Seymour and Don Ameche.
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR. **5:30 CST**—WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC. **4:30 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **3:30 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

6:30 EST (¼)—Smilin' Ed McConnell. Song. (Acme Paints.)
WABC, WAAB, WKBW, WEAN, WQAM, WBNS, WFEA, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WFBL, WLBZ, WLBW, WWVA, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WJSV, WBT, WHP. **5:30 CST**—WBBM, WFBM, WHAS, KMOX, WGST, WBRC, WDSU, KRLD, KFAB, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WLAC. **4:30 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **3:30 PST**—KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KVI.

6:45 EST (¼)—Voice of Experience. (Wasey Products.)
WABC, WCAO, WCAU, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WKBW, WKRC, WNAC, WWVA, CKLW. **5:45 CST**—KMBC, KMOX, WBBM, WCCO, WHAS, WOWO. **4:45 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **3:45 PST**—KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KHJ, KOH, KOIN, KVI.

7:00 EST (½)—Jack Benny. Don Bestor's Orchestra; Frank Parker, tenor; Mary Livingstone.
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, WRVA, WPTF, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WTAR, WGAR, WSOC. **6:00 CST**—WKBF, WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, WIBA, WEBC, KFYR, WAVE, WSM, WSB, WKY, WSMB, KVOO, WFAA, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, WDAY, WMC.

7:30 EST (½)—Joe Penner. Ozzie Nelson's Orchestra with Harriet Hilliard.
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WRVA, WPTF, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WWNC, WLW. **6:30 CST**—WLS, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, KVOO, WKY, WFAA, KPRC, WOAI. **5:30 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **4:30 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KTAR.

7:30 EST (¼)—Queena Mario, soprano; Graham McNamee.
WEAF, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, WRC, WGY, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WBEN. **6:30 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WOW.

7:45 EST (¼)—Wendel Hall, the Red Headed Music Maker. (Fitch.)
WEAF, WLIT, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, WKBF, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, CFCF, WTIC. **6:45 CST**—WHO, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WOW.

8:00 EST (1)—Detroit Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Victor Kolar. (Ford Motor Co.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WFBL, WJSV, WICC, WBNS, WLBW, WHP, WDBJ, WTOC, WIBX, WSJS, WGLC, WKBN, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WSPD, WLBZ, WSMK, WBT, WDNC, WBIG, WFEA, WHEC, WMAS, CFRB, WWVA, WORC. **7:00 CST**—WOWO, WFBM KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WGST, WBRC, WDOD, KRLD, KTRH, WNOX, WKBH, KLRA, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WALA, WSFA, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, KTSA, KWKH, KSCJ, WSBT, WIBW, KTUL, WACO, WMT, KFH, KGKO, WNAX. **6:00 MST**—KVOR, KLZ, KSL. **5:00 PST**—KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, KOH.

8:00 EST (½)—Symphony Concert. Guest artists. (General Motors.)
WJZ, WSYR, WHAM, WBZ, WBZA, WBAL, WGAR, KDKA, WCKY (WJR on at 8:15). **7:00 CST**—WLS, KSO, KWCR, KOIL, WREN (KWK on at 7:15):

(Continued on page 86)

Goodnight, Mother

(*Continued from page 15*)

the room. As he sang he sang to her as had done so many times. When his last ng was over, it was as if he were closing door and going up to bed. Almost as a atter of course, he added the word, other, after saying the conventional good-ght.

The friendship between them goes back that far day when he was two years d. She reports that little Charlie sang simple church hymn through, keeping on y. At five his father held him up to e altar rail and he sang before the con-egation, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

When father, mother and son traveled e circuit in Pennsylvania, Maryland and her states, they became known in urches as the Thomas Trio. Father ayed the organ, mother and Charlie sang. he Trio broke up when the boy entered ep school and for a time his history be-me one of a husky kid's prowess as a otball player and high jumper. The ly cue for his mother's entrance came hen he dived from a tree into a swimming le and stuck head down in the mud. He as in bed for two days grinning up be-veen his bandages at his reproachful par-t.

REP school over, he started studying medicine in Baltimore. Medicine was his assion, singing his pastime. And a doc-r he would have been today had he not y chance captured a scholarship at the eabody Institute of Musical Education in altimore. He was in a spot. What to ? Father told him he must make his n decision. Mother said, "Look for me sign."

Young Thomas made the sign by pitch-g into the air an old Spanish coin she ad once given him. It fell heads and e became a singer. Actually, it was his other who decided. What also counted as the lad's knowledge of how poor his arents were, how hard his mother worked nd what an ordeal it would be for them put him through medical school.

To understand the love between this other and son, and the great career which rew out of it, you must realize that he ot where he is by his capacity for hard ork. A habit bred in him by his parents. minister's son doesn't usually sell news-apers, deliver groceries and do odd jobs bout town. But John Charles Thomas id. It planted in him the habit of diligence nd it was for the sake of the habit they t him work.

From Peabody he went to New York to nter the field of operetta under Henry W. Savage. There was something then, as here is today, about his voice which caught nd thrilled his listeners. His name went up in electric lights. But urged on by his mother-instilled desire for perfection, he was not content to remain a musical comedy star.

What he did took courage, the kind it takes to ride a Methodist circuit. Abruptly he decided to study abroad and prepare himself for a larger career. How many of you would have the grit to quit a career already made, for the uncertainties of concert and opera?

After the European sojourn he returned to America and began giving concerts. At the first of these he scheduled two songs by a young fellow from Texas. No one had ever heard of him but Thomas liked the songs. It's true, he hesitated to risk the success of his debut with these unfamiliar ballads but the memory of the young Texan depending on him decided it. He gave them the best he had and when he had finished there was a dead silence. Thomas's heart started to drop. Then suddenly a blast of applause split the air. One of the ballads was entitled, "Home, Home on the Range."

With the success of his debut came a cable offering him a three year contract to star with the Royal Opera in Brussels. Again he tossed the coin his mother had given him and it sent him to Brussels.

What followed upon his return from Europe, a finished artist, is an old story to most of you. His success in concert, in radio, in grand opera—these were things to gladden the heart and reward the labors of the twinkling lady of Towson, Maryland. Upon his return to his home he told how the Thomas Trio had gone to church as of old and there, out of a clear sky, his father called upon him to sing.

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS, who had sung before royalty and riff raff, who had sung his first song in just this kind of church, confesses he was scared witless.

Do not carry away the impression that this man who is identified in the mind of radio listeners as the perfect son is a mollycoddle, a mamma's boy. Look at his picture and remember this is the man who smashed his knuckles, sprained his wrist and dislocated his arm socking a taxi-driver who was insulting a woman. The man who almost beat Bobby Jones at golf. The man who played football against Jim Thorpe.

He is married now and spends his summers golfing, fishing and tinkering with a houseboat anchored not many miles from his mother's home. And working hard as usual. In the 1934-1935 season he will fill seventy singing engagements in radio, concert and grand opera from New York to New Orleans to California.

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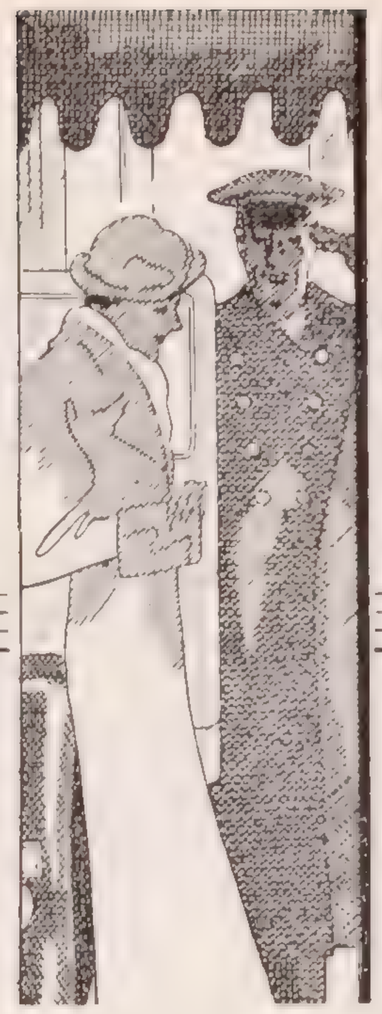
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Programs Day by Day

(*Continued from page 84*)

SUNDAYS (Continued)

8:00 EST (1)—Chase & Sanborn Hour with Eddie Cantor.
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, CFCF, WWNC, WIS, CRCT, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WPTF, WJAR, WCSH, WRVA, WJAX, WLIT, WSB, WAPI, WBZ, WBZA. **7:00 CST**—WMG, WJDX, KSD, WOC, WHO, WDAF, KFYR, KPRC, WKY, WTMS, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KVOO, WFAA, WSMB, WAVE. **6:00 MST**—KTAR, KDYL, KOA. **5:00 PST**— KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

9:00 EST (½)—Alexander Woollcott town-crying for Cream of Wheat. Robert Armbruster's Orchestra.
WABC, WOKO, WHK, WCAU, WFBL, WKRC, WCAO, WNAC, WDRC, WJAS, WGR, WJSV, CKLW. **8:00 CST**—WBBM, KMOX, WHAS, KMBC, WCCO. **7:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **6:00 PST**—KERN, KFRC, KDB, KHJ, KOL, KOIN, KFPY, KFBK, KWG, KGB, KVI, KMJ.

9:00 EST (½)—Manhattan Merry-Go-Round. Raquel de Carlay, blues singer; Pierre Le Krieun, tenor; Jerome Mann, impersonator; Andy Sannella's Orchestra; Men About Town. (R. L. Watkins Co.)
WEAF, WTIC, WJAR, WTAM, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WTAG, WWJ, WSAI, WFI, CFCF. **8:00 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, WDAF. **7:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **6:00 PST**—KHQ, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO.

9:00 EST (½)—Charles Previn and his orchestra. Olga Albani, soprano; guest artist.
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WLW, WPTF, WRVA, WWNC, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA. **8:00 CST**—KWCR, WENR, WTAR, WAVE, WSM, WSB, WMC, WJDX, WSMB, WFAA, KTBS, KTHS.

9:30 EST (¼)—Walter Winchell peeks and tells. (Jergen's Lotion.)
WJZ, WBZ, WMAL, WJR, WBZA, WBAL, WSYR, WCKY, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR. **8:30 CST**—WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL.

9:30 EST (½)—Gulf Headliners. Will Rogers and Stoopnagle & Budd in alternative cycles; Oscar Bradley's Orch. (Gulf Refining Co.)
WABC, WADC, WBIG, WBT, WBNS, WCAO, WCAU, WHEC, WJAS, WKRC, WMAS, WNAC, WORC, WSPD, WWVA, WDAE, WDBJ, WDBO, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WFEA, WHK, WJSV, WLBZ, WMBG, WOKO, WQAM, WTOC, CKLW. **8:30 CST**—KLRA, KRLD, KTRH, KTSA, WALA, WACO, WBRC, WDOD, WDSU, WGST, WHAS, WLAC, WMBR, WOWO, WREC.

9:30 EST (½)—American Album of Familiar Music. Frank Munn, tenor; Virginia Rae, soprano; Ohman & Arden, piano team; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; Haenschen Concert Orch. (Bayer.)
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WWNC, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WSB, WIOD, WFLA, WRVA, WJAX, WPTF, CFCF, CRCT, WIS. **8:30 CST**—WMAQ, KSP, WOC, WHO, WOW, WMC, WOAI, WJDX, WFAA, WSMB, WKY, KPRC, WDAF, KVOO, WTMJ, KSTP, WSM. **7:30 MST**—KDYL, KOA. **6:30 PST**—KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KGO.

9:45 EST (¼)—Songs and Comedy. Charlie King and Peggy Flynn for Tastyeast.
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WSYR, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WLW, WJR. **8:30 CST**—WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL.

10:00 EST (½)—Wayne King. (Lady Esther.)
WABC-W2XE, WADC WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, WBNS, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WFBM. **9:00 CST**—WBBM, WOWO, KMBC, WHAS, WDSU, KMOX, WCCO, KRLD, WIBW, KFAB. **8:00 MST**—KLZ. **7:00 PST**—KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KGW, KVI.

10:00 EST (½)—Hall of Fame. (Lehn & Fink.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAM, WTAG, WEEI, WWJ, WJAR, WCSH, WLW, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, CFCF, CRCT, WSB. **9:00 CST**—WMAQ, WFAA, WOW, WDAF, KTBS, KSTP, WJDX, WKY, WSMB, WKBF, WOC, WHO. **8:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **7:00 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

10:30 EST (½)—Pontiac Program. Jane Froman, contralto; The Modern Choir; Don McNeill, master of ceremonies; Frank Black's orchestra.
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, WRVA, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSB, WTAR. **9:30 CST**—WKBF, WMAQ, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WIBA, KTSP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WSM, WMC, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WSOC, WAVE, WKY, KTHS, WBAP, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI. **8:30 MST**—KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL. **7:30 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, KTAR.

11:00 EST (¼)—Wendell Hall sings again for Fitch.
10:00 CST — KSTP, WOAI, WDAF, WTMJ, WKY, KPRC, WIBA, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WBAP, KTBS. **9:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **8:00 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

11:15 EST (¼)—Walter Winchell.
10:15 CST—WSM, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WKY, KTHS, WBAD, KTBS, KPRC, WAVE. **9:15 MST**—KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL. **8:15 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, KTAR.

MONDAYS

(December 3rd, 10th, 17th, 24th and 31st.)

6:00 EST (¼)—Buck Rogers. Adventures in the 25th century. (Cocomalt.)
WABC, WBNS, WCAO, WCAU, WEAN, WFBL, WHEC, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WKBW, WKRC, WNAC, CKLW.
(See also 7:30 EST.)

6:15 EST (¼)—Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim. Cowboy stories for the kiddies (Hecker H-O.)
WABC, WAAB, WGR, WCAU-W3XAU, WFBL, WLBZ, WDRC, WEAN, WOKO.

6:15 EST (¼)—Tom Mix. Western drama for the youngsters. (Ralston.)
WMAQ, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP.

6:30 EST (½)—The Shadow. Mystery drama.
WABC, WCAO, WCAU, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WHEC, WJSV, WKBW, WNAC, WOKO, WORC.

6:45 EST (¼)—Lowell Thomas gives the days news. (Sun Oil.)
WJZ, WGAR, WLW, CRCT, WBAL, WBZ, KDKA, WHAM, WJR, WSYR, WBZA, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WMAL, CFCF.

6:45 EST (¼)—Billy Batchellor. Home-town sketches with Raymond Knight and Alice Davenport. (Wheatena.)
WEAF, WEEI, WTIC, WJAR, WTAG, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI.
(Subject to change.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy. (Pepsodent.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, KDKA, WLW, WCKY, WENR, CRCT, WHAM, WGAR, WJR, WRVA, WPTF, WIOD, WFOA.
(See also 11:00 P.M. EST.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Myrt and Marge. (Wrigley's.)
WABC, WADC, WBT, WCAO, WCAU, WWVA, WDAE, WDBO, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, CKLW, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WKBW, WKRC, WNAC, WOKO, WQAM, WSPD, WTOC.
(See also 11:00 P.M. EST.)

7:15 EST (¼)—Willard Robison and his Deep River Orchestra with Mildred Bailey, blues singer. (Vick Chemical Co.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, WCKY. **8:15 CST**—WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, KOIL.

7:15 EST (¼)—"Just Plain Bill." Sketches of small town barber. (Kolynos.)
WABC, WCAO, WCAU, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WKBW, WKRC, WNAC, CKLW.

7:15 EST (¼)—Gene and Glenn. Songs and comedy. (Gillette.)
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WFBR, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA.
(See also 11:15 P.M. EST.)

7:30 EST (¼)—Minstrel Show. Al Bernard and Paul Dumont; Wallace Butterworth, interlocutor; quartet and Milton Rettenberg's orchestra. (Molle.)
WEAF, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, WRC, WGY, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI. **6:30 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WFBR.

7:30 EST (¼)—Silver Dust Serenaders with Paul Keast, baritone, and Rollo Hudson's orchestra.
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WGR, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WFBL, WJSV, WHK, WHEC, WMAS, WWVA, WORC.

7:30 EST (¼)—Buck Rogers. Adventures in the 25th century. (Cocomalt.)
6:30 CST—KMBC, KMOX, KRLD, KTRH, WBBM, WCCO, WDSU, WFBM, WHAS, KTSA, WMBG, WBT.

7:30 EST (¼)—"Red" Davis. Dramatic sketch. (Beech Nut.)
WJZ, WBAL, WBZA, WSYR, WRVA, WWNC, WJAX, WFLA, WMAL, WBZ, WHAM, KDKA, WPTF, WIS, WIOD, WSB. **6:30 CST**—WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WEBC, WMC, WSMB, KTBS, WSB, WREN, KOIL, WIBA, KSTP, WSM, WJDX, WKY, KPRC, WAVE.

7:45 EST (¼)—Dramatic sketch with Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson. (Woodbury's.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA.

(*Continued on page 88*)

Keep Young and Beautiful

(*Continued from page 8*)

so oily that a foundation cream would re-appear through your powder, it's wiser to use an astringent as the final step before powdering.

When you powder, try *beginning* at the neck for a change. Work up to the face, and powder your nose last. This means reversing the order for most women, and gives your neck the assurance of a "new deal." Forgotten necks have a way of showing up to disgraceful advantage in low necked growns. Pat your powder on generously—very generously—and then smooth the excess away with a soft powder brush. That is much better than putting on one skimpy layer of powder and then another, with your poor nose coming in for about half a dozen retouchings.

Did you know that it is the smart thing to make up your hands and arms as well as your face for evening? First, apply a vanishing cream or hand lotion to your hands and arms. Wipe off any oily residue that is left. Then apply your powder. Always use a lighter shade of powder than on your face. Rouge the tips of your fingers very slightly. Rosy fingertips are delightful touches to femininity. If you will apply rouge along the sides of the fingers and down the outside of the hands, you can give too plump hands the illusion of slenderness.

Fashions have gone so very elegant and shiny with the glow of satin, the sparkle of metal cloths, and the gleam of transparent velvet, that makeup shades in general will tend to be brighter and more vivid. Your lipstick can be like a red badge of courage for the New Year (we know of an indelible lipstick that comes in the most inspiring shades of red . . . Coral, Exotic, Strawberry, um-m), but that doesn't mean that it should make your mouth look like a brutal gash. The best rule I can give you for applying rouge is to go out and sweep the snow off the front doorsteps, and perhaps the sidewalk, too; and then come in and follow nature's lead in putting on your rouge. (Not, of course, if nature's lead makes your nose red.) If you live on the tenth floor of an apartment building, and haven't any doorstep to sweep, you'll have to content yourself with slapping your face gently until the natural color comes and then observing where nature puts the color. Do likewise.

Your mascara can be a little heavier for evening, and eyeshadow can do wonders for you. Experiment with different shades and blendings of eyeshadow. You don't know what exquisite effects you can achieve until you try, and note we said exquisite and not bizarre! Come to think of it, an eye makeup kit, with eyebrow brushes, mascara, different shades of eyeshadow, eyebrow pencil, and maybe even an eye-wash, would make a unique gift, and an appreciated one.

Let's imagine that you've had a very successful evening at the party, that you were gazed on with admiration and had every dance taken; but now it's late and you're "simply dead." A luke-warm bath, with plenty of lathery soap, perfumed water softener, and an aftermath of flower talcum, will be a tonic to your spirit as well as to your body. Relax completely, from the tips of your fingers to the end of your toes, or as Amos 'n Andy would prefer it said—"Un-lax." Incidentally, don't forget the importance of a deodorant these days and nights. Don't ever be a wallflower on account of *that!*

Your mind may have a habit of insisting on going around in circles after you're in bed, and you keep on wondering whether Bob will ask you for a New Year's Eve date, or if you're a housewife, whether to have oyster or plain bread stuffing for the holiday bird (you'll probably decide on bread after you've read the recipe in this month's RADIO STARS Cooking School) or whether you can possibly get all the things done the next day that you *have* to do. Then you had better try taking some deep, deep breaths in front of the open window before you hop into bed. Twenty deep breaths in which you breathe in all the peace and quiet and health of the outdoors, and your lungs will be rid of the stale air that is conducive to keeping stale thoughts revolving in your head. Breathe down to the very bottom of your lungs to change all their contents. A glass of warm milk (if you aren't worried about your weight), or hot water with a little lemon or salt to kill its enervating taste (if you are), will also help you sleep. Blink your eyes at the patch of gray that is your window, and roll them sideways, up, down, until their tenseness is relieved, and they feel as relaxed as your body. Incidentally, we know of a flabby chin support that is chic as a turban. You tie it on and wear it while you sleep.

Next morning, for we're not going to let you go to sleep on us yet, turn on the radio, and make a game out of doing a few exercises to music. Exercise when you're tired to wash away fatigue poisons. Take twenty more deep breaths, and you'll feel in tune with the world. You'll face the day with rosier cheeks and brighter eyes, and a happier outlook on things in general, and Christmas shopping in particular. And do write me if you need help with the latter!

To You—

from CAROLYN BELMONT

a sincere wish for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! If you have any beauty or gift problems that are troubling you, write me, and enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope. I'll be glad to help you.





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Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 86)

MONDAYS (Continued)

WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR. **6:45 CST**—WCKY, WENR, WLS, KWK, KWCR, KSO, KOIL, WREN, WSM, WSB, WSMB, KVOO, WFAA, KPRC

7:45 EST (¼)—Boake Carter, commentator on the news. (Philco.)
WABC, WCAO, KMBC, WNAC, WJSV, WHK, CKLW, WCAU, WJAS, WBT, WGR. **6:45 CST**—WBBM, WHAS, KMOX, WCCO.

8:00 EST (¼)—Carson Robison and his Buckaroos. (Aspergum.)
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WKRC, WHK, WDRC, WJAS, WFBL, WBNS, WCAU, WEAN, WJSV, WHEC, CKLW. **7:00 CST**—WBBM, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WCCO. **6:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **5:00 PST**—KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

8:00 EST (½)—Jan Garber and his orchestra. (Yeast Foam.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, KDKA, WGAR, WLW, WJR. **7:00 CST**—WLS, KWCR, KSO, WREN, KOIL, KWK, WKBF. **6:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **5:00 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

8:00 EST (½)—Richard Himber's orchestra with Joey Nash, vocalist. (Studebaker Motor Co.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WSAI, WLIT, WFBR. **7:00 CST**—KSD, WHO, WOW, WDAF. (WWJ off 8:15.)

8:15 EST (¼)—Edwin C. Hill gives the human side of the news. (Wasey Products.)
WABC, WADC, WCAO, WCAU, WDRC, CKLW, WEAN, WFBL, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WKBW, WKRC, WNAC, WOKO, WSPD. **7:15 CST**—KMBC, KMOX, WBBM, WCCO, WFBM, WHAS.

8:30 EST (½)—Firestone Garden Concert; Gladys Swarthout, Wm. Daly's string orchestra. (Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, WCAE. **7:30 CST**—WKBF, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WFAA.

8:30 EST (½)—Concert artists; Josef Pasternack's orchestra. (Atwater Kent.)
WABC, WBIG, WCAO, WDRC, WFBL, WJAS, WKBW, WNAC, WQAM, CKLW, WADC, WBT, WCAU, WEAN, WHK, WJSV, WKRC, WOKO, WSPD. **7:30 CST**—KMBC, KMOX, KRLD, KSCJ, WBBM, WCCO, WDOD, WDSU, WFBM, WHAS, WOWO. **6:30 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **5:30 PST**—KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KHJ, KOIN, KOL, KVI.

9:00 EST (½)—Rosa Ponselle, operatic soprano; Andre Kostelanetz's orchestra. (Chesterfield.)
WABC, WCAO, WADC, WBIG, WBT, WBNS, WCAU, WDAE, WDBJ, WDBO, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WNAC, WOKO, WORC, WSPD, CKLW, WFEA, WHEC, WHK, WHD, WICC, WJAS, WJSV, WKBW, WKRC, WLBW, WLBZ, WMAS, WMBG, WPG, WQAM, WSJS, WTOC. **8:00 CST**—WMBR, KFAB, KFH, KLRA, KMBC, KMOX, KOMA, KRLD, KSCJ, KTRH, KTSA, WACO, WBBM, WBRC, WCCO, WDOD, WDSU, WFBM, WGST, WHAS, WIBW, WISN, WKBH, WLAC, WMBD, WMT, WNAX, WODX, WOWO, WREC. **7:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **6:00 PST**—KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KSL, KOH, KOIN, KOL, KIVI.

9:00 EST (½)—A & P Gypsies Orchestra, direction Harry Horlick. Frank Parker, tenor.
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCAE, WCSH, WWJ, WLIT, WGY, WBEN, WTAM. **8:30 CST**—KSD, WOW, WDAF, WHO, WOC, WMAQ.

9:30 EST (½)—Sinclair Greater Minstrels; old time minstrel show.
WJZ, WGAR, WRVA, WWNC, WLW, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WAPI, WBAL, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WSB, WSOC, WJR, WPTF. **8:30 CST**—WLS, KWK, WREN, KSO, KVOO KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KPRC, KTBS, KOIL, KFYR, WTMJ, WFAA, WMC, WSM, WSMB, WJDX, WIBA, WOAI, WKY. **7:30 MST**—KOA.

9:30 EST (½)—Joe Cook's cookoo comedy; Donald Novis, tenor; Frances Langford, blues singer; Don Voorhee's orchestra. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.)
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WCAE, WTAM, WRVA, WWNC, WJAX, WFLA, WAPI, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WWJ, WLW, WPTF, WIS, WIOD, WSB, WJDX. **8:30 CST**—WMAQ, WOW, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WMC, WSMB, WKY, WBAP, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, WDAF, KSD, WTMS, WIBA, WOC, WHO, WSM. **7:30 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **6:30 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

9:30 EST (½)—Block & Sully, comedy; Gertrude Niesen; Lud Gluskin's orchestra. (Ex-Lax Co.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WCAU, CKAC, WBNS, WBT, WFBL, WJSV, WNAC, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WJAS, WEAN, WSPD, WICC. **8:30 CST**—WBBM, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, KRLD, KFAB, WREC, WCCO, WDSU. **7:30 MST**—KLZ, KSL.

9:30 EST (½)—Princess Pat Players. Dramatic sketch.
WJZ, WBAL, WSYR, WJR, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR **8:30 CST**—WENR, WCKY, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL.

10:00 EST (½)—Wayne King's orchestra. Rythm by the waltz king. (Lady Esther.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WCAU, WEAN, WSPD, WBNS, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WJAS, WFBL, WJSV. **9:00 CST**—WBBM, WOWO, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, KFAB, WCCO, WIBW, WDSU, KRLD. **8:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **7:00 PST**—KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KGB, KFRC, KOL, KFPY, KVI.

10:00 EST (½)—Contented Program. Lullaby Lady; male quartet; Morgan L. Eastman orchestra.
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WLIT, WCAE, WLW, WFBR, WRC, WTIC, WGY, WBEN, WTAM, WWJ. **9:00 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WFAA. **8:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **7:00 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

11:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy. (Pepsodent.)
WHAM, WGAR, WJR, WSB. **10:00 CST**—WENR, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WMC, WKY, WBAP, WOAI, WCKY, WTMJ, KSTP, WSM, WSMB, KTHS, KPRC, WDAF.
(See also 7:00 P.M. EST.)

11:00 EST (¼)—Myrt and Marge. (Chew Wrigley's.)
10:00 CST—KFAB, KLRA, KMBC, KMOX, KOMA, KRLD, WGST, WLAC, WODX, KTRH, WBBM, WBRC, WCCO, WDSU, WFBM, WHAS, WREC, WSFA. **9:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **8:00 PST**—KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KHJ, KOH, KOIN, KVI.
(See also 7:00 P.M. EST.)

11:15 EST (¼)—Edwin C. Hill humanizes the news. (Wasey Products.)
8:15 PST—KERN KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, KLZ, KSL.

11:15 EST (¼)—Gene and Glenn (Gillette.)
WCAE, WSAI, WTAM, WWJ. **12:15 CST**—WMAQ, WHO, WEBC, WJDX, WKY, WOC, KSTP, WOW, WTMJ, WSM, WSMB, KTBS, WDAF, KTHS, WIBA, KSD, WSB, WAVE, WOAI, WKBF, WFAA, KPRC. **10:15 MST**—KTAR, KDYL. **9:15 PST**—KHQ, KFSD, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO.
(See also 7:15 P.M. EST.)

11:30 EST (½)—Voice of Firestone Garden Concerts.
10:30 CST—KSD, WOC, WHO, WIBA, KSTP, WDAY, KFYR, WTMJ, WOC, WEBC, WKBF. **9:30 MST**—KOA, KTAR, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL. **8:30 PST**—KFSD, KGV, KGO, KFI, KGW, KHQ, KOMO.
(See also 8:30 P.M. EST.)

TUESDAYS

(December 4th, 11th, 18th and 25th.)

6:00 EST (¼)—Buck Rogers. Sketches of imaginary adventure in the 25th Century.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:15 EST (¼)—Bobby Benson.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:45 EST (¼)—Lowell Thomas. News.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:45 EST (¼)—Billy Bachellor. Small town sketch.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Myrt & Marge.
(For stations see Monday. See also 11:00 P.M. EST.)

7:15 EST (¼)—Gene & Glenn.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EST (¼)—"Just Plain Bill." Sketche of small town barber.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EST (¼)—Buck Rogers. Sketches o imaginary adventures in the 25th century.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EST (½)—Edgar A. Guest, verse vocal trio; Joseph Koestner's orch Household musical memories. (Household Finance Corp.)
WJZ, WBZ, WHAM, WBZA, WBAL KDKA, WJR, WSYR, WCKY. **6:30 CST**—WREN, KSO, KWK, WLS.

7:30 EST (¼)—Whispering Jack Smith and his orchestra. (Ironized Yeast Co.)
WABC, WCAO, WCAU, WNAC, WDRC WEAN, WFBL, WOKO, WJAS, WJSV WKBW, WORC.

7:45 EST (¼)—Boake Carter. News.
(For stations see Monday.)

8:00 EST (¼)—Call for Phillip Morri

(Continued on page 90)

"If I Were a Girl I Wouldn't—"

(*Continued from page 25*)

mplex some girls seem to get. If you f it coming on the next time you're s ying to the music of your favorite estro, for heaven's sake squelch the impse. You'll certainly be glad afterwards.

Iowever, and Ozzie wants you to know l, nothing gives him any more genuine sure than your expressed appreciation his and the band's effort to please you. 's more than grateful when you go up l tell him how you've enjoyed his music. wants you to feel free to do that at time and he'll love you for it. For business of piloting an orchestra these s carries plenty of heartache and hard rk with it and a pat on the back from is a soul balm that all the maestros d now and then. But even if you've ays wanted to embrace a Greek god, to keep to a mere pat if you can. hen you feel the urge for a public hugg act—well, put yourself in the fellow's e tens before you go ahead with it. ve a guy a chance.

If I were a girl I wouldn't put on airs. ick around show business as long as zie Nelson has and you'll develop a keen se for poses all right. You'll learn to e an affected English accent about as ch as a good case of poison ivy. As n as Tillie of the Chorus gets one speakg line in the show she starts putting on big-time act and promptly giving severe ck pains to just about everybody who ows her. And the putting on of airs 't by any means confined to Tillies of e Chorus, either. According to the Nelnian theory, she's a rare girl who is solutely her natural, sweet self. And cidentally she's a smart girl.

you don't believe it's smart to be just *you,* take the case of Harriett Hilliard, hom you hear so effectively giving the elson's orchestra's vocal choruses what ey ought to have. Harriett was pracally a nobody, playing a very small role a Paul Whiteman short. But she was ing the best she could and doing it without benefit of affectation. Ozzie happened to op in on a movie one day, spot her, and to exhaustive means to find out her entity. A month later she was in the per strata of the blues singers.

"I never saw such pure naturalness," he mmented enthusiastically.

And that, one gathers, is what the average man wants in the girl he's going to all for. Just *you,* without the sophisticated attitude, the clever little fibs, the 935 slouch and your pet false eyelashes. Harriett Hilliard was natural. Look here it got her.

If I were a girl I wouldn't be misunderstanding. One summer night back Ridgefield Park, New Jersey, Oswald eorge Nelson, fifteen, started out on his rst date for a school dance. Pretty roudly, but a little uncomfortably, he approached *her* house in his first long pants —white duck, two-twenty-five a pair, with crease still warm from the family iron. Gee, but she was beautiful in her party dress! At least he thought so until they began dancing and the pants didn't work right or something. They nabbed his knees just once too often.

When he scrambled to his feet again she was giggling. "Oh Oswald, you blush behind your ears too!" The kids thought that was awful funny. Especially *she.* He was crimson with humiliation and hurt. He's never forgotten it. "She never looked pretty to me any more."

And to this day, Ozzie Nelson ranks an *understanding of little things* as being a darned important part of a girl's attractiveness. "Because," as he explained, "I think that all men go through life sort of spiritually wearing their first long pants. If a fellow has any little peculiarities of manner or personality, or finds himself in any embarrassing predicaments, nine times out of ten it's because he can't avoid them. He wants a girl to understand and be sympathetic."

If I were a girl I wouldn't do any chasing. Ozzie's strong on that point. He's not braying on account of being pursued so much himself, for that's nothing to be really proud of. All orchestra leaders fall heir to it without effort. But simply from observation and personal knowledge, Ozzie thinks a girl's loads better off when she lets the male pursue his own prey. There is a thing, you know, called the hunt. And ninety per cent of the fun of the hunt, men say, lies in the chase. When the circumstances are reversed, the Nelsonian idea asserts that the masculine party always feels a little humiliated and cheated. And if you stop to think about it all you'll agree. She's a clever girl who lets *him* do the worrying and put up with most of the bother.

Ozzie Nelson's ideas.

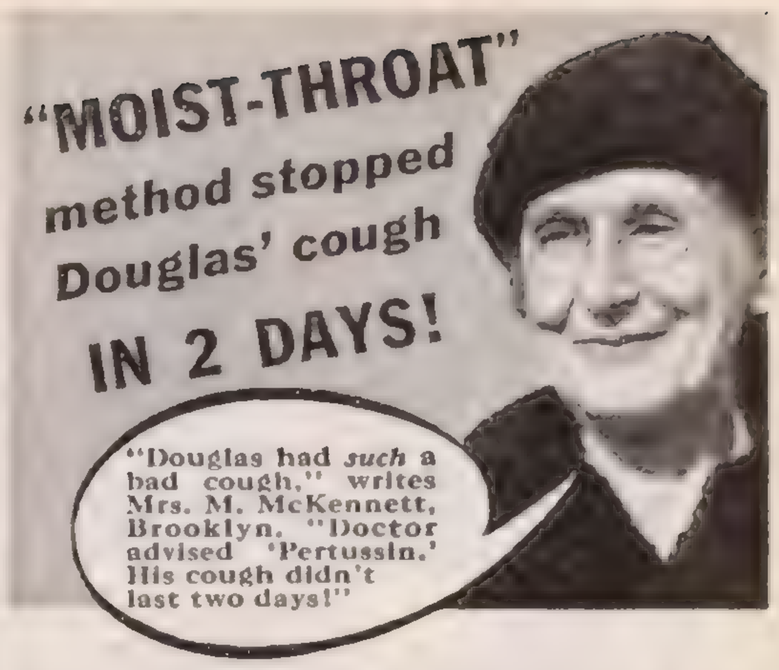
There you have them—straight from the shoulder—and truly, a bit reluctantly given. For Ozzie, rare individual that he is, has a perfect abhorrence of tooting his own horn. He doesn't want you to think him a too candid know-it-all. He's not. He really thinks what you'd want him to—that you're perfectly lovely girls and on the whole topnotch.

But you asked him for his insight and observations and got them. And if criticism's hard to take, you can either profit by it or tell him right back anything you think about him! Ozzie'll listen, all in the spirit of just what this is—a Truth Meeting. No hard feelings.

So the next time you desire, mademoiselle, to be kissed in a taxi; strut some Dietrich pants; dance the semi-split step of the Carioca or go after the sentimental scalp of the Yale man who's just moved in across the street, ponder over it for a little while first. Remember what that Nelson man said.

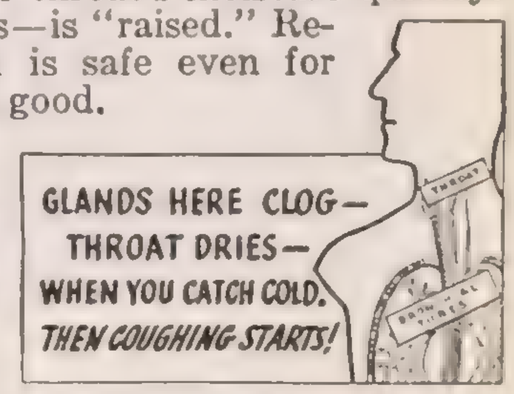
Then, true to the femininity that is yours, go right ahead and do exactly what you please!

Girls will, anyway.



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7:30 p.m.—WENR-WLS, Chicago; KWCR, Cedar Rapids; KSO, Des Moines; KOIL, Omaha-Council Bluffs; WREN, Kansas City

8:30 p.m.—WJZ, New York; WBAL, Baltimore; WMAL, Washington; WSYR, Syracuse; WHAM, Rochester; KDKA, Pittsburgh, WGAR, Cleveland; WCKY, Covington; WJR, Detroit; KPO, San Francisco; KFI, Los Angeles; KGW, Portland, Ore.; KOMO, Seattle; KHQ, Spokane; KFSD San Diego.

9:30 p.m.—KOA, Denver; KDYL, Salt Lake

10:30 p.m.—WKY, Oklahoma City; WFAA-WBAP, Dallas-Fort Worth; KPRC, Houston; WOAI, San Antonio; KTBS, Shreveport; KTHS, Hot Springs.



Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 88)

TUESDAYS (Continued)

Also for Philip Duey, baritone; with Leo Reisman's orchestra.
WEAF, WTAG, WFBR, WBEN, WCAE, WEEI, WJAR, WRC, WTAM, WTIC, WCSN, WFI, WGY, WWJ. **7:00 CST**—WMAG, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WSB. (See also 11:30 P.M. EST.)

8:00 EST (½)—"Lavender & Old Lace." Songs of other days, with Frank Munn, tenor; Hazel Glenn, soprano, and Gustave Haenschen's orch. (Bayer's Aspirin.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WKRC, WEAN, WJSV, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WHK, WFBL, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WSPD. **7:00 CST**—WBBM, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX.

8:00 EST (½)—Eno Crime Clues. Mystery drama. Second half Wednesday night.
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WSYR, KDKA, WBZ, WBZA, WGAR, WJR, WLW. **7:00 CST**—WLS, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL

8:30 EST (½)—"Accordiana," with Abe Lyman's orch., Vivienne Segal, soprano, and Oliver Smith, tenor. (Phillips Dental Magnesia.)
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WJSV, WGR, WHK, WDRC, WEAN, WHEC, WKRC, CKLW, WCAU, WFBL, CFRB **7:30 CST**—WBBM, WFBM, KMBC, KMOX, WCCO.

8:30 EST (½)—Lady Esther Serenade and Wayne King's undulating dance music.)
WEAF, WCAE, WBEN, WRC, WSAI, WFI, WGY, WCSH, WTAM, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WWJ. **7:30 CST**—WTMJ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, KPRC, WSM, KSTP, WMAQ, WKBF, WDAF, WKY, WOAI, WSB, WSMB.

8:30 EST (¾)—Packard Program. Lawrence Tibbett, Wilfred Pelletier's orchestra; John B. Kennedy.
WJZ, WMAL, WHAM, WJR, WBAL, WBZ, KDKA, CFCF, WBZA, WSYR, WGAR, CRCT. **7:30 CST**—WLS, KWCR, KWK, KSO, WREN, KOIL

9:00 EST (½)—Bing Crosby sings to the girls with the skin you love to touch. (Woodbury.)
WABC, WOKO, WNAC, WKRC, WDRC, WJAS, WFBL, WJSV, WADC, WCAO, WKBW, WHK, WCAU, WEAN, WSPD, WBT, CKLW. **8:00 CST**—WBBM, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, KRLD, WREC, WCCO, WDSU, KTUL, WGST. **7:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **6:00 PST**—KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

9:00 EST (½)—Buoyant Ben Bernie and his orch. (Pabst.)
WEAF, WTAG, WJAR, WGY, WTAM, WTIC, WEEI, WCSH, WBEN, WWJ, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WCAE. **8:00 CST**—WMAQ, KSO, WOW, WTMJ, WSB, WBAB, KPRC, KSTP, WDAY, KFYR, WMC, WJDX, KTBS, WOAI. **7:00 MST**—KOA.
(See also 12:00 Midnight EST.)

9:15 EST (¼)—"The Story Behind the Claim." Dramatic sketch. (Provident-Mutual.)
WJZ, WBAL, WBZA, WMAL, WBZ, WSYR, KDKA, WJR. **8:15 CST**—WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL.

9:30 EST (½)—Isham Jones and his orchestra with guest stars and mixed chorus. (Chevrolet.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WSMK, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WPG, WICC, WBT, WDNC, WLBW, WHP, WFEA, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, WMAS, WIBX, WSJS, WORC, WKBN, CKLW. **8:30 CST**—WBBM, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WMBR, WGST, WBRC, WDOD, KRLD, KTRH, WNOX, KFAB, KLRA, KFH, WNAX, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WALA, WSFA, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WMBD, KTSA, KWKH, KSCJ, WIBW, KTUL, WACO, WMT, KGKO. **7:30 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **6:30 PST**—KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, KOH.

9:30 EST (¼)—Ed Wynn, comedy. (Texas Co.)
WEAF, WTAG, WJAR, WGY, WTAM, WRVA, WIS, WTIC, WEEF, WCSH, WBEN, WWJ, WPTF, WSOC, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WCAE, WRVA, WWNC, WAVE. **8:30 CST**—WKBF, WMAQ, KSD, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WSB, WSMB, WKY, WBAP, KTBS, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTB, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WJDX, KVOO, KTHS, WOAI, KPRC. **7:30 MST**—KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KTAR. **6:30 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD.

10:00 EST (½)—Camel Caravan. Walter O'Keefe, Glen Gray's Casa Loma orchestra, Annette Hanshaw and Ted Husing. (Camel Cigarettes.)
WARC, WOKO, WNAC, WDRC, WEAN, WJSV, WDBO, WLBZ, WBNS, WHP, WDBJ, WMAS, WKBN, WADC, WCAO, WKBW, WCAU, WFBL, WMBR, WDAE, WICC, WLBW, WTEA, WHEC, [illegible] WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WJAS, WSPD, WQAM, WPG, WBT, WBIG, WMBG, WTOC, WORC. **9:00 CST**—WBBM, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, KMOX, WGST, WBRC, WDOD, KTRH, KOMA, KTSA, WIBW, WACO, KRLD, KFAB, KLRA, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WSFA, WLAC, WDSU, WMBD, KSCJ, KTUL, WMT, KFH, WNAX, WALA, KWKH

10:00 EST (1)—Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre with Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano; Frank McIntyre, Peggy Allenby, Charlotte Walker, John Barclay and others. Nat Shilkret's orch.
WEAF, WEEI, WRC, WBEN, WLW, WWNC, WIOD, CRCT, WTAG, WJAR, WGY, WCAE, WRVA, WIS, WFLA, CFCF, WCSH, WFBR, WWJ, WTAM, WPTF, WJAX, WSOC. **9:00 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, KFYR, WMC, WKBF, WAVE, KTBS, KPRC, WBAP, KSTP, WOW, WTMJ, WEBC, WDAY, WSM, WJDX, WSMB, WKY, WOAI, KVOO, WSB, KTHS. **8:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KTAR. **7:00 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD.

11:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday. See also 7:00 P.M. EST.)

11:00 EST (¼)—Myrt & Marge.
(For stations see Monday. See also 7:00 P.M. EST.)

11:15 EST (¼)—Gene & Glenn.
(For stations see Monday. See also 7:15 P.M. EST.)

11:30 EST (½)—Leo Reisman's orch. with Phil Duey. (Phillip Morris.)
WLW. **10:30 CST**—WTMJ. **9:30 MST**—KOA, KDYL, WDAF. **8:30 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.
(See also 8:00 P.M. EST.)

12:00 Midnight EST (½)—Buoyant Ben Bernie and his orch. (Pabst.)
9:00 PST—KPO, KFI, KOMO, KHQ.

WEDNESDAYS

(December 5th, 12th, 19th and 26th.)

6:00 EST (¼)—Buck Rogers. Sketches imaginary adventure in 25th century.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:15 EST (¼)—Bobby Benson.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:15 EST (¼)—Tom Mix. Western drama for children. (Ralston.)
(For stations see Monday.)

6:30 EST (½)—"The Shadow." Frank Readick.) (Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Coal Co.)
WABC, WCAO, WORC, WCAU, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WHEC, WKBW, WNAC, WOKO.

6:45 EST (¼)—Lowell Thomas.
(For stations see Mondays.)

6:45 EST (¼)—Billy Batchelor. Small Town Sketches.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Myrt and Marge.
(For stations see Monday. See also 11:00 P.M. EST.)

7:15 EST (¼)—Gene and Glenn.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EST (¼)—"Just Plain Bill." Sketch of small town barber.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EST (¼)—Paul Keast, baritone; Ro Hudson's orchestra.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EST (¼)—Buck Rogers. Sketches imaginary adventure in the 25th century.)
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EST (¼)—"Red Davis." Drama sketch.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:45 EST (¼)—Boake Carter.
(For stations see Monday.)

8:00 EST (½)—Mary Pickford and Company. (Royal Gelatine.)
WEAF, WTIC, WEEI, WFBR, WWJ, WCKY, WPTF, WRVA, WJAX, WJAR, WCSH, WLIT, WRC, WSAI, CFCF, WWNC, WIOD, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WTAG, CRCT, WIS, WFI. **7:00 CST**—KSD, WOW, WDAF, WOC, WHO, WMAQ, WMC, WSMB, KVOO, WOAI, WSB, WTMJ, WBAP, WLIT, WEBC, WKY, WDAY, KFYR, WJDX, WAVE, KTBS, WSM, KPRC, KTHS. **6:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL, KTAR. **5:00 PST**—KGO, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFI.

8:00 EST (½)—Eno Crime Clues. Second half of mystery drama.
(For stations see Tuesday.)

8:00 EST (¼)—Easy Aces. Hearts are trumps in these bridge table sketches. (Wyeth Chemical Co.)
WABC, WCAO, WCAU, WOKO, CKLW, WFBL, WHK, WJAS, WSPD, WKBW, WKRC, WNAC, CFRB. **7:00 CST**—KMBC, KMOX, WBBM, WCCO, WFBM, WHAS, WOWO.

8:15 EST (¼)—"The Human Side of the News." Edwin C. Hill.

(Continued on page 92)

The Saga of N B C

(*Continued from page 35*)

$2,000,000. As yet it is not possible to send the broadcasts from station to station by wireless. But the income from advertising is up, almost to $9,000,000.

In comes cyclonic 1929, year of stunts and technical advance for NBC. Aylesworth, looking yearningly across the sea, cranks up the engineering department. In February, they are ready. Stand by. There is a silence. Nobody believes it is possible. They wait pessimistically. Then clearly comes a British voice from Queen's Hall, London, a symphony orchestra. International broadcasting has been brought to the American people by NBC.

The following month Hoover mounts the White House steps. Bill Lynch, aloft in an airplane, armed with a portable transmitter, flies over the line of march, reporting the inauguration. Thirty million listeners heard him talk to Graham McNamee stationed on Pennsylvania Avenue, Milton Cross on the steps of the Capitol, John Daniel on the White House steps. It's old technique now but it was shiny new in 1929. Then came the inauguration with three presidents at the mike: Hoover, Taft and Coolidge.

THAT year Floyd Gibbons, transmitter strapped to his body, crawls around on the Graf Zeppelin, telling NBC listeners what he sees. Buddy Bushmeyer, mike in his teeth, jumps from an airplane and as his parachute opens up recounts his impressions. The Schneider Cup races in England come through perfectly and Christmas brings carols and greetings from Germany, England and Holland.

With the year 1930 came no let-up, but it was plain that Radio had entered a new era. The rough pioneering was over. Three years of almost superhuman effort had laid a solid foundation from which broadcasting could grow. In these years the prestige of broadcasting was established. In 1930 even the Pope capitulated, breaking the Vatican's century old silence to address America over the NBC networks. But he was the last. The mike had captured all others of any distinction—captains and kings and convicts.

The exploration of life and the world was still going strong, but employing a technique and proceeding on a momentum imparted by the NBC President. Portable mikes had gone down in submarines, in diving bells; they had caught the shot fired at Roosevelt, the tales yammered from the lips of Morro Castle survivors. Symphony orchestras and grand opera were routine.

Technically, broadcasting had advanced beyond all dreams. The great system of stations, coming in and out of the trunk-line broadcast, operated with the split second precision of a railroad. Delays were no more. The mike grew daily more sensitive. The objective of engineers was to make the system, from the technical point of view, as fool-proof as possible. And they have succeeded.

Financially, it was becoming self-sufficient. In the last few years, it has paid all of its enormous expenses—which, brother, is saying a great deal!

For Aylesworth, gazing in his mind's eye out over the web of eighty-seven stations spun out of his own vision and great energy, broadcasting is at the beginning of its power. These eight years have seen the construction of the machine. The machine for bringing song, story and wisdom to millions. Henceforth, the machine will go forward—in the direction of perfection and high quality, possibly to give greater emphasis to education.

Television is but one of many fantastic possibilities the future holds for NBC but whatever it is, Aylesworth will be there with his Merlin touch to give it all the quality of a thoroughbred performance.

Bruce Barton wrote that ministers' sons do one of the three things: one third of them end in obscurity; another third, get along fairly well; and the final third rule the world. This minister's son is apparently of the last third. The people who work for him describe him as "just like radio." As quick, as precise, as powerful —as overwhelming!

Should Bachelors Have Babies?

(*Continued from page 61*)

parent than a married one who has it thrust upon him.

When he paused for breath, the Jeering One observed cautiously: "You seem to have given the matter considerable thought."

"I have," replied Maestro Previn quietly. Then he told how for several years he has been on the lookout for a youngster whom he may endow with his name and bring up as his son.

WHY, one wonders, should a well-to-do bachelor with a taste for rare wine, orchidaceous women and world travel, consider complicating his easy and eventful life with a Little Stranger? What motives would impel a talented musician, whose work is admittedly his hobby, to disrupt the harmony of his present existence with childhood cries and nursery noises?

Those questions, when put to him across the luncheon table, the impresario of the Silken Strings hour answered simply, directly. "I've always been crazy about children," he said, "Besides, a son would be a great pal."

Maestro Previn believes that when he finds the youngster whom he thinks Fate is reserving for him, whether that youngster is wrapped in rags and as bald and blind as the eagle atop our national

(*Continued on page 95*)

Of one thing I'm really sure
F-O polish means allure



F-O polish...a real joy for every girl... in five becoming shades that apply evenly and have lasting luster.

At all 10c stores... Cuticle Remover ...Creme Polish...Polish Remover Oily Polish Remover...

Ft. Orange Chemical Co., Albany, N.Y.

Millions use "HUSH" *Deodorants*
FOR BODY ODORS
fastidious women prefer HUSH to stay sweet. Effective-easy
3 Kinds - CREAM - LIQUID - STICK
Now available in 10c sizes everywhere or send 10c for each kind desired
HUSH COMPANY
114 Market St.
PHILA., PA.





Gottschalk's
KOPPER BALL
3 for 10¢

The greatest metal scouring device value ever offered . . . you actually buy two and get one *free*. Items of lesser merit sell for 5c each. Gottschalk's Kopper Ball does a thorough scouring job with surprisingly little effort . . . will not rust, splinter or harm the hands. Burned, greased-encrusted pots and pans shine up like new. Avoid imitations. There is no substitute for Gottschalk Quality. On sale at 5 and 10 cent stores everywhere or direct on receipt of 10c. Metal Sponge Sales Corporation, Philadelphia.

Gottschalk's
METAL SPONGE

Home of the International Correspondence Schools



Go to High School at Home

You can secure a high school education right at home by studying the splendid new courses recently prepared by the International Correspondence Schools.

These courses are equivalent to the courses given in resident high schools. They have been specially arranged for men and women who wish to meet college entrance examinations, to qualify for a business position, or to make up the education they missed when forced to leave school too soon. A diploma is awarded at graduation.

Mail Coupon for Free Booklet

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 2621, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me full particulars about the course I have checked below—

☐ College Preparatory Course	☐ Advertising
☐ High School Commercial Course	☐ Chemistry
☐ English	☐ Radio
☐ Accounting	☐ Drafting
☐ Salesmanship	☐ Electrical Engineering

Name.....*Age*.....

Address.....

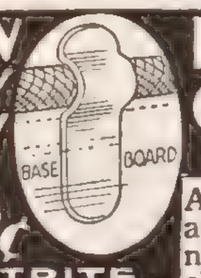
WE PAY CASH

FOR DIAMONDS & OLD GOLD

Diamonds of any size bought for $25 to $500 per carat. Old gold in any form, as high as $35 per ounce. Ship now; money sent immediately. Reliable jewelers for nearly fifty years. Send for free catalog.

I. PRESS & SONS CO. 817 CHESTNUT ST., PHILA., PA.

NEW EASY WAY 10¢ JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIP



KEEP WIRES OFF FLOOR

(LAMPS AND RADIO)

A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c.

At Kresge's



Jane Froman sings over WEAF each Sunday at 10:30 P.M. E.S.T.



Be a Nurse

MAKE $25-$35 A WEEK

You can learn at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. Est. 36 years. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Another saved $400 while learning. Equipment included. Men and women 18 to 60. High school not required. Easy tuition payments. Write us now.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 71, 26 N. Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name ——— ———

City ——— State ——— Age ———

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 90)

WEDNESDAYS (Continued)

(For stations see Monday.)

8:30 EST (½)—Broadway Varieties. Everett Marshall; Victor Arden's orchestra. (Bi-So-Dol.)
WABC, WCAO, CKLW, WJSV, CFRB, WNAC, WGR, WCAU, WBT, WKRC, WHK, WJAS, CKAC. **7:30 CST**—WBBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, KERN, KRLD, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WIBW. **6:30 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **5:30 PST**—KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

8:30 EST (½)—"Lanny's Log Cabin Inn"; Lanny Ross, Harry Salter's orchestra, and a guest furnished by RADIO STARS Magazine. (Log Cabin Syrup.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WCKY, WJR, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD. **7:30 CST**—WENR-WLS, KWCR, KSO, KOIL, WREN. **6:30 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **5:30 PST**—WKY, WFAA-WBAP, KPRC, WOAI, KTBS, KTHS.

8:30 EST (½)—Lady Esther Serenade. Wayne King and his orchestra.
WEAF, WJAR, WLIT, WTAM, WTIC, WTAG, WCSH, WBEN, WWJ, WRC, WGY, WCAE, WSAI. **7:30 CST**—WFBR, WKBF, WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WOC, WHO, WDAF, WSM, WKY, WMC, WSMB, WTMJ.

9:00 EST (½)—Nino Martini, tenor; Andre Kostelanetz's orchestra. (Chesterfield.)
(For stations see Monday.)

9:00 EST (1)—Town Hall Tonight. Allen fun with Portland; Songsmiths Quartet; Lennie Hayton's orchestra and others. (Bristol-Myers Co.)
WEAF, WJAR, WRC, WTAM, WJAX, WRVA, WLW, WCAE, WCSH, WGY, WWJ, WIOD, WPTF, WTAG, WLIT, WFBR, WBEN, WIS, WTIC, WEEI. **8:00 CST**—WMAQ, WOW, WSB, KSD, WTMJ, WSM, KVOO, WEBC, WDAF, WSMB, KBRC, WOAI, KTBS, WMC, WKY.
(See also 12:00 midnight EST.)

9:00 EST (½)—Warden E. Lawes in 20,000 years in Sing Sing. Dramatic sketches. (William R. Warner Co.)
WJZ, WMAL, WBZA, WJR, WBAL, WBZ, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, **8:00 CST**—KTBS, WLS

9:30 EST (½)—"The Adventures of Gracie." Burns and Allen, comedians, to you, Bobby Dolan's orchestra. (General Cigar Co.)
WABC, WADC, WCAO, WJSV, WNAC, CKLW, WORC, WCAU, WDRC, WEAN, WKBW, WOKO, WBIG, WFBL, WHK, WJAS, WKRC, WSPD, WBT. **8:30 CST**—KMBC, KMOX, WBBM, WCCO, WOWO, KOMA, KRLD, KTRH, KTSA, WDSU. **7:30 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **6:30 PST**—KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KHJ, KOH, KOIN, KVI.

9:30 EST (½)—John McCormick, tenor. (Wm. R. Warner Co.)
WJZ. **8:30 CST**—WENR, KOIL, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN. **7:30 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **6:30 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

10:00 EST (½)—Cool Customers. Broadcasts from Byrd Antarctic Expedition. (Grape Nuts.)
WABC, WADC, WKBW, WJAS, WBT, WEHC, WLBZ, WHP, WOKO, WCAO, WHK, WQAM, WBNS, WORC, WKRC, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, WDAE, WMBG, WNAC, WEAN. **9:00 CST**—WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WFBL, KLRA, WCCO, WDSU, KOMA, WMT, WBBM, WIBW, WJSV, WGST, KRLD, KTRH, KFAB, WREC, WLAC, KTSA, WACO, KFH, WNAX, WOWO. **8:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **7:00 PST**—KERN, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

10:00 EST (½)—Lombardoland. Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. Pat Barns, master of ceremonies. (Plough, Inc.)
WEAF, WTIC, WLIT, WGY, WTAM, WPTF, WJAX, WSOC, WTAG, WEEI, WFBR, WBEN, WWJ, WWNC, WIOD, WJAR, WCSH, WRC, WCAE, WLW, WIS, WFLA. **9:00 CST**—WMAQ, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WKBF, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, WKY, KTHS, WFAA, KPRC, WOAI, KTBS.

10:00 EST (¼)—Dennis King with Louis Katzman's orch. (Enna Jettick Shoes.)
WJZ, WMAL, WBZA, WJR, WBAL, WBZ, WSYR, WCKY, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR. **9:00 CST**—WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR. **8:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **7:00 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

10:15 EST (¼)—Madame Sylvia. (Ralston Purina Co.)
WJZ, WMAL, WBZA, WRVA, WBAL, WBZ, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR. **9:15 CST**—WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC. **8:15 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **7:15 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ

10:30 EST (½)—Conoco presents Harry Richman, Jack Denny and his orch. and John B. Kennedy.
WJZ, WMAL, WJR, WBAL, WSYR, WCKY, WHAM, WGAR, WRVA. **9:30 CST**—KSTP, WENR, KWCR, KSO, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, WIBA, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WKY, WFAA, KPRC, KWK. **8:30 MST**—KOA, KDYL.

11:00 EST (¼)—Myrt & Marge.
(For stations see Monday. See also 7:00 P.M. EST.)

11:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday. See also 7:00 P.M. EST.)

11:15 EST (¼)—Gene & Glenn.
(For stations see Monday. See also 7:15 P.M. EST.)

11:15 EST (¼)—Edwin C. Hill in the Human Side of the News. (Wasey Products.)
9:15 MST—KSL. **8:15 PST**—KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

12:00 Midnight EST (1)—Town Hall Tonight with Fred Allen and cast.
10:00 MST—KOA, KDYL. **9:00 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.
(See also 9:00 P.M. EST.)

THURSDAYS

(December 6th, 13th, 20th and 27th.)

6:00 EST (¼)—Buck Rogers. Sketches of imaginary adventures in 25th century.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:15 EST (¼)—Bobby Benson.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:30 EST (¼)—Eddie Dooley on Football. (Shell Oil.)
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WJSV, WLBZ, WICC, WBT, WBIG, WHP, WFEA, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, WMAS, WSJS, WORC, WDNC, WNBH, WNBF, WIBX.

6:30 EST (¼)—Football Talk by Red Grange. (Shell Oil.)
WADC, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WSPD, WDAE, WBNS. **5:30 CST**—WMBR.

6:45 EST (¼)—Lowell Thomas.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:45 EST (¼)—Billy Batchelor.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:45 EST (¼)—Wrigley Beauty Program. Margaret Brainard; Connie Gates, contralto.
WABC, WCAO, WKBW, WNAC, WDRC, WCAU, WEAN.

7:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Myrt and Marge.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EST (¼)—Gene and Glenn.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EST (¼)—"Just Plain Bill." Sketches of small town barber.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EST—Football Talk. (Shell Oil.)
KMBC, KMOX, KTRH, WBBM, WBRC, WCCO, WDSU, WFBM, WGST, WISN, WMT, WREC, KTUL.

7:15 EST (¼)—Gems of Melody. Alexander Thiede's concert orchestra, Eva Gingras' chorus, Dwight Meade, commentator.
WJZ, WBZ, WMAL, WBZA, WSYR, WBAL-WHAM, KDKA. **6:15 CST**—WENR, KTBS, KWCR, KSO, KOIL, WREN.

7:30 EST (¼)—Minstrel Show.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EST (¼)—"Buck Rogers."
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EST (¼)—Whispering Jack Smith and his orchestra.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:45 EST (¼)—Boake Carter.
(For stations see Monday.)

8:00 EST (1)—Rudy Vallee; stage, screen, and radio celebrities; Connecticut Yankee's orchestra. (Fleischmann's Yeast.)
WEAF, WCSH, WRC, WCAE, CRCT, WTIC, WTAG, WBEN, WJAR, WFI, WGY, WTAM, CFCF, WLW, WEEI, WFBR, WWJ. **7:00 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WOC, KSTP, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WSB, WEBC, WDAY, WSM, WOAI, KTHS, KFYR, WHO, WOW, WMC, WTMJ, KVOO. **6:00 MST**—KDYL, KOA, KTAR. **5:00 PST**—KFI, KGO, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.
(WDAF on 8:30; WBAP off 8:30.)

8:00 EST (¼)—Easy Aces. Dramatic sketches.
(For stations see Wednesday.)

9:00 EST (1)—Camel Caravan with Walter O'Keefe; Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra; Annette Hanshaw and Ted Husing.
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WLBZ, WBIG, WHP, WFEA, WDBJ, WHEC, WTOC, WMAS, CFRB, WSJS, WORC, WDNC. **8:00 CST**—KMBC, KTRH, KLRA, WISN, WSFA, WLAC, KOMA, KTSA, KSCJ, WSBT, WIBW, WACO, WMT, KFH, WNAX, WALA. **6:00 PST**—KHJ, KOH.

9:00 EST (1)—Maxwell House Show Boat. Captain Henry, Lanny Ross, tenor; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Molasses 'n'

(Continued on page 94)

New York or Bust!

(*Continued from page 39*)

over their bankroll and discovered that only nine dollars were left, with still no sign of an audition, much less a job. But do you think they bounced back home? Not on your life. Careers aren't made that way.

They moved out of their hotel into a shabby, dark basement room for three dollars a week. Those other six precious dollars would have to tide them over a long time. Loretta worked over their skimpy budget. She bought a large package of pancake flour for eighty-five cents and a fifteen cent bottle of syrup. That was their entire diet, day in and day out for weeks. Pancakes for breakfast, pancakes for lunch and pancakes for dinner!

Once the landlady gave them some hamburg, but they didn't even have a pan in which to fry it. Hunger, however, made them resourceful. Loretta flattened the meat into a long thin strip, covered it with the cellophane wrapper and then went over it, back and forth, with a hot iron! It was kind of raw but it tasted swell to them. You may laugh at this story, but it isn't so funny on an empty stomach.

Things were reaching the breaking point. Their mother, they learned, had been placed in the City Hospital. Desperate, they stormed one radio station after another. They had exhausted all of the booking agents on their list—that is, all but one. Walking into his office they recognized a familiar face behind the desk. Loretta clutched Jack's arm. Sure enough it was an old friend of their WBEN days —Nat Wolff.

WOLFF took one look at their thin, emaciated faces, at their dusty, cracked shoes, at Jack's shiny suit and Loretta's torn stockings. "Migod kids," he said peeling out a five dollar bill, "you look starved. Get something to eat and then come back and we can talk."

Wolff had always been enthusiastic about their work. He arranged an audition for them at NBC. The day they had worked, planned and starved for dawned. But hard luck was still dogging their heels—Loretta awoke with a sore throat! She was barely able to talk.

Frantically she sought out the nurse in the NBC infirmary. "Please fix my throat up," she implored. "It's terribly important."

The nurse looked doubtful. "If you sing now, you may lose your voice for good," she warned.

Loretta started to weep. "Do anything, because if I can't sing now I'll never need to sing again."

Jack had to assist her to the piano. Her head was pounding, her eyes felt heavy and she could barely open her mouth. But she had her voice. They both worked hysterically to cover up her hoarseness.

At the end of the audition, they fled from the room, discouraged and miserable. They didn't even ask the director how they had done for they felt in their bones that they had failed. A fluke had ruined their one and only chance to get on the air.

The next morning Jack walked over to the studio to get his guitar, his face long and morose. "Say," the director hailed, "I've been trying to get in touch with you ever since yesterday. You came through fine and we want you for the finals."

Jack couldn't believe his ears. He flew home to tell Loretta. Maybe their luck *was* changing.

WELL, it did change for a while. They passed the finals and were placed on an afternoon sustaining period of their own. They weren't making much money, but at least they were eating regularly and there was again money to send home.

Now another opportunity came their way. The NBC booking offices suggested vaudeville for them. What a break! If they clicked on the stage, their future in radio and personal appearances was assured.

The day of their vaudeville opening a telegram arrived. Loretta ripped it open with trembling fingers. Somehow she had a vague apprehension that the telegram contained terrible news. She was right. Their mother had died. Forgotten was their big vaudeville act. Their happiness turned to ashes.

"You must go on," the booking agent insisted. "It's too late to change the program. You must be troupers." Well, they were troupers all right. Loretta powdered her red nose, Jack wiped away his tears and they both ran out on the stage. They were bearing up well until they came to a certain line in one of the songs: "How's your Ma? She went with pa."

At that, Loretta started to sob and Jack's face twitched. The audience looked puzzled. That was an odd way for a light comedy team to act. The drizzle of applause at the end of their act labeled them flops.

So back went Loretta and Jack to their sustaining programs, but they knew that if they didn't soon land an important commercial the studio would get tired of supporting them. Their big chance! They needed it now. Would it ever come? And would they be prepared for it?

It took them unawares. The Ivory Soap people were casting the dragnet for two kids to play the part of collegiate Bobby Gibson and Dot Myers, his wise-cracking, flapper girlfriend, in "The Gibson Family." Jack and Loretta auditioned. Flocks of well-known stars were trying for the same role.

The sponsors heard Loretta's flippant young voice, they heard Jack's fresh, boyish answers. Here were Bobby and Dot in the flesh. No need to look any further.

Jack and Loretta still can't believe they are finally radio stars. When I saw them a day before the opening of "The Gibson Family" they were delirious with joy, but a little bit scared, of course. At the end of the show, listening to the praises of everyone around, their fears were dispelled. Their broadcast was perfect.

The curtain has been rung down on their pancake days for good.



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(Signed) Mrs. R. R., 56th St., N. Y. City.

This is but one of many unsolicited letters from enthusiastic users of the Hemp Bodi-Massager. (Names and addresses on request.)

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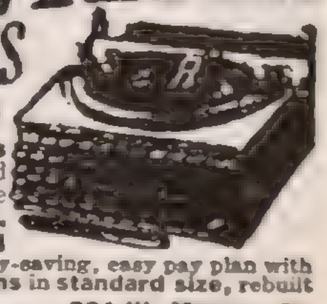
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Programs Day by Day

(*Continued from page 92*)

THURSDAYS (Continued)

January, comedy; Show Boat Band.
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WIOD, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WRVA, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WFLA, **8:00 CST**—WMAQ, WKBF, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WJDX, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WSMB, KTBS, WKY, KPRC, WOAI, WSM, WAVE, KTSP. **7:00 MST**—KTAR, KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL. **6:00 PST** KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD
(WBAP off 9:30, WLW on 9:30.)

9:00 EST (½)—Death Valley Days. Dramatic sketches. (Pacific Coast Borax Co.)
WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WJR, WLW, WSYR, KDKA, WBAL, WHAM, WGAR, WMAL. **8:00 CST**—WLS, KOIL, WREN, KWCR, KWK, KSO.

9:30 EST (½)—Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians with guest stars. (Ford Motor Co.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WLBZ, WBT, WLBW, WHP, WNBG, WHEC, WMAS, CFRB, WORC, WDRC, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WDBO, WDAE, WPG, WICC, WBNS, WBIG, WFEA, WDBJ, WTOC, WSJS, WKBN, WDNC. **8:30 CST**—WBBM, WOWO, KMOX, WMBR, WQAM, WFBN, KMBC, WHAS, WBRC, WDOD, WDSU, KOMA, KTSA, WACO, KFH, WALA, WGST, KRLD, KTRH, KFAB, KLRA, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WSFA, WLAC, KSCJ, WIBW, KTUL, WMT, WNAX. **7:30 MST**—KVOR, KLZ, KSL. **6:30 PST**— KOH, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

10:00 EST—Forty-five Minutes in Hollywood. Movie previews, guest stars, Eton Boys; quartette, Mark Warnow's orchestra. (Bordens Milk Products.)
WABC, WOKO, WNAC, WKBW, WJAS WFBL, WBNS, WLBZ, WORC, WMAS, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WEAN, WSPD, WADC, WICC. **9:00 CST**—WBBM, KMOX, KMBC, WOWO, WISN.

10:00 EST (1)—Paul Whiteman, his band and all that goes with it. (Kraft.)
WEAF, WTAG, WFBR, WBEN, WWJ, WPTF, WJAX, WEEI, WCSH, WIS, CRCT, WFLA, WRC, WCAE, WLW, WIOD, WJAR, WFI, WGY, WTAM, WRVA, CFCF, WWNC. **9:00 CST**—WMAQ, WMC, WOC, WHO, WOW, WSMB, WBAP, WKY, KTBS, WOAI, WIBA, WEBC, KSD, KPRC, WTMJ, KSTP, WDAF, WSM, WDAY, KFYR, KTHS, WSB, WAVE, WAPI, WJDX. **8:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **7:00 PST**—KOMO, KGO, KFI, KGW, KHQ.

11:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

11:00 EST (¼)—Myrt and Marge.
(For stations see Monday.)

11:15 EST (¼)—Gene and Glenn.
(For stations see Monday.)

FRIDAYS

(December 7th, 14th, 21st and 28th.)

6:15 EST (¼)—Bobby Bensen.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:15 EST (¼)—Tom Mix, Western dramas for children. (Ralston.)
(For stations see Monday.)

6:30 EST (&)—Eddie Dooley. (Shell Oil.)
(For stations see Thursday.)

6:30 EST (¼)—Red Grange.
(For stations see Thursday.)

6:45 EST (¼)—Wrigley Beauty Program.
(For stations see Thursday.)

6:45 EST (¼)—Lowell Thomas.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:45 EST (¼)—Billy Batchellor. Small town sketches.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Gene and Glenn.
(For stations see Monday. See also 11:00 P.M. EST.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Myrt and Marge.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EST (¼)—Football talk. (Shell Oil.)
(For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EST (¼)—"Just Plain Bill." Sketches of small town barber.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EST (¼)—Willard Robison's Deep River orchestra.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 Est (¼)—Uncle Ezra's Radio Station. Comedy by Pat Barrett, Cliff Soubier, Carleton Guy, Nora Cuneen, and others.
WEAF, WRC, WGY, WTAM, WSAI, WCSH. **6:30 CST**—WMAQ.

7:30 EST (¼)—Red Davis. Dramatic sketch.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EST (¼)—Paul Keast, baritone; Rollo Hudson's orchestra.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:45 EST (¼)—Boake Carter.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:45 EST (¼)—Dangerous Paradise. Dramatic sketches.
(For stations see Monday.)

8:00 EST (¼)—Easy Aces. Dramatic sketches.
(For stations see Wednesday.)

8:00 EST (1)—Cities Service Concert. Jessica Dragonette, soprano; quartette; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg, piano duo; Rosario Bourdon's orchestra.
WEAF, WTIC, WSAI, WEEI, WCAE, WLIT, WWJ, WCSH, WRC, WBEN, WTAG, CRCT, WJAR, WTAM, WRVA, WFBR, WGY. **7:00 CST**—WDAF, WOAI, WOC, KPRC, KTBS, WJAR, KYW, KSD, WHO, WOW, WEBC, KTHS, KVOO. **6:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL.
(WBAP, WFAA, KPRC off 8:30 EST.)

8:00 EST (¼)—Irene Rich. Dramatic Sketch.
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA. **7:00 CST**—WLS, KWCR, KSO, WREN, KOIL, WSM, WMC, WSB, WAVE.

8:15 EST (¼)—Dick Liebert's Musical Review.
WJZ and an NBC blue network. (Station listings unavailable.)

8:15 EST (¼)—"The Human Side of the News." Edwin C. Hill.
(For stations see Monday.)

8:30 EST (½)—"The Intimate Review," featuring Al Goodman's orchestra, Dwight Fiske and guest artists.
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR. **7:30 CST**—WLS, KWCR, KSO, WKBF, KWK, WREN, KOIL

9:00 EST (½)—Let's Listen to Harris. Phil Harris' deep voice and Leah Ray's songs. (Northam-Warren.)
WJZ, KDKA, WMAL, WGAR, WSYR, WHAM, WBAL, CFCF, WBZ, WBZA, WCKY. **8:00 CST**—WLS, KWCR, KSO, WSM, WAPI, WKY, WOAI, WFAA KWK, WREN, KOIL, WSB, WSMB. **7:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **6:00 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

9:00 EST (½)—Vivienne Segal, soprano; Frank Munn, tenor; Abe Lyman's orchestra. (Sterling Products.)
WEAF, WEEI, WSAI, WTAG, WRC, WBEN, WWJ, WJAR, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR, WGY, WTAM, WCAE. **8:00 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WDAF.

9:00 EST (½)—March of Time. Dramatization of the weeks news. (Time, Inc.)
WABC, WADC, WCAO, WCAU, WDRC, WFBL, WHK, WJSV, WJAS, WKBW, WKRC, WNAC, WOKO, WSPD, CKLW **8:00 CST**—WBBM, KMBC, KMOX KTRH, WCCO, WDSU, WFBN, WGST WHAS, WOWO. **7:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL **6:00 PST**—KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KHJ KOH, KOIN, KVI.

9:30 EST (1)—Campbell Soup Company presents "Hollywood Hotel," with Dick Powell, Louella Parsons, Ted Fio-Rito's orchestra, guest stars and Jane Williams, nationwide contest winner.
WABC, WADC, WBIG, WBT, WBNS WCAO, WCAU, WDAE, WDBJ, WDBO WDRC, WHP, WICC, WJAS, WJSV WWVA, WKBN, WKBW, WKRC WLBW, WLBZ, WMAS, WMBG, WNAC WOKO, WORC, WPG, WQAM, WSJS WSPD, CFRB, CKAC, CKLW. **8:30 CST**—WBBM, WMBR, WALA, KFAB, KFH KLRA, KMBC, KMOX, KOMA, KRLD KSCJ, KMBC, KTRH, KTSA, WACO WBRC, WCCO, WDOD, WDSU, WFBM WGST, WHAS, WIBW, WISN, WLAC WMBD, WMT, WNAX, WOWO, WREC KTUL. **7:30 MST**—KLZ, KSL, KVOR **6:30 PST**—KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KHJ KOH, KOIN, KOL, KVI.

9:30 EST (½)—Phil Baker, comedian, with his stooges Beetle and Bottle. (Armour.
WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WWNC, WBAL WHAM, WJR, WJAX, KDKA, WGAR WRVA, WIOD, WFLA. **8:30 CST**—WENR, KPRC, WOAI, WKY, WTMJ WEBC, WMC, KSO, WAVE, WAPI WFAA, KWK, WREN, KOIL, KSTP WSM, WSB, WSMB. **7:30 MST**—KTAR KOA, KDYL. **6:30 PST**—KFI, KOMO KGW, KHQ.

9:30 EST (½)—Pick and Pat, blackface comedians. Joseph Bonime, orchestra guest singers. (U. S. Tobacco Co.)
WEAF, WWJ, WTAG, WJAR, WGY WCAE, WSAI, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR WRC, WBEN, WTAM, WTIC. **8:30 CST**—WMAQ, WDAF, KSD, WOC, WHO WOW.

10:00 EST (¼)—Minstrel Show. Al Bernard and Paul Dumont.
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR **9:00 CST**—WENR, KWCR, KSO, WREN KOIL.

10:00 EST (½)—First Nighter. Drama (Campana.)
WEAF, WEEI, WLIT, WGY, WTAM WTAG, WRC, WSAI, WTIC, WJAR WFBR, WBEN, WWJ, WCSH, WCAE **9:00 CST**—WMAQ, WMC, KSD, WOC WHO, WOW, WDAF, WAPI, WKY KPRC, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, WSM WSB, WSMB, WFAA, WOAI. **8:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **7:00 PST**—KGO, KFI KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

(*Continued on page 96*)

Should Bachelors Have Babies?

(*Continued from page 91*)

standard, he'll know it. And the child'll know. And there won't be anything more to it. Nothing, that is, but the thousand and one complications which he understands arise when a bachelor sets out to adopt a child.

Even when that fateful moment arrives, it is doubtful, however, whether etherland's most sportive symphonist will act spontaneously. There are still moments, he acknowledged with a deprecating shrug of his sleek tailored shoulders, when he is uncertain whether an unmarried man may rightfully aspire for fatherhood.

"When I think back over my own boyhood," he said reminiscently, "and remember how it centered about my mother, I begin to wonder. Have I the right to deprive a child of his chance for a normal home? Will the material things I can give him compensate for the absence of a mother? What do you think?"

I nodded my okay, thinking how easily he could remedy such a domestic abnormality. After all, eligible women willing to mother a man's children are not scarce. And I couldn't imagine a romantic riot like Charley Previn running up against a "No" woman, should he ever seek a maternal parent for his foster son.

Mediumly tall, with broad shoulders, dream-swept brown eyes, sun-swarthy skin and dark, wavy hair, his looks would melt any woman. And the majority of them would find him no less irresistable to listen to. His interests encircle the globe like a Dollar Liner, and include everything from the latest Maori colonization scheme in New Zealand and the Tennessee Valley plan, to college football, golf, radio and real estate. He loves good books next to good music. And when he is discussing the latter he is as apt to be talking about his friend, George Gershwin's "Manhattan Serenade" as Wagner's "Symphony in C."

STILL he's never been married. He's never been engaged. To quote him verbatim, he's "never *even* proposed to a girl."

"I'm not saying I've never been in love." A quick shining smile sprang out of his eyes like a silver flash. But I've never been able to figure a woman out long enough to ask her to marry me."

Like so many other modern young men who have worked out their own design for living, he turned down a fat offer to teach prep school boys how to scan French poetry and translate German prose, and embarked upon a job-hunting expedition along Tin Pan Alley. It wasn't long until he landed a position, playing the piano in a music-factory, for which Earl Carroll was song-plugging. From pounding out the latest jazz he gradually advanced to the more dignified position of song salesman. Then one bright autumn morning the producer of a musical show, playing the southern "sticks," burst into the music publishing house employing him, and demanded an orchestra leader. With a sly wink, the manager recommended Charley.

"Have you ever had any experience?" the producer demanded.

THE college-bred Paderewski said he had. But he forgot to add that the orchestra he had conducted was composed of Cornell students who volunteered their services for the University's annual men's musical show. Even so he got the job.

In the same way he won his first chance at stage directing. The manager of a light opera company whose orchestra he was conducting went a.w.o.l. and the owner of the production turned, distraught, to Charley. "Previn," he groaned, "have you ever put on a musical show?"

Again the A.B. from Cornell answered "Yes," without bothering to explain that the musical show in question was one whose lyrics he had composed and which had been written and acted by his classmates at college. And for the second time, he won and held the job.

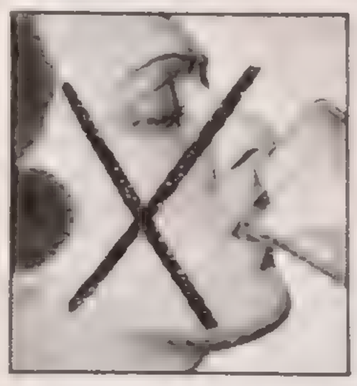
But Maestro Previn was not satisfied to go on wielding his baton in the back blocks. He wanted to be something more than a hinterland virtuoso. So he found himself a playhouse on Broadway and a play, and before he knew it, he was standing in the wings, watching his first operetta go into production. At last he was nearing his goal.

A five-year engagement with St. Louis' world famous summer opera company was the turning point. From the Missouri metropolis, he went to New York's Roxy Theatre. And, as anyone familiar with the airlines will tell you, from there it is only a step to Radio City.

He made his mike debut over NBC as master of the Camel Cigarette hour. During those sixty minute intervals, he not only produced radioland's first revue, but widened the acquaintance of the dial-twisting public by introducing it to such stage and screen stars as Mary Garden and Maurice Chevalier. Later he supplied the musical background for Count Von Luckner's breath-taking sagas of the sea, and became one of NBC's most popular sustaining artists. Last winter he organized his Silken Strings Ensemble.

Now that he has realized his boyhood ambition, persons knowing him as one of those men who, once he charts a course, never wavers, are wondering aloud: "How long will it be until Charley Previn's manhood dream comes true, and he becomes one, if not radio's first, bachelor father?"

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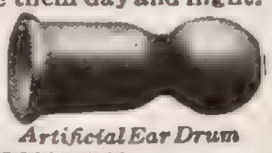
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Programs Day by Day

(*Continued from page 94*)

FRIDAYS (Continued)

10:30 EST (½)—Jack Benny, comedian; with Mary Livingstone; Frank Parker, tenor; Don Wilson; Don Bestor's orchestra. (General Tires.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WLIT, WRC, WTAM, WRVA, WCAE, WJAX, WFLA, WPTF, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WGY, WWJ, WBEN, WWNC, WIOD, WIS. **9:30 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WTMJ, WOW, WDAF, WSM, WMC, WOAI, WEBC, KFYR, KTHS, WFAA, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, WKY, KTBS, KPRC, WIBA, WDAY, WOC, WHO. **8:30 MST**—KDYL, KOA. **7:30 PST**—KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KGO

11:00 EST (¼)—Myrt and Marge.
(For stations see Monday. See also 7:00 P.M. EST.)

11:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

11:15 EST (¼)—Gene and Glenn.
(For stations see Monday.)

11:15 EST (¼)—Edwin C. Hill. The human side of the news.
(For stations see Monday.)

SATURDAYS

(December 8th, 15th, 22nd and 29th.)

6:00 EST (½)—Pinaud's Something New, Something Old. Earl Oxford, vocalist; Pinaud octet and orchestra. (Pinaud.)
WABC, WOKO, WAAB, WGR, CKLW, WDRC, WHAS, WCAU, WFCL, WADC **5:00 CST**—WBBM.

6:00 EST (½)—One Man's Family. Dramas of American Home Life.
WEAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable

6:30 EST (¼)—Football scores. Eddie Dooley. (Shell Oil.)
For stations see Thursday.)

6:30 EST (¼)—Red Grange, football scores.
(For stations see Thursday.)

6:45 EST (¼)—Flying with Captain Al Williams.
WJZ and an NBC blue network.
(Station list unavailable.)

6:45 EST (¼)—The Briggs Sport Parade with Thornton Fisher.
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WTAM, WWJ, WLW. **5:45 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WOW.

6:45 EST (¼)—Wrigley Beauty Program.
(For stations see Thursday.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Soconyland Sketches.
WABC, WOKO, WNAC, WGR, WDRC, WEAN, WLBZ, WICC, WMAS, WORC.

7:15 EST (¼)—Football scores. Red Grange. (Shell Oil.)
(For stations see Thursday.)

7:30 EST (¼)—Whispering Jack Smith and his orchestra.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:45 EST (¼)—Headline Hunting with Floyd Gibbons.
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, WRVA, WIOD, WFLA. **6:45 CST**—WMAQ, WHO, WOC, WOW, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WSMB, WKY, KPRC, WIS, WJAX, WFAA, KSD, WDAF.

8:00 EST (1)—William Lyon Phelps, master of ceremonies; music direction, Sigmund Romberg. (Swift and Company.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW. **7:00 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WDAF, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WKY, WBAP, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI. **6:00 MST**—KDYL. **5:00 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.
(Station list incomplete.)

8:00 EST (1)—Roxy (S. L. Rothafel) brings guest stars to the air. (Fletcher's Castoria.)
WABC, WCAO, WCAU, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WGR, WKRC, WNAC, WOKO, WORC, CFRB, CKAC, CKLW. **7:00 CST**—WBBM, KLRA, KMBC, KMOX, KOMA, KRLD, KTRH, KTSA, WBRC, WREC, WCCO, WDOD, WDSU, WFBM, WGST, WHAS, WIBW, WLAC, WMT. **6:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **5:00 PST**—KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KHJ, KOIN, KOL, KVI.

8:45 EST (¼)—Musical Revue. Mary Courtland, vocalist; quartet. (Luden's.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WKRC, WHK, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WBT, WDRC, CKLW. **7:45 CST**—WBBM, WFBM, KRLD, WOWO, WHAS, KMOX. **6:45 MST**—KLZ. **5:45 PST**—KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

9:00 EST (½)—Radio City Party. Guest artists; Frank Black and his orchestra. John B. Kennedy, master of ceremonies.
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WCKY. **8:00 CST**—WLS, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL. **7:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **6:00 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ

9:00 EST (½)—Songs you love, starring Rose Brampton. Beardless youths singing as Trade and Mark, the Smith Brothers. They're Scrappy Lambert and Billy Hillpot with Nat Shilkret's orchestra.
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WBEN, WCAE, WLW, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WTMJ, WWJ. **8:00 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR.

9:00 EST (½)—Grete Stueckgold, operatic soprano; Andre Kostelanetz's orchestra. (Light a Chesterfield.)
(For stations see Monday.)

9:30 EST (1)—The Gibson Family. Musical comedy starring Lois Bennett, Conrad Thibault, Jack and Loretta Clemens with Don Voorhees' orchestra.
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW. **8:30 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WIBA, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR. **7:30 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **6:30 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KSTP.

9:30 EST (1)—National Barn Dance. Rural Revelry (Dr. Miles Laboratories.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WLW, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WJR. **8:30 CST**—WLS, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WGAR. **7:30 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **6:30 PST**—KFI, KGO, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

9:30 EST (½)—Studebaker Champions. Joey Nash, tenor, Richard Himber's orchestra.
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WHP, CKAC, WHEC, WMAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WLBZ, WICC, WBT, WLBW, WBIG, WFEA, WDBJ, WTOC, CFRB, WNOX, WNAX, WWVA, WSJS, WORC, WDNC. **8:30 CST**—WBBM, WFBM, KMBC, WDOD, KRLD, KTRH, KLRA, WISN, WCCO, WSFA, WLAC, KOMA, WMBD, KTSA, KSCJ, WSBT, WIBW, WACO, WMT, KFH, WALA, KGKO.

10:00 EST (½)—Carborundum Band. Edward D'Anna, conductor.
WABC, WCAO, WAAB, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, WCAU, WJAS, WBT, CKLW. **9:00 CST**—WBBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WCCO. **8:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **7:00 PST**—KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

11:00 EST (½)—Studebaker Champions. 9:00 MST—KLZ, KSL, KVOR. **8:00 PST**—KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KOH, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

He won't pull his punches, not Eddie Cantor. In next month's issue read about the exciting adventures this great comedian has had. There will also be a story about that funny boy, Walter O'Keefe.

Behind the Scenes with Radio's Program Builders

(*Continued from page 55*)

eople to Hollywood to help him. By lane went Harry Salter who was to di- ect the orchestra; William R. Baker, Jr., ho was to produce the program; Caroline trouse, the girl selected to write the cripts; and Ken Sisson, musical arranger. Within a week these people had hired nd organized an orchestra, had employed ctors and actresses, rehearsed the pro- ram and—when the sponsors tuned in for ne first time on October 3, they pronounced good. When the mail began to arrive, hey knew they knew it.

The idea of presenting little known uests had been first discussed just two veeks before. Lanny remembered his truggle to fame and wanted to do his part oward giving deserving artists a radio reak. His sponsor liked the idea. The dvertising agency of Benton & Bowles, vhich handles the program, saw in the dea a new venture in broadcasting.

Radio Stars Magazine then came into he picture. You see, it's quite a job to ind and listen to all the would-be artists each week and select those which really ave radio possibilities. And that's where Radio Stars comes in. Being the oldest and largest radio magazine, it's natural hat Radio Stars would be in a fine posi- tion to aid in this respect. So its staff listens to artists, eliminates them down to the few very best, and then Lanny and his co-workers hear these finalists to pick the guest to be invited for his program.

At first, that presented another new problem. Radio Stars Magazine is located in New York City. The program originally came from Hollywood. But Radio Stars has an office in the sunny state and a few telegrams back and forth completed arrangements. When the New York representatives arrived in Hollywood, the Radio Stars correspondent had a number of artists all picked and ready. Another hearing and Miss Betty Borden was picked to be the first guest. Never had she spoken or sung a word into a network microphone. The correspondent found her singing at a Junior League Ball and knew she would fit the bill. And already critics have hailed his choice. Perhaps by the time you read this, she will be on her own network program.

When Lanny returned to New York, the details were arranged, the script written, the guest picked, and again the program was set—ready for Lanny to take it and make of it an entertainment worthy of his listeners. And again his sponsors' faith was proven. And now you Lanny Ross fans may sit back in ease, knowing that throughout the winter his voice will come to you every Wednesday on this program and every Thursday on Show Boat, both over the NBC stations.

Sometimes it pays to break rules, don't you think?

Strictly Confidential

(*Continued from page 31*)

arthritis (chalk in the bones). As a result, Dick got over a hundred letters from readers who had suffered from the same ailment.

● The Mills Brothers hold the all time record for drawing money into the Los Angeles Paramount Theatre, according to Bernie Mulligan, radio editor of the Los Angeles Examiner. They grossed $26,000 in one week. The other ten toppers are: Bing Crosby, $23,000; Guy Lombardo, $19,000; Duke Ellington, $19,000; Ben Bernie, $17,600; Abe Lyman, $17,000; Al Pearce and His Gang, $17,000; Anson Weeks, $16,000; Kate Smith, $14,500; and Ted Fio-Rito, $13,000. Joe Penner, playing only three days on a weekend, drew $10,000 worth of business.

● For that growing throng of listeners who insist that the gags on the air are terrible, here's a chance to help correct the condition. Jack Ekstromer, comedian at WDGY, Minneapolis, has issued an appeal for help. He's looking for brand new jokes. If you have some suggestions, query him at the Minneapolis station.

● How long do you suppose it takes a joke to travel around the world? Fred Allen says six years and here's why. That many years ago Allen asked, "How will they fill up the tunnel dug for the Eighth Avenue Subway in New York?" And then he answered by saying, "Use zippers." That was an original joke created by Fred. Last month, Fred read this joke in an English newspaper. This paper had taken it from a Spanish publication.

● How many guests does a guest program use? The Woman's Radio Review of NBC, conducted by Claudine MacDonald, has used five hundred in the past three years.

● Did you know that Edgar Guest, the poet of "Household Musical Memories," is an ex-soda jerker?

● John (Speed) Harrington, who has announced all of Wayne King's sustaining programs for the past two years, is the new program director and assistant station manager, at KWK, NBC affiliate in St. Louis, where he started his radio work seven years ago.

● The Eton Boys of CBS have been on the air for five years and in that time have given more than 3,000 programs.

● The Chicago Board of Trade is on the air with a sponsored program over more than thirty NBC stations. The great Chicago grain exchange apparently is trying to sell itself to the farmers of the mid-



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* This advertisement was written by a registered physician.

west. Donald McGibney, Chicago NBC commentator, is doing the romancing for the pit.

● To Frederic W. Wile, CBS political analyst and newspaper correspondent, goes an honor of long time radio service. He has been on the air now for twelve consecutive years.

● Tony Wons, who holds forth in The House by the Side of the Road on NBC every Sunday afternoon, has taken a house by the side of the lake in Evanston. The move to the north shore was made partly because Tony's Chicago garage was four feet too short for his new sixteen cylinder floating Pullman.

● Here's a story Muriel Wilson (Mary Lou) told when she came back after visiting Lanny Ross in Hollywood. To appreciate it, you should know that Muriel is a slender, sparkling eyed brunette. Still garbed in her Show Boat costume, she left the studio one evening and took a cab to a theatre where she was appearing in the same regalia. The gown was cut somewhat low. Puffy sleeve effects made it rather difficult to slip into a wrap so Muriel just didn't bother. The whole effect must have been just a shade more revealing than the cab driver was accustomed to, for as her escort was paying the fare he inquired in a low voice, "Isn't that Mae West?"

● Captain Tim Healy, director of the Ivory Stamp Club of the Air heard over NBC, tells us that it was once a scandal in England to lick a postage stamp. The British objected to the stamps of 1840 because "the purchaser had to lick the back of the stamp." This was considered an insult to Queen Victoria whose head was on the stamp. "No self-respecting queen should have the back of her head licked, especially by her subjects!"

● Rudy Vallee admitted in Chicago recently that he is a radio fan. His favorite show is Fred Allen's Town Hall Tonight. He insists Hal Kemp has the slickest dance orchestra in America; says it's the only orchestra with a style so unique that it can't be copied. And he enjoys Show Boat and Paul Whiteman's Music Hall.

● CBS now has two theatres fitted up for broadcast purposes. The old Avon Theatre, now renamed "Columbia Radio Playhouse No. 2," is the newest addition.

● Harriet Cruise, the Nebraska Skylark is back at Columbia in Chicago after an absence of a year singing in Denver.

● Jeannie Lang and Mrs. Joe Penner, the former Eleanor Vogt, who are both St. Louis girls, used to appear together with fourteen other girls on the stage.

● Rumors that Ozzie Nelson and his vocalist, Harriet Hilliard, are married are still going around. But said pair deny them

Our Trip Abroad

(*Continued from page 47*)

the walls—they're awfully bare. Which reminds me that Michael Angelo and my brother have a lot in common. I hear it took Michael Angelo twenty years to paint the walls of the Sistine Chapel because he was lying down while he was working. My brother always lies down when he works too, but it seems a pity that a great artist like Michael Angelo had to lie down. If he had stood up I bet he'd done the work in half the time and it would have been prettier too!

Well, anyway I saw the Yellow Tiber, George saw pink elephants and they both went very well with my little blue hat.

DID I tell you about Mussolini? He's a very proud father. He's always putting his hand up to show how tall his little boy is. The other blackshirts put their hands up too and George said maybe they'd put up more telephone poles so they'd have something to lean against, which I think is a very good idea. Of course if my brother had been along they'd have had to put both hands up practically all the time, so it's a good thing he wasn't.

We went to Pisa, but I didn't care for that so much because they have a tower there that's so odd, it bends. So we decided to go to Venice. Everyone told me Venice was very romantic, but I couldn't see anything romantic about it, because when we got there they had a flood. So we went out in a boat and I looked around for Noah, but I couldn't find him either. But we had a good time in the boat which they call a gondola. You see George sat in front with the gondolier and I sat in the back and sang and pushed the boat and it was the first time I really enjoyed myself in Italy. But honestly they're awfully behind the times. They use oars when they could just as well put up a sail and the breeze from the singing and the garlic would make it go better—don't you think so?

I must tell you about the spaghetti. We had kind of a time eating it at first. But I finally thought up the grandest idea. We put numbers all around the plate with No. 1 in the middle. We'd wind our forks around one and then go to two and so on, but of course if you bet on six and seven won, you'd just have to eat the spaghetti. Which gave me an idea for my little nephoo who's always getting lost. When we send him out in the morning we're going to put him in the middle of a lot of spaghetti and then if he gets lost, he can eat his way home.

Well to go back to our trip, I expected to see the bullfights next and we would have seen them but for one little thing. I said to George "Let's go to Spain" and he said "No!" so I got off his lap and we went to Buda-Pest.

Do you know Buda-Pest is divided into two parts—Buda and Pest? We lived in Pest because Buda reminded me too much of my missing buda. Of course Pest did too, but we've sort of got used to his being a pest so it wasn't so bad. And then they had the nicest romantic waltzes played by the Gypsies. As soon as I saw the Gypsies I ran out to find an A. & P. but I couldn't find that either so we went on to Warsaw.

AND who do you suppose we found there? George's tailor. I thought it was nice to see someone from home, but the tailor owed George a bill so George thought he'd hide and surprise him. But the tailor finally found George so we paid the hotel bill with the tailor and left for Moscow.

I heard a lot about Moscow-vites but all I could find were mosquito-vites. Russia is a nice country, but do you know I think they've got a lot of Communists there! Of course it may be just my imagination.

Everyone told me "You'll like caviar" so I stayed in my hotel-room for three days. Finally George asked me why I was always fooling with the radio. I told him I was trying to get Caviar.

"Gracie," he said, "don't be silly! Caviar isn't on the radio, caviar is an egg."

"You shouldn't talk that way George," I told him. "We all can't be good."

Well after I calmed him down, we picked up the tailor and went to Vienna. All along I'd been hearing how Vienna rolls but I found it very nice and quiet—it didn't roll a bit. I looked for the Merry Widow but I couldn't find her either but we had a marvelous time dancing. George didn't dance but the tailor did and I really enjoyed myself.

But George needed some garters so we had to go to Paris. The restaurants aren't making any money there, I can tell, because the people are all sitting in the street, but I'm not so sure they wanted to make money because when we wanted to go into a restaurant they put us out on the street too. But everyone is very clever there. Even little children just as big as my nephoo can speak French.

Paris is known for its wonderful clothes so we bought the tailor a whole outfit and he got married. We made a very merry foursome because the tailor's wife didn't dance either and she and George had a wonderful time. We all went to the Eyeful Tower but I was the only sensible one of us all. While the others went to the top and looked down, I stood at the bottom and looked up. I told them that was the only way to get an eyeful but they wouldn't listen to me.

The four of us wound up in London. It's funny but in London, the Leaning Tower of Pisa is known as the Tower of London except that it doesn't look like the Eyeful Tower.

London is known for its clothes too and the tailor's wife got some nice blue stockings.

We were out shopping one day when we suddenly realized we'd be late for the boat home, so we asked a policeman how to get to the pier. "Take two trams," he said. I asked the tailor's wife which tram she wanted so she took George and I took the tailor.

We really had a lovely time. If you don't believe me, you can ask the tailor. He's in the next room waiting for George to finish his pants!

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FEET AT THE ALTAR

THERE were other men in her life and one in particular who would marry her in a minute, yet this eautiful girl clung to her first love even when he eserted her at the altar and married another woman. ot until he was divorced and was again planning to arry her did she find a true love and in this discovery ain a just revenge.

his unusual love story, Forsaking All Others, proced by M-G-M, is to be seen on the screen with Joan rawford, Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery playg the principal parts. Read the story complete in the urrent issue of Screen Romances.

15 COMPLETE STORIES IN THIS ISSUE

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS, Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery; BORDERTOWN, Paul Muni, Bette Davis and Margaret Lindsay; NELL GWYN, Anna Neagle and Sir Cecil Hardwicke; REPEAL, Carole Lombard and Chester Morris; ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN, Francis Lederer and Ginger Rogers; WICKED WOMAN, Mady Christians, Jean Parker and Charles Bickford; MAYBE IT'S LOVE, Gloria Stuart, Phillip Reed and Ross Alexander; THE MAN WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD, Claude Rains and Joan Bennett; JEALOUSY, Nancy Carroll and Donald Cook; WEST OF THE PECOS, Richard Dix and Martha Sleeper; MURDER IN THE CLOUDS, Lyle Talbot and Ann Dvorak; GIGOLETTE, Adrienne Ames and Ralph Bellamy; BACKFIELD, Preston Foster, Robert Young, Betty Furness; AGAINST THE LAW, John Mack Brown and Sally Blane; CHEATING CHEATERS, Fay Wray and Cesare Romero.

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SCREEN ROMANCES



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